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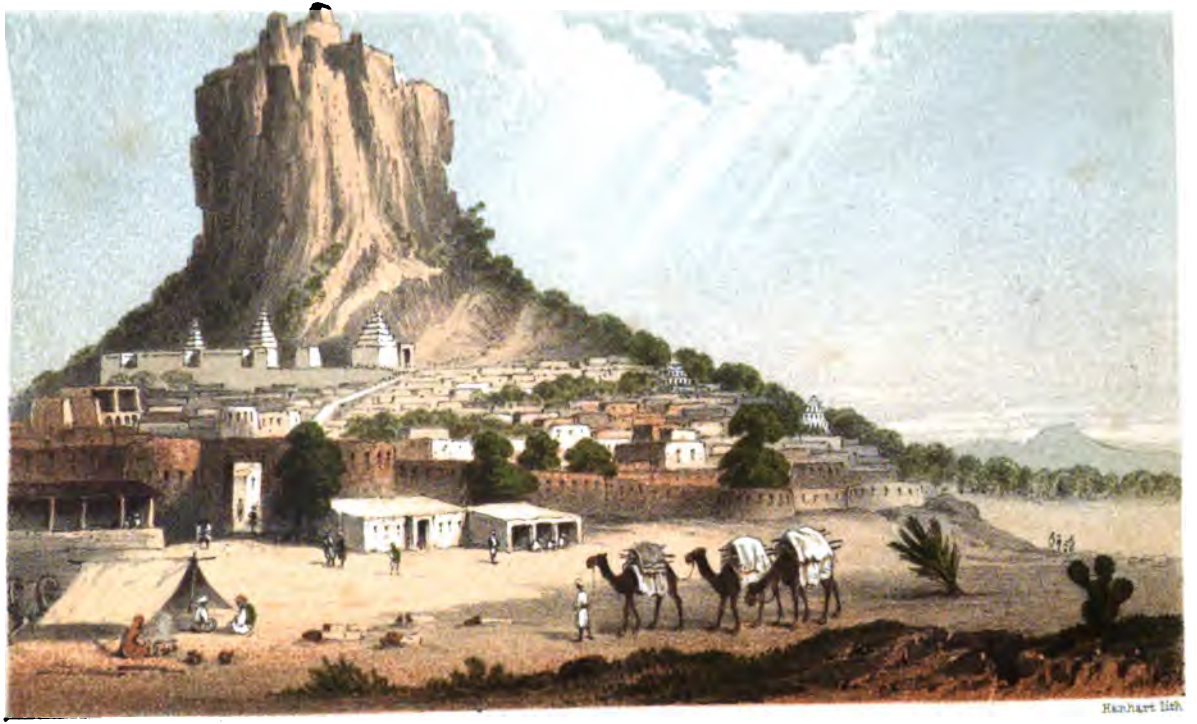

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THE [illegible] AND FORT OF NUNDIDROOG

Paget, Georgiana Theodosia Fitzmoor-Halse

CAMP AND CANTONMENT:

A Journal

OF

LIFE IN INDIA

IN 1857—1859,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE WAY THITHER.

BY MRS. LEOPOLD PAGET.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A SHORT NARRATIVE OF THE PURSUIT OF
THE REBELS IN CENTRAL INDIA,

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TO

EMILY, VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY,

This little Volume

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INTRODUCTION.

THE summer of 1857 broke upon the world in England with little promise of the momentous events to be enacted during its course. The commercial and domestic intelligence from the East brought by each successive mail sounded no warning note, so that the dreadful tragedy of Cawnpore and the news of the Indian mutiny carried sudden and unexpected desolation to many an English home. The authoress of the following Journal was, happily, unconnected by any ties of family or friendship with our Eastern Empire, and to many such, the horrible story scarcely seemed at first to convey the idea of the wide-spread disaffection that really existed among the native regiments. The first notion at home seemed to be, that a much-to-be-lamented mutiny had occurred among a few regiments of native troops, which our English soldiers in the country would soon put down and chastise. Gradually more wide-spread alarm pervaded the public mind. It was whispered that Government were more frightened

than they cared to show; and while cavalry and infantry regiments were warned to be in readiness to proceed to the East, the House of Commons was busy discussing the comparative merits of steam or sailing transports. The well-known efficiency of the Indian Artillery was such, that it did not at first occur to the officers of the Royal Artillery at home that their services would be put in requisition; but, as worse accounts arrived with each succeeding mail, it gradually dawned upon the authoress and her husband, that a voyage to India was a more probable contingency than a tour in Switzerland, which had been in contemplation for their autumn's amusement. At last, about the middle of July, the field battery R.A., under the command of Captain Leopold Paget, was, among many others, placed under orders for immediate embarcation. He at once determined on taking his wife with him, if permitted to do so; but, though continually referred from the Horse Guards to the Admiralty, and the India House, this could not be ascertained for some time; and when at last permission was given, barely a fortnight remained in which to settle all private affairs, to provide for the children who were to be left behind, and to select the necessary outfits.

JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.

EMBARCATION — TOWING DOWN CHANNEL — PUT INTO PORTSMOUTH — START AGAIN — SEA SICKNESS — PASS MADEIRA — A SHARK CAUGHT — GALE OF WIND — COLD AND WET.

Tuesday, August 4, 1857.

AFTER an early breakfast I drove down at 8 o'clock to the Arsenal Quay at Woolwich, accompanied by the kind friends with whom my husband and myself had been staying ever since the breaking up of our own establishment, and who wished to see the last of us. Here I found the men and officers drawn up, belonging to my husband's field battery, and to another company of the Royal Artillery which was to go in the same ship with us. Then were enacted the scenes of painful partings inseparable from the departure of troops on service, where the wives are of necessity left behind, and greatly was the sergeant's wife envied who was allowed to accompany me as my maid.

In the midst of much confusion, we embarked in two small steamers, which were so crowded with soldiers and baggage that a corner of the paddle-box was the only place I could find to sit on, and we were conveyed down the river, receiving deafening cheers from the garrison at Purfleet, and the different ships we passed, for we were the first detachment to leave England for the relief of the sufferers in India. At Gravesend we were transferred to the "Warrior Queen" sailing transport of 1200 tons, on board of which was also a troop of 3rd Dragoon Guards; and here we were joined by friends anxious to say one more "good bye;" the confusion attendant on fitting up and arranging our cabin, and the excitement of the scene, fortunately preventing our dwelling on the misery of separation from all we held dear in this world. From various causes, and principally because the crew were all so drunk that the captain dared not put to sea, we were delayed at Gravesend till 4 p.m., and were then towed down to be anchored for the night off the Nore. We found ourselves in possession of one of the stern cabins (the right to which had been kindly given up by the brevet-major commanding the troops, who was a single man), and when

we had got it in order, it was really comfortable, and contained a good cupboard in which to stow away superfluous articles. Our two swing cots, which at night were laced together, by day were separately triced up to the ceiling, because, when down, they filled the whole cabin, so that one had to go about on all fours under them, which rendered undressing rather a difficult matter; and before we attempted to dress in the morning our soldier servant was summoned in to assist in tying up the cots, whilst I retreated into the cupboard till the operation had been performed. We thought our first dinner on board this evening a very bad one, but made allowances for the first day, considering that nothing and nobody were in their places, and the steward (evidently an inefficient one) remarkably tipsy.

Wednesday, August 5.

Towing commenced again early this morning, so that we found ourselves opposite Margate about breakfast time. Talking of breakfast, nothing can be conceived more nasty than our meal so called! Tea, both greasy and muddy, indifferent bread, and rancid butter, served on a *filthy* tablecloth, accompanied by knives, forks,

and spoons of questionable cleanliness, and stuff called preserved milk, which our captain thought us fastidious for refusing, but which, in colour bright pink, with a most offensive smell, was, no doubt, a horrid compound of brains, &c. About luncheon time, which repast consisted of biscuit and jam, or cheese, we were off Deal, and the captain having announced his intention of going on shore to get various stores in which he found the ship deficient, we determined, with several others, to accompany him, for the pleasure of setting foot on English land again, and for the scarcely smaller pleasure of securing a clean, good dinner. Deal is a quiet little town, remarkable for its cleanliness, with a population chiefly of pilots and fishermen, who reap a harvest by the frequent wrecks on the Goodwin Sands. We sauntered about, made a few purchases, had an excellent dinner at the Royal Hotel, after which we returned to our ship, which was again anchored for the night. One of the sailor's beds was discovered to be on fire to-day, occasioned probably by a drunken man smoking. It was fortunately found out in time to throw it into the sea, before the flames had spread further than the bedding; but our commanding officer, finding

extreme carelessness and neglect prevail among the officers of the ship, made stringent regulations for military police, which I trust may, under Providence, be the means of our safety.

Thursday, August 6.

We continued being towed past Folkestone, and steadily down Channel, till this afternoon, when the tug cast us loose off Beachy Head, where apparently we are likely to remain, as, however great the sailing powers of the "Warrior Queen" may be with a favouring breeze, they are wholly unequal to progressing much with one dead against her. There are two other ladies on board, both more or less suffering from sea sickness, and I felt miserably cold and wretched, though determined not to give in. I do not believe I should be at all ill if it were not for the horrid smells and the bad food. No one whose ideas of the comforts of a long voyage are founded upon the accommodation of a fine passenger ship, can know the horrors of a transport, and this one was despatched with such ill-judged haste that she was very badly found in every respect. There are no cuddy servants except the one bad steward; and from his cupboard, called a pantry, at the bottom of the companion,

emanates an odour of grease and oil that pervades the whole ship. Then the bilge water! I despair of conveying an idea of the horrors of that smell, which penetrates everywhere, even into our clean cabin: I did not think it was possible to suffer such intense annoyance from such a cause, and I feel inclined to envy one of our friends, who is deficient in the olfactory sense. We had thunder and lightning and violent rain last night, and some showers to-day, which made us look out warm clothing. The soldiers have exchanged their uniforms for white jackets and red caps, a remarkably picturesque, but cold dress, considering the recent change in the weather. They all sleep in hammocks on the lower deck, which is open from one end to the other, and on fine days the hammocks are brought up and piled on deck. The poor women have no accommodation of any kind as yet, but the captain promises to put them up something. Fortunately there are only two—my sergeant's wife, and a black Ayah, engaged for the voyage by one of the other ladies. They have hitherto slept on chairs, or tables, or anywhere in a corner, and only get a chance mouthful after our meals, which is a great shame, as we pay highly

for their passage. We are well off in one respect—that of having two saloons or cuddies, which in wet weather will be a great advantage to so large a party, as eighteen could scarcely find room at one table.

Sunday, August 9.

The last two days I have been too ill to do any thing but lie on my back, and the weather has been most wretched—continued storms of wind and rain, and the former dead against us, so that we beat backwards and forwards between England and France, scarcely making any real progress at all. Most of us were very ill, and no comforts procurable; all there was to eat being very indifferent, salt junk and fowls that had died of sea sickness. About noon to-day we neared the Isle of Wight, and the officer commanding decided on ordering the ship into Portsmouth, that her total deficiency in proper supplies might be reported to the authorities. We had started with only six sheep, which were, of course, nearly consumed, and the ship's boilers were not large enough to cook the soldiers' dinners. The whole day was most unlike a Sunday. My husband read service on deck, where the soldiers were assembled; but his voice was

almost lost amidst the tumult of wind and water. We anchored in the evening off St. Helen's, and ourselves and others went on shore. We were most hospitably received by our kind friends at Admiralty House, who were not a little surprised at our unexpected arrival at ten o'clock at night. The comforts of a *steady* bed and a warm bath were fully appreciated, though it was difficult at first to believe the room was not in motion.

Monday, August 10.

One must have been a week at sea in a dirty transport, fully to enjoy the delights of a clean tablecloth, and all the appliances of a comfortable breakfast table, in a room looking on a green garden containing fine old trees. After breakfast we sallied out to lay in private stores for the voyage, and paid visits to several friends; but as the length of our stay was uncertain, we did not venture to accompany our kind entertainers in their yacht to see the French Emperor and Empress pass through the fleet, on their return to Havre, from visiting our Queen at Osborne. In the evening we learned to our delight that we might spend another night on shore.

Tuesday, August 11.

Hearing we were still at liberty to remain on shore, we made an early expedition to Ryde, to see some relations who were staying there, and on our return to the Admiralty House received the unwelcome intelligence that we must join the rest of our fellow passengers at the inn and proceed on board our ship. A hard shower came on, and we had a most comfortless sail to the "Warrior Queen," which we found as dirty and unsweet as ever, though the improvement in our prospects held out by a new steward, with two cuddy servants under him, and the promise of two clean tablecloths a-week, restored us to tolerable good-humour. I was very busy re-arranging our cabin, and getting out every thing likely to be wanted for a long voyage. The ship swarms with cockroaches of all sizes, which I believe contribute towards the offensive odours on board. We go to bed soon after eight, as most of the evenings have been wet and cold, and the saloon is far too unsweet for one to wish to sit there. The soldiers' hospital is immediately underneath, and is ventilated by means of a trap in the floor, so that all the bad air passes through the saloon, and one of the cabins immediately

adjoining the trap is almost intolerable. Our nights are not so very long after all, for sleep after four is out of the question, as then begins the mysterious operation of holy-stoning, and pumping over head, and when that is over, it is time to begin the before-mentioned arrangement of our cots, previous to dressing for breakfast at half-past eight.

Wednesday, August 12.

We lay at anchor all last night in a fog, and remained all day in a dead calm, opposite the Culver Cliffs, drifting out with the morning tide, and back again in the afternoon. The day was warm and lovely, but it was tantalizing to be detained thus within sight of land. I went forward to-day to inspect our new live stock. They consist of a goat and kids, plenty of pigs and sheep, some less bilious-looking fowls than those we started with, a black retriever, with four fat pups, a bull-dog, and sundry soldiers' curs.

Thursday, August 13.

Had the satisfaction this morning of hearing we had made good way during the night. There was a thick fog early in the evening, during the

continuance of which we lay to, and rang a bell every quarter of an hour, to warn any approaching steamers of our vicinity; it cleared off at midnight, and a favourable breeze springing up, carried us down to Portland by daylight; and, if it continues, we expect to be clear of the Channel to-night, and the pilot will take our last English letters on shore.

Monday, August 17.

There has been little to record for four days. The breeze freshened considerably on the evening of the 13th, which sent us down Channel at a great rate, at the same time reducing most of the passengers to a pitiable state. We ran 250 miles in twenty-four hours, which took us well into the Atlantic swell, and then the pitching and tossing were terrible. Our cots did not answer—they swung unevenly, owing to the difference in our respective weights; and, besides the feeling of suffocation consequent on being so near the ceiling, we bumped our heads dreadfully in getting in and out. On Saturday I was too ill to leave my cabin, and we thought at night we should feel the motion less if we put the cots on the floor; and such a night I hope never again to pass! Every thing that

could move had long since left its proper place; every corner of the cabin was strewed with *débris*, and we were obliged to hold tight to our mattrasses to prevent rolling against the boxes, one of which threatened to fall on and crush our legs. Sunday morning broke with a lighter wind, and as soon as I was able to crawl on deck, the fresh air revived me wonderfully. L—— read prayers to the men on the poop, who were arranged in four rows, the three front rows sitting, and the back one standing—whilst the officers were grouped round the companion, the top of which, covered with a Union Jack, formed a kind of reading-desk. To-day the climate is sensibly warmer, but the wind is lighter, and we do not get on so fast. We spoke a large ship, a trader from Liverpool to Valparaiso, which, in the monotony of a sea life, was quite exciting.

The poor woman who was to act as my maid has, of course, been more ill than I have been, and no wonder, in the suffocation of the wretched box partitioned off the men's deck for her and her husband. I have never seen her since it began to blow, having been nursed wholly by my husband and our old soldier servant, who, fortunately, were neither of them ill.

Tuesday, August 18.

To-day we spoke one of Green's large ships, bound like ourselves to the East with troops. No doubt their comforts far exceed ours, as his vessels are considered very perfect in ventilation and accommodation. A solitary duck passed us, sailing alone on the wide ocean, and looking so lonely, though, no doubt, his mate was near, though unseen by us. The ship rolled fearfully to-day—walking was impossible, and sitting very insecure, but I am thankful at having got over my sea sickness, though my head still suffers, feeling sore all over, and burning at the top. We had a game of whist this evening, under difficulties. It rained a little, and each player held an umbrella, and the wind blew all stray cards in various directions, whilst frequently a lurch, stronger than usual, sent at least one person rolling on the deck! The soldiers sing in chorus in calm evenings, which sounds very pretty. It gets dark very soon now, and I suppose in the tropics we shall all go to bed at six, for it seems generally agreed that sitting below is a thing out of the question; unfortunately sleep is often quite impossible, for, in addition to the rolling and pitching of the ship, a crowded London

thoroughfare is quiet compared to the creaking, straining, and shouting of the sailors, and other noises on ship-board at night. There are two things almost unbearable to those suffering from sea sickness—first, the perpetual motion, and it is nearly maddening when reason tells you that your agonizing prayer of "stop the ship, only for ten minutes," cannot be complied with; secondly, and scarcely more endurable, is the unceasing roar of the waves, a dreadful rushing sound in the ears, that never, never ceases!

Thursday, August 20.

The last two days have been busily employed in organizing a school for the soldiers, but having very few books, and no slates, it is difficult to know what to teach. My occupation this morning was writing out a great number of arithmetical tables, and I am very glad when the school hour arrives; any regular occupation is such a blessing in our monotonous life.

Friday, August 21.

On coming on deck this morning, the island of Madeira was very plainly visible, and by twelve o'clock we were abreast of it, at the distance of about six miles. On this side it con-

sists of a majestic mountain, rising almost perpendicularly out of the sea, about the centre of which is a wide fissure, or ravine, apparently extending far into the interior; and there are fine detached rocks projecting into the sea. At the top of the cliffs we distinctly saw green fields, dotted with houses and churches, and a convent on the very summit of one of the hills. Every available part of the rock is formed into terraces for the vines; and down the face of the cliffs, facing the sea, were several high waterfalls, looking like silver threads. It is needless saying how we longed to land on this lovely island, and even to have taken on board a cargo of fresh fruit and vegetables would in some degree have mitigated our regret; but not a boat appeared, and the lazy Portuguese little knew what a harvest they were losing.

Saturday, August 22.

To-day we passed the Canary Islands. The Peak of Teneriffe was hidden by the nearer mountain of Palma, whose point shone out bright high up in the sky, lighted by the rays of the afternoon sun, whilst the clouds floated across the lower part, but we were too distant to distinguish small objects. The colour

of the sea is now glorious. An intense *bleu Eugénie* gives to ladies the best idea of it that I can express, and the climate is heavenly: not in the least cold, and yet by no means hot, with a balmy breeze wafting us along at a good speed. One only regrets the absence of twilight, and that the moment the sun dips into the sea it begins to get dark, so that in ten minutes all books or work are obliged to be laid aside: then generally commences a grand game of cock-fighting, or similar amusements, among the young gentlemen; followed by singing, either amongst ourselves or the soldiers, sometimes varied by the latter dancing hornpipes or jigs, to the music of a flute and bones. I saw to-day, for the first time, some flying-fish—pretty little white, glittering things—very decidedly flying, not *leaping*, as some books of natural history would lead one to imagine. The luminous appearance on the sea, which I also witnessed for the first time this evening, was very different from my imaginings, which had pourtrayed a sheet of white fire, whereas this appeared like innumerable diamond balls rolling through the water in the wake of the ship.

Monday, August 24.

Yesterday being the first Sunday when we were all quite well, and a most lovely day, was enjoyed accordingly, though the want of diversity of employment makes it always a long day on board ship. At night the wind died away, and we lay rolling in an Atlantic swell, without hope of sleep. It is astonishing, however giddy and uncomfortable we feel all the morning, how we revive after dinner; in fact, it is our only good meal, and one had need of a sea appetite to consider it in that light. The tables in the eating saloon are covered with bars, supposed to keep the plates and dishes in their places, but which signally fail in their object, and the soup and meat go larking about in company with the decanters and glasses, and dinner rarely passes without a smash. We ladies have quite given up having our meals below. I generally have a bason of coarse oatmeal gruel directly I come on deck in the morning, which serves me for breakfast; the bread and biscuit are both uneatable, which is a great privation. At twelve, we have either a small pudding, made by one of our servants, or a cup of arrowroot; and our dinner, at four, is brought to us on deck, where we eat with our plates on

our knees. The mutton is generally good, but every thing else is very nasty, unless I except an occasional bottle of preserved fruit. It is quite shocking how greedy this indifferent food makes us feel, and how we look forward to and talk of the good things we expect in India; and, before long, I fear we shall be worse off, and put on short allowance.

Wednesday, August 26.

Although we have entered the Tropics the weather continues cool on deck, though below, when we have but little wind, the closeness is suffocating. A poor little Scotch terrier, of amiable manners, belonging to one of the officers, who was a favourite with us all, has disappeared mysteriously; it is supposed that when she was looking over the side, a violent roll of the ship threw her into the sea, when it is very sad to think of her fate, swimming till strength failed her, and then —— poor little thing! Lately we have taken to walking a mile every evening at dusk, which, as near as we can reckon, is 110 turns on the poop. The moonlight is delicious; and though the moon is only five days old, the light is as great as that of a full moon at home.

Sunday, August 30.

We have made good progress, and passing outside the Cape de Verde Islands, are now steering S.E. towards the coast of Africa. We all felt ill again on Friday, owing more, I think, to the weather than the motion. There is plenty of wind, but it is hot, *sticky*, and unrefreshing, and is a Sirocco from the African Deserts. My husband and I have had our cots taken down, and a wide bed-place made across the stern windows in our cabin, which we find far more comfortable. Fresh meat will not keep in this weather, and latterly we have been reduced to fat pork, which at home, if one felt qualmish and giddy, though ravenously hungry (an anomaly only experienced on a long voyage), would certainly be the last dinner one should choose, particularly when served on very greasy plates, accompanied by knives, forks, &c., in similar condition. Our allowance of water is only a pint each, of the consistence of thick soup and with a horrible smell; the same is used for cooking, and the poor soldiers have to drink it. We have a small filter in our cabin, where we collect two or three days' allowance for the purpose of cleaning our teeth. We possess also an India-rubber bath, which we are

able to use daily—except in very rough weather —filled with sea water. In this muggy, unwholesome weather, we have not been well enough to keep school; and the poor soldiers seem to feel its depressing influence too, for they lie about the decks asleep, like so many hounds in a kennel, over and across one another in every variety of attitude, with no relief to the tedium of the long day.

Tuesday, September 1.

An agreeable change in the weather, but for two days we have been nearly becalmed. Yesterday a boat was lowered for the amusement of a pull on the Atlantic, and a beautiful little creature of the nautilus tribe was caught and brought on board. The sailors called it a Portuguese man-of-war. It was composed of a bright lilac jelly-like substance, without apparent head or tail, and its little sails were folded; but it contained so much electric fluid as to give a stinging sensation to the hands, not only of those who touched itself, but the cloth on which it was laid, or the water in which it floated. To-day, in remembrance of the gunning going on at home, we had some pistol practice at a bottle, the motion of the waves rendering it by no means easy to hit. In the afternoon there

was great excitement produced by the appearance of a shark. When first I saw him swimming round the ship, with the greatest unconcern, and deaf to all the noise, I thought him by far the most beautiful monster I had ever seen, exactly resembling in colour the fabulous green dragons of fairy tales; his large side fins making an excellent substitute for wings. He snapped greedily at a piece of pork fastened to a hook, and to do this he was obliged to turn on his side, as a shark's jaws are so contrived that they are unable to seize their prey in their ordinary position. He was hooked by his upper lip, and but slightly, for he soon broke loose, when, strange to say, the hook caught in his tail, and we were in hopes of securing him; but, unfortunately, after vain attempts to throw a noose over him, or stick a harpoon in the struggling monster, his captors grew impatient, and endeavoured to pull him out of the water by the hook and line, when, of course, his weight tore away the piece of the tail, and he escaped. The moment he was drawn into the air, the illusion of his beauty vanished—the lovely green colour being produced by seeing him through the water—and he very much resembled a huge cod-fish. He was not a large specimen, his

length appearing to be about six feet, and the sailors estimated his weight at about 120lbs. It was very curious to see how closely he was followed by two pilot-fish, beautiful little things, with cross stripes of brown, who never deserted him; and even in his struggles for his life kept swimming round and round him, and finally escorted the wounded monster off in triumph.

Friday, September 11.

All this time we have been struggling with contrary winds, and beating about in the Bay of Benin, without making any progress. One day a boneta was caught, a hideous, smooth, hard, and shiny fish, without scales, like a wooden toy, and it proved quite uneatable. My poor maid has been very ill, from the bad air below; and some of the soldiers have also suffered, as during the squally weather the hatches have been battened down. The heat and smells that rise from the hospital surpass any imagination; and we are thankful to have been hitherto preserved from any infectious disease. The glass and crockery are rapidly diminishing; we have now only two *real* tumblers left, and find the bottoms of old bottles an excellent substitute. I do not know what we are to do when all

the plates and dishes are gone. Our amusing powers are utterly exhausted, all energy for games and amusements vanished, and we are reduced to a state of passive endurance!

Sunday, September 13.

We had the great pleasure yesterday of sending home letters by a Danish ship bound for Bordeaux, whose captain promised to post them. As she bore down towards us with a favourable wind, there was a doubt whether she would stop to pick up our packet despatched in a boat to meet her. However, she was too anxious for news to mind the delay, and waited whilst we sent some old newspapers on board. She was laden with rice from Bengal, and was forty-five days from the Mauritius, from whence she carried, as passengers, an English merchant and his two daughters. The comforts they were enjoying made us grumble over our miseries. The deck saloon was beautifully clean and sweet, and they had three nice goats giving milk, whereas our Nanny only gave a cup-full for three days, and none ever after; but what was of more importance than all the rest, they had such a large supply of delicious clear water, that they absolutely used it for washing their

clothes! The Dane had no accounts from India of later dates than ours, but whilst she was at the Mauritius an Indian officer had arrived there, and taken back with him to India every available soldier, at the same time leaving directions for those troops who touched there, en route to China, to be forwarded to Calcutta instead. We have been two days in the Southern trade winds, getting on at the rate of 200 miles a day. The temperature is delicious, like a good specimen of May at home. I entirely disbelieve in Tropical heat *at sea;* a cloak is always agreeable, and we never feel hot. Our captain holds out hopes of touching at the little island of Tristan da Cunha for fresh water and provisions, as we are running short of both, and several sheep have died, or been killed to save their lives.

Tuesday, September 15.

Two of the sailors were found drunk in the hold yesterday, having broken into a barrel of beer. In the Merchant service the captains execute summary justice at sea, so the examination of the culprits ended in a tremendous scuffle, during which our skipper, who is a powerful man, knocked down the offenders, and hammered their heads against the deck, pre-

paratory to putting them in irons; and as it is not a first offence, he threatens to imprison them on our arrival at Bombay. The coarse familiarity subsisting in the merchant service between officers and men is very striking to those accustomed to the respectful manner of her Majesty's soldiers and sailors towards their superiors.

Sunday, September 20.

A large creature, of the whale kind, has been playing round the ship, frequently lifting his great head and shoulders quite out of the water. He was thought to be a fin-back, a kind very unprofitable to whalers, as they are difficult to catch, and yield but very little blubber. We passed an uninhabited island, called Trinidad, during the night, situated on the coast of South America, and are now endeavouring to bear to the Eastward, to make Tristan da Cunha. We have a good deal of mist in the evenings, which obscures the brightness of the stars. I miss the dear old familiar face of the Great Bear, and am much disappointed in the Southern Cross, which is composed of bright stars at a great distance from each other, and rarely visible at the same time, instead of a vivid, distinct diamond-like cross, as I had pictured to

myself. A few evenings back the soldiers got up a kind of fantoccini, and managed the machinery of the dancing dolls remarkably well, though the dialogue was rather a failure. We have attempted to get up some psalm singing, to enliven the service on Sundays, but without success, owing to the soldiers' shyness, and the want of a musical genius among the officers to lead them.

Tuesday, September 22.

For two days it has blown very fresh, but unfortunately in a wrong direction; so that we are nearing the American coast, and shall have to retrace our steps. Yesterday two great blocks and chains fell from the mizen mast amongst the men who were hauling at the ropes, most providentially without injuring any one; and as it is the third or fourth time the blocks have come down, it leads one to infer that the ironwork of the ship is in a rotten state. This morning, just as I had finished dressing, the ship gave a tremendous lurch, which spilled the water, and set every thing floating in my cabin; and I found, on going on deck, that the bowsprit had just been carried away, with all its sails and tackle. This is vexatious, as the repair will cause some delay. We have been followed for

several days by the pretty black and white Cape pigeons, and some of the gentlemen amuse themselves by shooting at them, which, as they cannot be picked up, is cruel sport. Many beautiful albatrosses also constantly fly about us. They are most graceful birds of the gull kind, with long wings, measuring about 5 feet from tip to tip. They are mostly white, with black spots on the wings, though some are altogether black. Our captain says, if one was caught it could not rise from the deck, as they require to paddle in the water with their web feet before they can take flight.

Friday, September 25.

We are sailing along bonnily, on a fair wind now, a little South of the latitude of the Cape, though far to the Westward. It is very cold for the kind of bivouac life we lead, and difficult, on account of the motion of the ship, to take sufficient exercise to keep up the circulation, and we feel the want of a fire and warm clothing dreadfully. We raced an emigrant ship all yesterday, passing her at night, and being passed by her this morning; she is from Liverpool, bound for Port Phillip, and eight days longer out than us, and must have encountered worse weather, as part of her bulwarks have been carried away.

Tuesday, September 29.

On Sunday the motion was too great to allow of more than a few prayers on the quarter deck. Early in the morning our main-top-sail yard came down with a tremendous crash, bringing blocks and chains and every thing with it. Providentially it fell slowly, like a great tree, so that the men had time to get out of the way. It took the whole day to rig a new one, which, with great exertion, was got up in the night: this impeded our progress, but still we made 219 miles in the twenty-four hours, and, to our regret, passed the wished-for Island of Tristan da Cunha seventy miles to the northward. The heavy night dews now saturate our bedding and clothes, so that every thing we put on is wet. I have been busy manufacturing muffettees from some scraps of cloth I got from the tailor, and an old Crimean friend on board has kindly lent me worsted socks, but I suffer dreadfully from the cold. Yesterday it rained in torrents, obliging us to keep below all day; and our sole food consisted of a sea pie, a by-no-means bad mixture of scraps boiled with lumps of dough, but the filthy tablecloth, which we ladies had so long deserted, was enough to spoil any appetite.

CHAPTER II.

SPEAK A BATAVIAN SHIP—A SWIM AFTER AN ALBATROSS—THE TAIL OF A HURRICANE—BLUE SHARK AND HER YOUNG—CONVICT SHIP—PROVISIONS RUN SHORT—FIRST SIGHT OF LAND—NATIVE FISHING BOATS—LUMINOUS WATER—TAKEN IN TOW.

Sunday, October 4.

We have had a dead calm for several days, the ship rolling heavily in the swell. I was attempting my usual breakfast on deck yesterday morning, when an unlucky lurch upset me and my chair, covering me with the greater portion of my cup of cocoa. This cocoa was bought by us at Portsmouth, and has been a great comfort. Shortly after my adventure, the two other ladies, with the husband of one, and a ship's boy, who was endeavouring to assist, were all prostrated together and rolled to the side of the ship. The weather was bright and pleasant, and, as a Batavian ship was lying near us, a boat was lowered, and some of the gentlemen went to pay her a visit, and on their return brought two young Dutchmen to see us, and a friendly exchange of provisions was made be-

tween the two captains. When our boat came back, there was great difficulty in seizing the right moment to clutch the rope-ladder and ascend the ship's side; for, owing to the swell, the little boat was raised at one moment at the top of the wave half as high as the deck, whilst the next, she sunk in a trough almost under the ship's bottom. I was very thankful when all were safe on board. The wind rose in the afternoon, and in the night freshened to a gale, every rollable thing breaking loose. There was no possibility of any service to-day, so we were obliged to be content with private reading. Some of the Cape pigeons were shot and brought on board. They are about twice the size of land pigeons, but very thin and light, their size consisting in their feathers. They are white, prettily spotted with black, and their breasts are covered with soft white feathers over a layer of black down. Of course their feet are webbed, and sometimes a flock of twenty may be seen swimming after the ship, like ducks in a pond.

Tuesday, October 6.

The gale has gradually increased, accompanied by squalls, and a magnificent sea; huge

waves rising half as high as the masts, appearing as if they must inevitably overwhelm the ship, which then bounds on and over them, with a leap that makes holding on difficult. Two sails were carried away, though only enough were set to enable us to scud before the gale. It is impossible to sleep during this violent motion, and the process we undergo may be thus described: on lying down in bed, one's head is suddenly elevated, and the heels pulled down a foot or two; then as quickly the position is reversed, the feet go into the air, and the head is forcibly pushed down the same distance, occasioning a choking apoplectic sensation, far from pleasant, to say nothing of rubbing the hair off in quantities.

Thursday, October 8.

We have passed the longitude of the Cape about 150 miles to the South. The wind has abated, and it is much warmer. We had a dreadful fright this morning. One of the young officers shot an albatross, and as we were nearly stationary, and he was a fine swimmer, he greatly longed to jump in after it. The captain of the ship, who ought to have known better, dared him to the attempt, and in a few moments

he had leaped from one of the stern windows. Though the bird at that moment appeared within ten yards, there was a rapid current running, which carried us back, so that he had to swim far ahead of the ship to pick it up; and then, turning to come back, he found his strength fail him, and that he had no power to struggle against the heavy swell. He shouted for help; it was a moment of intense anxiety, and we almost gave him up for lost, whilst the boat was lowered and pulled towards him as quickly as possible; and, oh! how thankful were we to see him brought on board, still holding his bird. He was half an hour before he could speak plainly, from the violent buffeting of the waves, and said he could not have supported himself ten minutes more; and it was not till after he was safe on board that we were aware of another cause for alarm, the black fin of an enormous shark appearing above the water! They are scarce in these latitudes, and no one had thought of that danger. The albatross, for whose sake so much was risked, is a very handsome bird, white, with black wings, measuring 6 feet 5 inches across. His legs are grey, and his bill black, with an orange tip, slightly hooked. Amongst the birds which

surround the ship are many boobies, resembling large brown ducks, and as tame as those in a farm-yard at home. There are whales about also.

Thursday, October 15.

We have observed several waterspouts lately, a cloudy column like a funnel descending from the sky to the sea: it is intensely cold, and we are nearing the ice. We tried breakfasting in bed to secure a few more hours of warmth, but the experiment was a failure, inasmuch as it resulted in the upsetting of the cocoa into the bed, which, with the scarcity of clean sheets incident to a voyage, was annoying. Yesterday was a day of unmitigated misery—the atmosphere a thick wet fog, too cold to remain many minutes on deck, and too slippery to move when one was there, notwithstanding that for some time the captain has had a sort of network of crossed spars lashed all over the deck, to give resting-places to the feet in rough weather. Then below, in the saloon over the hospital, the foul air was quite insupportable, and in the other the draughts and cold were very trying.

Tuesday, October 20.

For several days we had intense cold, with

snow-showers, varied by an occasional gleam of hot sun. The sea rolled tremendously, and the sudden variations in the barometer made the captain suspect that a hurricane was blowing not far off. At last, on Monday evening, the gale rose to a terrific height. I had gone to bed, and it seemed as if we *must* turn over—as if nothing made by man could resist the violence of the wind, which blew from all quarters at once; whilst the ship quivered and strained under bare poles, amid the surging of a sea literally mountains high. By ten o'clock, providentially, the storm abated, and we are now bowling along under plenty of sail, having made 250 miles, on an average, for several days, notwithstanding the tail of the hurricane which we encountered. The wind has been very destructive to hats and caps; L—— had two carried overboard, and my old wide-awake was suddenly lifted off my head and carried down the air chimney into the hospital, to the great alarm of its inmates, who, no doubt, expected to see it followed by a gentleman in black. We are so far from land now, in the Indian Ocean, that the birds have entirely deserted us, our last visitor being a stately white albatross, who kept flying to the bows of the ship, and then

quietly floated whilst we sailed past him, repeating this many times, looking curiously up at us, and eating scraps that were thrown to him.

Saturday, October 24.

The weather is now charming; we seem to have left winter behind, with the pleasing certainty of not returning to it; but the wind has dropped to a dead calm, and we lie scarcely moving on a sapphire sea, and it is amusing to notice how opinions change with the weather as to the probability of a speedy termination to our voyage. Great excitement was produced to-day by the appearance of a shark, with its attendant pilot-fish; bait was prepared, and soon the monster was hooked and drawn up on the forecastle, amidst the cheers and shouts of the soldiers. It was killed by cutting off its tail, and then brought down to the main deck. It proved to be a female blue shark about ten feet long; and, curious to relate, when opened a bag was found, containing about forty live young ones, each eighteen inches long, which she had swallowed on approaching the ship, as they always do in time of danger. The young of the shark are hatched in the parent's inside, from which they issue by the mouth, and return

again to their nursery at any moment the mother may deem convenient. To the head of the shark we found attached a sucker—a curious little parasite, furnished with an apparatus by which he can produce a vacuum, and thus stick to the skin of any large fish on which he wishes to feed. He is dark brown, with a finny tail, and about four inches long, the sucking machine attached to his head occupying about one quarter his whole length. The young sharks were pretty little creatures, of a bright blue, and white underneath, their smooth scaleless skins looking as if made of china. They were very fierce, and bit any one who ventured to play with them. Blue sharks are not reckoned as ferocious and dangerous as black-backed ones. The situation of their mouths (under their chins) is most curious, and the consequent obligation to turn on their sides before they can seize their prey, gives the latter a chance of escape. The teeth and backbone of this shark were kept as curiosities; but the captain was very particular in having all the flesh thrown into the sea, lest it should be eaten by the sailors, as it is considered very unwholesome. The heart of the shark, which was taken out of his body, continued to palpitate

for several hours. The young ones were put into a tub of salt water, and, curious to relate, the colour came off their blue bodies to that degree, that the tub must be fresh painted, and the hands of those who touched them were also deeply dyed.

Monday, October 26.

All yesterday and to-day the two poor little pilot-fish, companions of the murdered shark, have been constantly swimming round the ship, in the most touching manner looking for their lost friend, and at last we threw one of the young sharks into the sea, to which they attached themselves, and swam off in company. The boat was lowered to-day, and the exercise of rowing indulged in by those who liked it. The sunset was glorious, the great orb itself going down in a flood of gold, whilst on the opposite side of the sky appeared a shower of rose-coloured rain, the intermediate clouds being the brightest crimson, shedding floods of rosy light all along the water, which was smooth and glossy as a pond. For two evenings we have been amused by gymnastics and feats of strength among the soldiers, in which great emulation prevailed in each company of Artillery to excel the other, and in both to outdo

the "Heavies;" and afterwards leaping and various games prevailed among the officers, and even the ladies took to hop-scotch and a skipping-rope!

Wednesday, October 28.

All day yesterday and to-day the same calm has continued, the beauty of the weather alone enabling us to bear it with equanimity; and we ladies try to keep our fingers busy with various fancy-works, though, as no materials are to be got on board, we have sometimes to exert a good deal of ingenuity. We had been congratulating ourselves lately on the disappearance of the cockroaches since the cold weather, when, last night just after I had stepped into bed, I discovered an enormous one, full two inches long, cautiously emerging from a crevice, followed by six others; after a most exciting hunt, I succeeded in capturing them all, and I had just settled myself comfortably when down dropped another of these loathsome creatures on my face, which I swept into the sea out of the open window; and, later in the evening, a ninth appeared, who managed to elude our clutches. These are dreadful pests, but not so bad as the rats, from which our cabin has hitherto preserved an immunity,

though other people have nightly visits from them; and the poor doctor, who lives next door, has positively been driven to abandon his cabin and sleep in a boat, or any where,—it having been appropriated by a whole family of rats, the squeaks of whose youthful progeny we constantly hear, and they are so tame that our neighbours frequently find them nestling in their bedclothes! Early this morning I was awakened by a loud splashing under my window; and, putting my head out to see who had (as I supposed) fallen overboard, I found myself face to face with a large shark, who had been hooked by the upper jaw, and, after some manœuvring to get a noose fast round his body, was drawn past our window on to the poop above. He was larger, but of a similar species to the one lately caught, and had a sucker feeding on his tail, who, on the shark being drawn out of the water, voted his position unpleasant, and, with a violent effort, disengaged his adhesive apparatus, and, with a bound, skipped into the sea.

Thursday, October 29.

We have had two men very ill with fever, who have rallied to-day; but yesterday one was thought to be dying, and the sailors considered

the number of sharks seen, a certain prognostic of his doom, as they are supposed always to follow a ship containing a dying person, on the look-out for their expected feast. Two sheep died this morning—a great loss, as we shall soon be on short allowance. They had been fed on biscuit, as the supply of peas was exhausted, and it disagreed and made the poor animals swell and burst, like cows in green clover. Arguments on given topics have now become the most popular source of amusement among us, and well worried the poor argument gets, like a bone amongst a set of hungry dogs, before the eighteen members of our community have done with it. Sometimes these arguments are very pleasant and even instructive, as one individual of the party will never leave a subject till it is thoroughly brought to book and probed to the bottom; at other times they are simply absurd, as when another friend, from the Emerald Isle, argued for hours, in spite of laughter and quizzings, that the expression "Upwards of a hundred" meant a few more *or less* than that number. It tells very well for the tempers of the party that, though the arguments are frequently very hot, no angry word has ever been spoken.

Sunday, November 1.

Yesterday it was discovered that we were short of water, and all sorts of gloomy projects were talked of, such as putting back to the Mauritius, when happily in the evening the long-expected trade wind sprang up, and we are again going well, but with too much motion to permit of more than a short service on the lower deck to-day. Myself and four more, who dined off the meat of the poisoned sheep, which was served under the idea of its being wholesome, have suffered with bad headaches in consequence.

Tuesday, November 10.

All this time the weather has been variable, sometimes close and suffocating even on deck, and then succeeded by perfect cataracts of rain; squalls abounding; sometimes a fair wind for a few hours, and then a calm again. In short, it is now the rainy season here south of the Line, and we cannot expect fine weather till we have crossed it. One of the sergeants of Artillery has long been in a hopeless consumption, and he and another sick man are now brought on deck, their cots protected by awnings, as the closeness below nearly kills them.

Sunday, November 15.

We had a slight breeze on Wednesday, which carried us over the Line, but left us becalmed in heavenly weather ever since. This morning we were awakened early by the captain calling to my husband that he was going on board a ship from Bombay. L—— jumped up and accompanied him, and they returned to breakfast, bringing the skipper of the "Shah Allum" with them. It was a moment of great anxiety to learn the state of India, and what might be our probable fate on landing. We were told of more dreadful massacres at Cawnpore and elsewhere, and that Dehli had at last been taken, though it held out till September; but more English soldiers are said to have fallen already than during the whole Crimean war. The Bombay Presidency has hitherto, thanks be to God, shown but few symptoms of revolt, so that we may hope for a quiet landing. The King of Dehli has been taken, and it is to be hoped will be made an example of. After breakfast I made one of a party to visit the "Shah Allum," and was swung over our ship's side in a chair, in a rather alarming manner. We found ninety-five convicts in irons on board, condemned to be transported for life to Prince

of Wales Island—rather a mild punishment for the ruffians who committed the atrocities of Meerut and Cawnpore. Their guard consisted of a detachment of Sepoy marines under a native officer; and some of the convicts had actually been in the same regiment, so that the position of the captain of the ship and his two mates, the only Europeans on board, was by no means enviable. The convicts were fine-looking ruffians, confined in cages on the lower deck; but with plenty to eat, and provided with the luxury of tobacco. The food of both convicts and sailors consisted of gram or parched peas, and rice boiled and flattened, the grains tasting like wafers—both rather pleasant, but to our ideas more like animal than human food. The ship was a model of neatness and cleanliness, and her commander most kind in furnishing us with fresh vegetables, a luxury we had long been entirely without, and bottles of rose-water for the ladies. The cabins, so airy and sweet, were a delightful contrast to our own. Usually the captain takes his family with him, but on his present dangerous expedition he could not venture to do so. He disarms all the Sepoys every night, and has their arms piled in his cabin. They were very clean-looking troops, in

their undress of white muslin tunic and trousers, with gay turbans and sashes; but their undersize and smallness of limb were very striking. Some of our sergeants who went on board looked perfect Gullivers among the Lilliputs, and as if they could eat up half-a-dozen at a mouthful. Most of them had fine eyes and handsome features; but their arms and legs were like women's. There were several pretty little black boys, whom the captain keeps to wait upon his children when on board. We were regaled with a delicious tiffin of bananas and sweet cakes, and had pure fresh water to drink—the first since we left England; whilst the captain was almost overwhelmed with every one's anxiety to hear news. The "Shah Allum" is seventeen days from Bombay, and no English troop ship had arrived when she started; and the authorities are anxiously looking for succour, having only 250 European troops to defend the place, so that the timid are somewhat alarmed, and many families have sought refuge on board ship or in the fort. We returned to the "Warrior Queen" by noon; but in consequence of the morning's excitement, the service on the poop was deferred till the afternoon. We brought back a few *Illustrated News* and Bombay papers, the interest

of which will last us for some days. In the evening a second ship from Australia was boarded, but proved uninteresting. The last few days we have been visited by numbers of sparrow-hawks, who sit on the rigging and are caught and tamed by the men, and there are also some small dark yellow birds resembling our yellow-hammers.

Tuesday, November 17.

A piece of wreck was picked up yesterday, proving to be a jib-boom, probably lost in the same manner as ours. Sticking to it were innumerable barnacles and small crabs, and a sea-porcupine was also captured. He is like a small owl, and has the power of inflating himself into a round ball covered with prickles, with a funny little tail on one side, and a round mouth and droll eyes at the other. It was a dismal evening, pouring with rain, in which I sat for some time under cloaks and umbrella, taking a severe vapour bath. At last there was nothing for it but retiring to bed, and reading till it was time to go to sleep. Our provisions are nearly reduced to *junk*, two remaining sheep being kept alive on potatoes, given by the "Shah Allum." Our little luxuries of pickles and marmalade are all gone, and so is the claret, our only palatable drink.

Wednesday, November 18.

The breeze came at last, though not exactly in the right direction, and increased to a gale before evening, and we were off Point de Galle at eight o'clock, thirty miles to the S.E. The smell of land was quite perceptible, a balmy perfume of hay, or hot dry vegetation, but the shore was too low to be seen, though we fancied once or twice that we saw the twinkle of Galle light, but I believe it was only the light of our fervent imaginations.

Friday, November 20.

For two days the ship has pitched so much that upon one occasion I was tossed high in the air out of my bed, and should have fallen on the floor if L—— had not caught me. The wind is dead foul, and we have continued violent rain, the more annoying as, a fortnight since, by the captain's advice, we sent all our waterproof things down into the hold, as he said we had passed the region of rain.

Sunday, November 22.

The last two nights we have experienced a gentle, favourable wind in the right direction, while in the daytime we have floated in calm

sunny waters. The mainland of India, a little to the north of Cape Comorin, was visible when we came on deck this morning, it being exactly three months since we last saw land—the Canaries—a weary while to gaze uninterruptedly at sea and sky. The shore is low, but some round hills in the background are a line of Ghauts, some distance inland. The rats are getting desperate. They nibble the soldiers' toes and ears during their sleep, and last night made a violent attempt to get into our cabin, happily without success; but one of our neighbours spends most of her nights in waving an umbrella over her head to keep them off, and throwing light articles about the cabin to disturb their impudent gambols. The chloride of lime is all gone, so the odours from below may be better imagined than described!

Monday, November 23.

We were only six miles from the Malabar coast this morning, and could distinguish very plainly a long line of jungle coming down to the water's edge, dotted here and there by a white house or pagoda. The trees, of a bluish green and very even height, did not appear very tall, except an occasional palm towering over

the rest; and the background was formed by the beautiful blue outline of the Ghauts. Several native boats were in sight, with their picturesque square sails; and a little rowing canoe made towards us, its crew of two men and a boy gesticulating violently as they approached, and flourishing curious paddles with round ends like spoons, and it soon appeared that they were bringing us fish for sale. They were very dark and entirely naked, excepting a cloth round their loins, with fierce, bad countenances, and altogether the most utterly savage looking creatures I ever saw; and to add to their disgusting appearance their backs were covered with whitish blisters, and they kept constantly sprinkling themselves with salt, to alleviate the burning of the sun. They sold us a great flat fish called a Snapper, which we had for dinner, and some excellent sardines and a large barracouta were reserved for to-morrow. In the evening, the captain boarded a coasting vessel from Cochin, but the master knew no fresh military news, though it appears that in the north the war is by no means over. Our future appears very overcast and uncertain, but amid all our anxieties my only great fear is that of being obliged to be sent home. This

evening a sailor fell overboard, but, as we were going slowly, he was soon hauled up, providentially unhurt.

Tuesday, November 24.

Passed Allipee Roads early, where some vessels were at anchor; and after breakfast were boarded by another native fishing-boat, whose crew were far more respectable looking than those we saw yesterday, and wore white turbans and a kind of long apron. They were clean and intelligent, but most persevering beggars, being no sooner in possession of one present than they asked for another, and at last went away in the drollest variety of costumes. One man rejoiced in a white shirt, another in a pair of trousers, which he tied round his neck, whilst a third donned a waistcoat, and a fourth a hat, and all tied up their throats with old neckties. They had something to do with the harbour at Allipee, and said several troop-ships had passed up the coast, but too far off for them to board.

Wednesday, November 25.

An English trader, the "Cowasjee Family," from Macao to Bombay, signalled us this morning, and her captain and mate came off to

us in a smart little barge, as neat as a yacht boat, and manned by darkies in gay costumes. Their accounts of the war did not much differ from those we had previously heard. Our army is still besieged in Lucknow, but a large and daily increasing European force is being forwarded up the river from Calcutta for its relief. The distance of the seat of war from Bombay makes me hope that we may not be sent on immediate campaigning, as it would be a three months' march to get there. Some of us paid the "Cowasjee Family" a visit during the morning. She is a pretty little barque of 250 tons, her captain taking such pride in the light, elegant shape of her sails that he cuts them out himself. Her crew numbered nearly twice as many as ours, the darkies being so lazy. We saw some of them at dinner, squatted round a large dish of rice, from which they helped themselves with their fingers. All the ship's work was done to the music of a fiddle, and it was funny enough being hoisted over the side in a chair to the tune of "The Campbells are Coming." We were regaled with Tinta Madeira and delicious Manilla cakes, a jar of which, big enough to contain one of the forty thieves, the captain presented to us, besides some bananas

and white bread; and a little transaction between the two skippers also put us in possession of innumerable ducks and chickens, which, though skinny bantlings, will form a delightful addition to our impoverished commissariat, long since reduced to pork. Our dinner hour, delayed to-day till six o'clock, was an unusual pleasure, shortening the tedium of the long evening. The sunsets and sunrises for several days have been most gorgeous, the whole sky shaded from the deepest crimson to orange.

Friday, November 27.

The sea no longer retains the transparent blue of the ocean, but ever since we have been in soundings, has been of a thick, dullish green, and was covered this morning with white cuttle-fish, jelly-fish of a beautiful deep lilac, looking like bits of red cabbage, and several other curious mollusca and sea plants. Quantities of snakes may be seen each day, and great whales frollicking and jumping out of the water like kittens, and a shoal of young porpoises passed us to-day, tumbling heads over *tail* in the most ridiculous manner, yet all keeping exactly in a line, and in their own places, like a school, as the sailors said. At night the water in my bath

presented the most beautiful luminous appearance, which, when I lifted the sponge, made it seem to be stuck full of bright, green beads, which rolled off it as I squeezed out the water. We were close in shore all day, floating quietly along, and passed near Mount Delli, a beautiful hill on an island, with the remains of an old fort, and one of the first English settlements in India. It was a fine opportunity for sketching, the background being composed of the distant mountains, whose outlines are very picturesque. They appear to be of red earth, not rock, and are covered with luxuriant vegetation nearly to the summits, consisting of low shrubs, with here and there tall cocoa-nut trees.

Sunday, November 29.

The poor sergeant, who has been so long ill, died peacefully last evening, and we got up early to attend his funeral to-day. The procession walked round the ship, carrying the body sewn up in a hammock, and covered with a union jack; and after the service was ended, which was as usual, performed by L——, it was most sad and solemn to hear the splash of the corpse falling into the water, after which three volleys were fired. We had scarcely breakfasted,

and were all dwelling more or less sadly upon the memory of the poor sergeant, thus early cut off, leaving a young wife, from whom he had parted in perfect health, to lament his loss, when we were roused by the appearance of a large steamer, apparently bearing down for us. The troops were immediately paraded for prayers, to secure uninterruption, and they were scarcely concluded, when the steamer hailed us, inquiring if any more troop-ships were near; and on our replying in the negative, took a short cruise round to look for herself, and then announced that she was the "Assaye" man-of-war, sent to tow us to Bombay. We ladies were greatly relieved, for the most probable event had seemed to us, that the soldiers should be put on board the steamer, if they were urgently wanted, whilst the non-combatants should be left to follow slowly in the "Warrior Queen." However, such fears were groundless; a rope and a few newspapers were thrown on board, and not even deigning to inquire the quality of our soldiers, the "Assaye" bore us out to sea on a straight course for Bombay. I have been suffering greatly for some days with an abscess in my ear, which leaves me stone deaf, and my face much swelled.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BOMBAY—KIND RECEPTION—NATIVE TOWN—ARAB HORSES—MARRIAGE FEAST—ORDERED TO POONA—ASCENT OF THE GHAUTS—CAVE TEMPLES OF KARLEE—JOURNEY TO POONA.

Tuesday, December 1.

YESTERDAY, being out of sight of land, there was nothing to note; but we all hurried on deck at an early hour this morning, to catch the first sight of Bombay. The line of coast as you approach is very pretty; we passed three fleets of fishing-boats, and gradually came in view of the light-house, town, and harbour, where we cast anchor about ten o'clock. The Pilot relieved our fears of an insurrection, less by what he told us, than by his total unconcern, proving no immediate danger could be threatening Bombay. We were soon beset with native boats, containing fruits, &c., and several Parsees, with their conical head-dresses, made of oilcloth, and quantities of servants, with written characters, endeavoured to persuade us to hire them. The other officers and their wives went on shore to the houses of different friends, but my hus-

band could not leave the ship till the arrival of the Colonel commanding. Meantime I endeavoured to beguile the time by sketching, as the scenery of the harbour on all sides is lovely, and about one o'clock arrived the flag-lieutenant of the Commander-in-Chief, Indian navy, bringing a note, with a kind invitation to my husband and me to stay with the Commodore and Mrs W——. I landed immediately, and had the happiness of getting our letters, and finding all well at home. After returning to the ship for clothes &c., I joined the W——'s in the dockyard, and finding it useless waiting for L——, who would be detained on duty till late, it was settled that we should proceed to their house, which is situated four miles from Bombay, on Malabar Hill, and as they were on horseback, I went alone in the open carriage, accompanied by two servants in white dresses, with red and gold sashes, and turbans. We drove across the esplanade, an open space near the shore, where, at this season, a great many English live in tents, or temporary houses,—and then through the native town, where I almost fancied I was living in the time of the Arabian Nights' tales! It was getting late, and the shops, or bazaars, open on one side to the street,

lighted by oil lamps of picturesque shape, with here and there a brilliant illumination of coloured lights, at some house of entertainment, with crowds of people in varied and brilliant costumes, together made up a scene so unlike any thing of real life I had ever met with, and so exciting, after the dreary monotony of our voyage, that I could scarcely credit my senses. We drove rapidly along, and soon came to the outskirts of the town, where the streets were succeeded by little villas, or bungalows, with brown overhanging roofs, or verandahs, situated amid groves of cocoa-palms, bananas, and grotesque-looking trees, stretching out their long, finger-like leaves in the brilliant light of a tropical full moon. I was struck by the large trees, giving but little shade, being of the palm tribe, all stalk, with a tuft on the top; whilst the growth of the smaller kinds resembled that of orange trees and camelias, and I remarked a shrub in the dockyard with splendid red flowers. It is all very strange and curious; but odder far than the plants are the inhabitants. Some who, I was told, were women, had a long cloth, of red or blue, twisted round their bodies and down to their ancles on one side, whilst on the other it was looped up above the knee; and, oh,

the noise they make! They keep up an incessant chatter like so many monkeys, all at once, in voices which, to European ears, are not in the least human, and the sound of their language bears more resemblance to a turkey's gobble than any thing else.

To return to my drive. At last we came to Malabar Hill, a beautiful rocky promontory, between Back Bay and the sea, sprinkled with bungalows, standing in gardens, or compounds, as they are called. The ascent was steep, and soon after passing the brow of the hill, we drove to the one occupied by the W——'s, where I was shown to my room, and soon after joined by L——, who has been very busy all day, taking over the guns of a battery, with which he expects to be sent to Poona on Thursday, so we shall have to hire servants and get all we want to-morrow. The accounts from Lucknow and the north-west are still very bad, and troops are being hurried up from all sides as quickly as possible. This bungalow has a large porch to drive under, and a wide matted verandah running all round, into which the rooms open by jalousies, and which serves the purpose of a passage. You enter at once into the centre one of three sitting-rooms, which

are only divided by screens of red silk, set in frames of dark carved wood, of which all the furniture is composed, and which, in delicacy of execution and beauty of design, exceeds any carving of the kind I have ever seen. The ceilings are very lofty, and the walls white plaster. Our bedroom was at one end of the house, with a bath-room, containing enormous tubs, opening out of it. The beds stand in the middle of the rooms, and are enclosed by mosquito curtains at night. The dressing operations in this country appear to be conducted in the most primitive and public manner, with the blinds open to the verandah, along which the native servants are continually passing; and as the upper part of all the doors is open, every body hears what every body else says, all over the house. I need not dwell on the delights of again sitting down to a well-appointed English dinner; and, excepting a tart made of pine-apples and some tasteless sweet lemons at dessert, the dishes were very much like one's ordinary fare at home. In the evening I paid a visit to the baby, aged two months, asleep in her little cot under mosquito curtains; and squatted down in one corner of the room, wrapped in a white cloth, was her *Amah*, or

wet-nurse, a brown girl of about fifteen, who literally does nothing except perform the part of cow; while crouched in another corner was baby's other attendant, a good-humoured looking black *man*, the bearer or *Hamal*, who performs all the duties of a nurse, and I was told they are reckoned much more trustworthy than the women.

Wednesday, December 2.

All night long we heard the watchman perambulating round the house, knocking at intervals on the ground with a large stick to show he was awake; but, notwithstanding, we had a narrow escape of a disagreeable visitor, in the shape of a jackal, who, howling about the verandah, was pursued by our host, slipper in hand; and as we were sleeping in ignorance of the vicinity of wild beasts, with the jalousies wide open, it is a mercy he did not take refuge in our room. Coffee was brought to us at seven, and soon after L—— had to go to the ship, and joined me later at the dockyard, whither I drove with the Commodore in his shigram—a charming little carriage, somewhat resembling a long, narrow, double brougham, with sliding sides instead of doors, and jalousies all round instead of windows. The authorities

have by no means made up their minds what to do with the troops now they are arrived, and we were kept all day in a state of suspense as to whether the battery was to be sent to-morrow to Poona, or to the southern Mahratta country, or to the north into Guzerat, or be kept in barracks here. After many delays we were told that they had decided upon the latter measure, and that the troops were to be disembarked to-morrow. We amused ourselves for the rest of the day in driving about the streets of Bombay, which in itself is most entertaining. We passed several marriage-processions, headed by bands of music; and porters carrying presents, and trays full of flower-pots on their heads; then came the principal people in grand array, covered with bangles, and rings in their noses and the upper part of their ears. According to their different castes, they put a spot of various-coloured paint between their eyes and on their ears, and it seems to be a fashionable mode of decoration for those who are slightly clothed, to mark the outline of their ribs with white paint. Some of the little black children are really pretty, with splendid eyes; but it is rare to see a handsome man. I did not admire their figures, as they generally

run to leg so exceedingly, resembling their own palm trees in being all stalk; and though their limbs are supple, their movements are not graceful, stepping as if on hot iron, and their legs are generally bowed or knock-kneed. The palkee-bearers in particular have a singularly disagreeable shuffling gait, working one arm with the elbow bent, as if they were fiddling. The palkees resemble a coffin, with the perch of a crane-necked carriage fastened to either end, and are closed with sliding doors at the sides and jalousies all round. There appeared to be a great deal of merry-making going on in the town to-day, and one beautiful procession that passed us would have been worthy of the "Princess's." There were little children covered with jewels, mounted on horses splendidly caparisoned, carriages and bullock carts full of people in brilliant array, bands of music, &c., till one's eyes ached with the bright and curious scene. We passed through narrow streets of the oddest-looking houses, composed of several stories, each with its latticed verandah, painted green or red, with pretty coloured borders, mixed with a few commoner buildings of white plaster with brown overhanging roofs, whilst all the ground floors consist of open

shops called bazaars, in which the owners squat on their haunches, smoking hookahs. The Parsees (or fire-worshippers), originally of Persian descent, are the richest and most enterprising class of merchants, and in other respects, besides their hooked noses and sallow complexions, resemble the Jews of Europe. They wear a long white dressing-gown, with smart silk trousers and the peculiar head-dress mentioned before, and the men are in general remarkably fat. The Muhammedans and Hindus wear different kinds of turbans to distinguish their class, and the fresh spots of paint on the foreheads of the latter signify that they have performed an act of worship that day. The women wear a long garment called a saree, composed of twelve yards of stuff wound round them and gathered up in folds at the waist, hanging low at the side, with one end thrown round the head and shoulder. It is wonderful that it never becomes displaced, and it is a very becoming and graceful dress. Under this they wear a jacket with short waist and sleeves. The Coolie women of the low castes tuck up their sarees in bunches between their legs, which are bare far above the knee, and the result is a very waddling gait. The Parsee

women may be distinguished by a white band across their foreheads, entirely hiding the hair. The higher orders of Muhammedans shut up their women; but the others, as well as the Hindus and Parsees, go about the streets as freely as Europeans. Both sexes wear pointed slippers turned up at the toes, frequently embroidered in gold and colours. Many Parsees have adopted the European shoe with white stockings, a very ugly accompaniment to their dress. The Coolies—carrying about curious-looking copper vessels, either on their heads, or suspended from a bamboo placed across the shoulder, or balanced on the five fingers of their left hand held aloft—again reminded me, as indeed did the whole scene, of the "Arabian Nights." During the afternoon we went to several of the Arab horse-dealers, where we saw quantities of young unbroken horses, most of them in wretched condition and many lame from their recent voyage, few exceeding fourteen hands in height, and none with any action; and for these they ask from 100*l.* to 200*l.*, and the present demand is so great that it will be difficult to meet with any thing better or cheaper. On our return to Malabar Hill, we found our host's horses grouped under the porch taking

their evening meal, each out of his own pail and led by his own groom. This plan is very generally adopted, to prevent the attendants themselves taking the corn intended for the horses.

Thursday, December 3.

No orders to disembark, but L—— busy all day on board ship. I went in the afternoon to see a wedding feast in the house of one of the principal Hindu merchants, who was father to the bridegroom. The whole front of the house was hung with quantities of lamps (though it was broad daylight), and there were rows of chairs for the guests, both in the street and in a balcony hung with Persian carpets and surmounted by a coloured awning. The rooms were very small and without furniture, except two or three European sofas, and were crowded with the male sex, all in white, with handsome turbans and sashes, and some carrying splendid shawls on their arms. The ladies soon began to arrive, dressed in gorgeous silk sarees, principally crimson or orange, with gold borders. They were shy and endeavoured to cover their faces as they passed us; but we could discern their large black eyes (their only beauty) and the large jewels in their ears and

noses. They all wore enormous bangles, entirely covering their ankles and wrists. Some of the children were very pretty, the lustre of their great eyes heightened by a broad dark line painted round them. They were dressed in dressing-gowns of either silk and gold, or fine muslin over silk, and their little necks covered by rows of pearls, to which were suspended large emerald and diamond ornaments; gold or silver turbans, and a curious jewel fastened in the centre of the forehead; nose, and ear-rings of equal splendour, whilst they seemed hardly able to move under the weight of their bracelets and bangles. They were brought to the feast on horseback, held on by servants, the trappings of the animals being composed of gold or silver, with high metal peaks to the saddles. The little creatures had long hair hanging down their backs, and were invariably of a grave and solemn countenance, bowing occasionally to the passing crowd. Each guest was presented with a painted wooden fan and a bouquet of flowers, and rose-water and eau de Cologne were poured over us. Betel nuts wrapped in gold leaf were also given to each person in token of friendship. In an inner room some Nauch girls were singing a

most monotonous chant to the accompaniment of two odd-looking fiddles and drums. They were dressed in full short skirts and trousers of yellow and gold, with a black and gold saree thrown over their heads and shoulders, and their so-called dancing consisted solely in swaying from side to side, without changing their places, and clinking their anklets together. A little of this entertainment went a great way, and we soon took leave and drove to an open square to see the procession pass. It consisted of the ladies and children we had seen before in the house, mounted on horseback and in carriages, preceded by torch-bearers and followed by Coolies carrying presents and flower-pots. The bride and bridegroom rode together in the centre, dressed in cloth of gold, and had fine umbrellas carried over them. The bride carried a cocoa-nut in her hand—an emblem of fecundity; her age was nine, whilst the boy-husband numbered eleven years. They will live apart with their respective parents for three years; but if the boy dies his child-widow can never marry again—a few years ago she would have been burned! The religious ceremonies connected with the betrothals or marriages are strictly private; but these public processions

and entertainments go on for three days, and, with the presents, cost a family like this about 4000*l*. On L——'s return in the evening, he brought the order for his battery to proceed towards Poona by rail to-morrow evening.

Friday, December 4.

After a little necessary shopping, I had an early dinner in the dockyard, and then proceeded to the railway station to meet L—— and the troops; and such a scene of hopeless confusion as I then encountered I had never before witnessed! The train had been ordered for five o'clock, but the soldiers did not disembark till after that hour, excepting the baggage guard under my cousin B——, who had been all day at the station; and, what with the jabbering of the natives, and hopeless dawdling of the railway officials, we did not get off till past seven. The other company of Royal Artillery, who had been our shipmates, also accompanied us; but the troop of 3rd Dragoon Guards remained for the present in Bombay. The railway carriages and engines, and nearly every thing connected with the line, are English, including the post and rail-fence and gates; but very un-English were the voices

of the large population of frogs who have their abode in the marshes and lowlands we traversed on leaving Bombay. As it was dark when we started, we could see nothing of the country till the moon arose and found us approaching the foot of the Ghauts, at whose base the Campoolee Station is situated, where we arrived at eleven o'clock p.m. The railway at present ends here; but great works are in progress, by which it will be carried in a tunnel through the hills, and form a connected line all the way to Poona. On getting out at Campoolee, and finding that the guns and baggage had to be drawn up the Ghaut by bullocks, and that this operation would probably take the whole night, I determined to proceed at once with my maid to the travellers' bungalow on the top. Palkees had been ordered for me beforehand, but I had some difficulty in persuading the owner of my identity. He was the wildest-looking individual I ever saw, with magnificent eyes, and squatting down in front of me under a red and yellow blanket, commenced quietly arguing the point in excellent English. As soon as I had succeeded in convincing him that *I was I*, we started, accompanied by an old Muhammedan butler we had engaged, mounted on a white

pony, and followed by a table servant and boy, who were to be part of our establishment, and a set of wild-looking savages, carrying various carpet-bags and boxes, and enveloped in dark blankets thrown over their heads, for the night was cold. The ascent must be very beautiful by daylight, the road winding along rocky ravines, dotted with large trees, amidst a tangle of shrubs and creepers. Our progress was constantly impeded by long trains of bullock carts employed in the railway service, and the dust was very great. At last the monotonous motion of the palkee sent me to sleep, and on awaking I found we were arrived at the bungalow, which consisted of several large rooms with sand floors, furnished with a tolerably clean bed in each, a table, and some chairs. As it was now half-past two, I was very tired and glad to lie down, and slept soundly till seven o'clock.

Saturday, December 5.

I was awakened by the advent of the doctor and another officer, who, not being very well, had come on in advance. The others, with the battery, did not arrive till twelve o'clock at noon, having had thirteen hours hard work in getting the guns up the Ghaut, with nothing

to eat since they left the ship yesterday. Both officers and men were quite exhausted, and suffering from inflamed eyes caused by the extreme dust, which appears to be a great source of annoyance in this country; and as the floors of the bungalows are mud, and are being continually swept by the servants with little hand-brooms, there is nearly as much dust inside the house as out of it. I persuaded L—— to go to bed directly he had breakfasted, and I established myself in the verandah, sketching the pretty view. When it grew cool we walked through a native village, swarming with uncouth inhabitants, to the soldiers' quarters, which consisted of open sheds built round three sides of a square, and are called pendalls, and are erected along the principal roads for the accommodation of troops on the line of march. L—— and I have two rooms in the travellers' bungalow, and the other officers are scattered about in different houses; three of them dined with us, and we got very good food from a messman, whose business is to provide for those travellers who do not bring their own food. The monotonous music of a Nauch has been going on all day in the village, indicative of the progress of some festivities.

Sunday, December 6.

Hurried up to go to the barracks, where L—— read the service to the men formed up in square, at half-past seven. Our morning was spent looking over a file of home newspapers, full of the horrors lately perpetrated in this country, the repetition of which is quite sickening. May God preserve us from similar outrages! In the afternoon, after reading the Church Service, we sallied forth on ponies, a party of four, to explore the country. We passed near a country house belonging to the old Parsee baronet, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, situated at the foot of a remarkable hill, called the Duke of Wellington's Nose, from a strong resemblance which its outline bears to that hero's nasal organ, and who himself encamped at its foot during his Mahratta campaign. We then ascended some high ground commanding a magnificent view along the line of railway and the old Bombay road, the ranges of Ghauts appearing piled one behind the other in endless numbers stretching across the distant plains. On crossing the high road we fell in with a Scotch engineer employed on the railway works, who, with his wife and two little children, lived in a small temporary bungalow close by. He

was a remarkably intelligent man, and took us to see the mouth of the great tunnel, to which we had to scramble down an almost perpendicular cliff forming one side of a narrow dark ravine, which is to be crossed by the railroad. It will be a triumph of engineering art when finished, which is not expected to be for three years. The rocks forming these Ghauts are basaltic and their shapes most extraordinary, some being scarped as if cut with a knife, whilst the summits of many are broken into masses resembling the towers of a castle; others are pointed like a tent, and others again perfectly flat and straight at the top, while on all, lines of black strata run horizontally across the red sandstone at regular elevations, traceable throughout the whole range. The engineer complained of the desperate hardness of the rock, and gave us beautiful specimens of crystals of quartz, and stalactites found in the tunnel. The ravine was covered with a thick jungle of a sort of shrub resembling a Portugal laurel, mixed with prickly pear, and some large mango trees, whose growth is not unlike that of the walnut, and among whose branches small green monkeys chattered and leaped about. A few years ago tigers and other wild beasts abounded

in the jungles; but they have gradually been driven away by the noises of engineering life, blasting the rock and excavating the earth, though our friend told us that within a year a dog had been carried off by a cheetah from the door of his bungalow. The surface of the ground is covered with coarse burnt-up grass, now quite yellow; but in the rainy season it must be beautifully green. I did not see any flowers; in fact, every thing has a scorched and dusty appearance, even so early in the dry season as this. A funny little pickle of a brown boy accompanied our ponies, who was as sharp as a needle, and whose delight was in being taught to say English words, which he repeated after us with peals of merry laughter. He is the first native child I have seen to smile; they are usually as grave as judges, even in their amusements. About a dozen other little imps followed in our train, and when I dismounted to sketch, squatted all round me on the ground, one holding an umbrella over my head, and I must say they were less disagreeable in such close vicinity, than English beggar-boys would have been. We passed several native villages—collections of huts with low thatched roofs and sides, having no attempt at regularity

and no chimneys, (as all cookery is performed on stones outside,) so that they resembled a group of large haycocks; and though extremely untidy, they were not unsweet. In fact, the people wear so few clothes, and wash so much, that they are not so *fusty* as the lower orders of Europeans. Some of the most ragged had gold bangles and handsome nose rings. The slippers worn by the country people have *cloven feet*, which has an odd appearance. It was dark when we got home to dinner, and bed.

Monday, December 7.

The troops marched at five a.m., but I waited till after daylight and started at seven with my maid in a rough sort of open carriage, miscalled a phaeton, drawn by a pair of horses; and before we started one kicked himself completely out of harness, so that I was obliged to insist on his being changed. Besides a coachman, we were accompanied by a ghorrawalla, or horse-keeper, on foot, who kept the road clear by continual shouting, with a peculiar dwelling on the final vowel, as he ran by the side of the horses. The attire of both consisted of a red and white turban, and a kind of cloak made of a long, coarse, grey blanket, with the two sides sewn

together, forming a hood, which all the country people hang on their heads in the cold mornings, and the long ends either float loosely behind them or are gathered together in one hand under the chin. Under this scanty garment they wear nothing, except a cloth bound round their loins. The road ascended gently for a mile or two to the top of the Ghaut, and then continued tolerably level along an uncultivated plain between the hills, sprinkled with shrubby trees and covered with long dry grass, affording pasturage to large herds of cattle and sheep; and here were we, two solitary Englishwomen, jogging along quite alone and in perfect confidence, through the heart of the wild Mahratta country, and among a set of savage-looking people, not one word of whose language could we understand! The road was encumbered by long trains of carts and pack bullocks, carrying materials for the railway, large bales of cotton, and baskets of vegetables from Poona, and the dust was horrible. Our journey was a short one, and we arrived at the bungalow at Karlee at nine, where we found the troops encamped. The accommodation was not extensive for so large a party; but we got plenty to eat, and these places are very clean

and free from insects. In the afternoon we set out to walk to the hills to see some cave temples greatly renowned. The path across the plain led through what were apparently rice fields, intersected by small ditches for the purpose of irrigation, and then commenced a severe ascent among large boulders of rock, between which bushes of cacti grew in great luxuriance, with a few groups of large trees. The path was a zigzag and very steep, formed in many places from old steps cut in the rock; and, after mounting for about a mile and a half, we came suddenly upon a sight which amply repaid us for all our trouble. Before us stood, almost as perfect as if it had been finished yesterday, a very large old Hindoo temple excavated in the solid rock. The style reminded me of the Nineveh remains, the portico in front being composed of gigantic pillars, surmounted by elaborate cornices, and the wall covered with friezes consisting of figures of the double god Vishnu, having along the bottom a row of elephants with howdahs on their backs. On entering we found ourselves in a long, lofty, arched hall, the sides consisting of pillars, having figures of the god and the elephants at the top and bottom, and at the end was a

round shrine with a dome supporting a representation of a large fish. The whole carving was sharp and delicate, and hardly at all broken. The large temple appears to have been some time abandoned for purposes of worship; but outside there is a small square one in present use, which we were allowed to peep into, not enter. Over a small altar there was a painting of the god in a red robe, with large goggle eyes, on a gilt background, and the shrine bore a painful resemblance to a road-side Roman Catholic Chapel. There were several smaller caves above, and on the sides of the great temple, but without carving, and a stream of delicious water dripped over the front of one of them. We were dreadfully pestered by crowds of beggars, several of whom, watching for our arrival, had marked us as their prey; and during our ascent of the mountain, one insisted on handing me up the steep parts with his cold clammy hand, whilst a second pushed me under the shoulder, and a third took possession of my umbrella, while at the top they were joined by a disgusting old woman and a tribe of children, and all clamoured for *backshish*, and worried us to death after they had emptied our pockets of every coin. At

last we got rid of them by drawing their attention to one of our friends whom we saw beginning the ascent, and who, we assured them, was a very rich Sahib, and they instantly fastened upon him, whilst we made our escape down the mountain. I was very tired with my unwonted exertions after such a long repose on shipboard, and glad to accept the offer of a mount upon a friend's pony across the plain home. We dined at half-past six, and immediately after went to bed.

Tuesday, December 8.

I was awoke at half-past two to have our bed packed up to go with the baggage, so I rolled myself up in L——'s military cloak, in which I got another two hours' sleep. The soldiers marched at three, but I did not follow them till six, and then passed them before arriving at our halting place, Wurgawm—a distance of twelve miles. The drive was very pretty, winding at the foot of the hills, along an excellent road bordered by bushes of cactus, in the centre of which small trees were planted. We crossed the dry beds of several torrents, and in one place the water was collected into the semblance of a fine river for a short distance.

The plain, not a very wide one, was varied with patches of cultivation among the pasture land, and dotted with many native camps and villages, in one of which we changed horses. There was a good deal of traffic on the road; the carts were drawn by very small oxen of various colours, some pretty thorough-bred looking creatures, whilst others were very miserable in appearance, with mis-shapen horns; but the most frightful of all domesticated animals is the Indian buffalo, used for draught indiscriminately with oxen. His sloping withers, without a hump, long head (which he carries chin in air), and straight horns turned the wrong way, so long that they look like gig shafts, and entirely prevent his turning his head, give him a remarkably ungainly appearance; and his beauty is not improved by his dirty habits, and his hairless India-rubber skin. I have occasionally seen a white buffalo, a still more hideous animal—like a huge pig with horns. Several natives we passed on the road wore arms. Whilst breakfast was preparing I strolled about, examining the curious plants and flowers, all so new to me, and in gathering some fruit of the prickly pear got my fingers full of its thorns. The guns and wagons be-

longing to the batteries are each drawn by eight or ten oxen, and accompanied by carts for the baggage, and *dhoolies*, a light sort of *palkee* for the transport of the sick or tired, the whole surrounded by hundreds of chattering natives. This afternoon I took a long scramble with two of our friends up a mountain and along the side of a ravine, till, on turning a corner, we found ourselves overlooking quite another part of the plain, dotted with singular detached hills, surmounted by forts. We found many curious plants and stones, and the whole soil appears to be impregnated with copper, every stone in many places being cased in bright green; which, when found embedded in masses of clay, has a very pretty effect. We had to run home as fast as possible, to be in time for dinner, passing through the village where was a temple; but the door was shut, and squatted outside was a most forbidding-looking old priest with a grey beard.

Wednesday, December 9.

The stage this morning, about the same length as yesterday, took us to a place called Nigree, through a less interesting country, the plain having widened and being very bare,

except a few patches of green rice. Here and there were odd-looking detached hills crowned with forts, and a river was seen winding in the distance. The morning was cold and windy, and I was glad to cover myself with the military cloak; whilst my head was encased in a *sun topee*—a sort of dust-coloured helmet with a white turban rolled round it. In order to protect their heads from the sun, the soldiers wear white quilted covers to their forage caps, with deep curtains all round, only wanting the addition of a piece of black ribbon round the crown to resemble exactly an old woman's nightcap. Two nests of the tailor-bird were found to-day by some of the party. At a distance they look like a bunch of hay hanging from the bough of a tree, but on a closer inspection are found to be made of a number of fibres and roots closely woven together into a bag, open at one end, and with the other ending in a point. One nest was very neatly lined with cotton, and bits of fringe, apparently stolen from an old towel! Many very large kites, some brown, others black and white, one vulture, and many green paroquets and smaller birds were seen to-day; and in some places the telegraph wire, which runs by the side of the

road, was covered with long rows of them. To-day we passed one or two cross roads; hitherto our road has been the only one we have seen, and could be traced for a long distance over the plain by a line of trees. An officer of Bombay Artillery, travelling to Bombay with his wife and two pale little children, with their Ayahs, came to rest during the heat of the day in the bungalow, and I gave up my room to them. In the evening we walked to see some beautiful temples about a mile off, situated in a grove of magnificent banyan trees, whose bunches of hanging roots looked like long hair suspended from their branches, and the whole place was enclosed by thick hedges of prickly pear. The large temples were crowned with domes, beautifully sculptured; in one was an altar, with a niche containing an idol painted red and two side places for lights; in front of another was a kind of porch covering a statue of the Sacred Bull.

Thursday, December 10.

Left Nigree at half-past six, and had a beautiful drive to Poona through a much more wooded and cultivated country, with a line of fine hills in front of us; and, as we neared the

old metropolis of the Dêccan, roads multiplied and pretty little bungalows with luxuriant gardens sprung up, and before entering the cantonment we passed by a fine bridge over the Moola-Mootra river. I overtook the troops just before reaching the lines, and with some difficulty found my way to a bungalow which had been prepared for us in the 3rd European lines by the kindness of a friend, who sent his own servants to prepare our breakfast. The morning was spent unpacking and settling—very difficult work with strange Hindus, who have no method in their work, and begin half a dozen things at once, which they never finish, but run off to something else. L—— and his officers were invited to an entertainment by the Bombay Artillery, whilst I was kindly asked to an early dinner by the wife of the officer commanding, and in the evening we drove through the Sudder Bazaar (or shops for Europeans), a picturesque street of low houses, planted with rows of trees like a *boulevard*, to a piece of water called the Bund, a favourite resort of an evening, where carriage and riding parties meet and converse, and return home by lamp or moonlight.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGLISH CHURCH—MILITARY BUSINESS—CITY OF POONA — TEMPLE OF PARBUDDEE — CHRISTMAS — NATIVE CONVERTS — BULLOCK CARRIAGES — EXPEDITION TO SINGHUR.

Friday, December 11.

HIRED a palkee to go to the post-office and other places. You engage them for six hours, and use them as much or as little as you please for the sum of one shilling and threepence, English. I do not dislike the motion for a short distance; but one feels remarkably helpless and at the mercy of the bearers, of whose language you are in total ignorance. Our house was beset all day with horse-dealers, who came galloping round the garden to show off their steeds; and a Borah, or travelling merchant, brought his box of wares, which comprised a little of every thing, from pickles and soap, to silks, muslins, and stationery, but were not very inviting.

Sunday, December 13.

It was a great pleasure again to find our-

selves within the walls of a church, which, though the morning service was at eleven, was much cooler than an English one, as all the doors and windows were open, or closed only by jalousies. The seats are all elbow chairs, placed in rows, with desks before them, and are very roomy and comfortable. The Holy Sacrament was administered, and as it is not customary to carry money, from the inconvenience of the size and weight of the rupees, a pencil and slips of paper are handed round, on which people write their names and the amount of their donations, which are collected at their houses afterwards. Sunday here is very different to what we are accustomed to at home; you are plagued by itinerant dealers of all kinds: of course business goes on as usual in the bazaars, and I am afraid our countrymen too often take advantage of their residence among the heathen to forget the obligation of keeping the Fourth Commandment. The evening church was at half-past five, to which I walked with my husband; and as darkness soon set in, the church was lighted by quantities of tumblers containing a wick burning in cocoa-nut oil, which is the common light used for passages or bedrooms. It was very difficult

to find our way home across the rough ground of the common, or *maidan*, as it is called.

Monday, December 14.

The other battery which had accompanied us from England, was to-day marched up country to be formed into a siege train, for service in Central India. Poor Mrs. O——, who remained behind in Bombay, thinking to rejoin her husband in a few days, may now be separated from him for as long as the war lasts! We hired a bullock-gharry for some visits and shopping. They are a sort of tilted cart drawn by a pair of bullocks, whose tails undergo a vast deal of twisting from the driver in order to make them go on. There is a hill at the back of the cantonment called the Hill of Silence, surmounted by a tower, on the top of which the Parsees lay their dead, on a grating. Here the birds pick off the flesh, and in time the bones fall through on a heap beneath. The place is considered sacred, and an order exists forbidding any soldier to ascend it. The vultures, kites, and other birds who perform the office of scavengers, besides fattening on the deceased followers of Zoroaster, are not allowed to be destroyed, and are shockingly tame,

scarcely hopping out of your way when engaged in their disgusting meals. I have been riding my little chestnut Arab, whose paces are delightful, though he is quite uneducated, and it is remarkable how safely these horses carry you over the most rocky, broken ground, though they often stumble in their walk on smooth grass. Military bands play several times in the week, at band-stands on the Maidan, where lamps are lighted, and here all the fashion of Poona assemble, but I cannot yet reconcile myself to the habit of riding home in the dark across the rough ground of the plain.

Thursday, December 17.

I generally walk or ride for an hour or two at six in the morning, returning at eight to dress for breakfast, by which time the sun is powerful, though the wind is cold, rather like fine March weather at home. This morning I walked to the ruins of Scindiah's Palace, which, like most native houses, was only built of stucco, but must have been handsomely painted and ornamented. It was built round an open court, and enclosed in a large walled outer courtyard. It was two stories high, and had little *belvideres* on the roof; in one of the upper rooms there

are remains of fresco paintings on the walls, representing fights and hunting scenes. In point of *art* they are much on a par with the Nineveh pictures, but it is very remarkable that the complexions of all the people are fair. I believe it is common to all native paintings, and that they do not allow themselves to be a black race. Some figures in green jackets and red trousers were apparently meant to be British soldiers, defeated by the superior armies of the Mahrattas! L—— had a great deal of business to transact at the different military offices, which are scattered about miles apart at the several private residences of the officials, and the going about from one to another consumes a great deal of valuable time; but this is a mere trifle in the mass of troubles besetting an unfortunate English officer, ignorant of the language and of Indian ways, landed in the country, and ordered to form a battery. As every thing is done on the contract system, each commanding officer has to purchase wholesale his own hides, iron, wood, hemp, and cotton, besides thousands of smaller necessaries, and make the best bargain he can with the native saddlers, smiths, carpenters, and rope-makers; all which has to be done among a set of the most cheating, lying people

in the world; and you are dependent on your servant, or any stray friend, for acting as interpreter between you and them, and sorely do the savages try one's temper in every department. We went to dine at Kirkee this evening, a cavalry depôt, about five miles from Poona, L—— at the mess of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and I with Mrs. F——. Our driver lost his way, and we wandered about till we despaired of ever getting any dinner, and when he stopped any passer-by to ask his way, it invariably ended by a chatter for ten minutes at the top of their voices, and our proceeding none the wiser as to our road. The F——'s bungalow has only an upper floor, with stores below, and consists of two large bed-rooms, surrounded by an enclosed verandah, which is screened off into other apartments. Whilst L—— was at dinner at the mess, a remarkably fine-looking, high caste Hindu servant was pointed out to him, standing behind the chair of his master, Col. A——, of the 14th Light Dragoons. This man had been one of the ringleaders of the mutineers, and was intended by them to have been made brigadier at Poona. He was tried by court-martial some months ago, and acquitted for want of evidence. One should have thought him a dangerous servant, perhaps too dangerous to discharge.

Saturday, December 19.

Yesterday, the guns left behind by Captain Ommanney were sent to the Arsenal, drawn by bullocks, and as most of the animals were unbroken it was a trying business to get them there. As fast as one pair was induced to go on, the next was sure to jib or bolt; and as they were terrified at the sight of a uniform, they frequently slipped their heads out of the yoke, and caracolled over the plain, pursued by shrieking drivers, till both parties were tired. It took altogether three hours to get the guns to the Arsenal, a distance of one mile. L—— was field officer on duty last night, and had to ride round the guards after eleven o'clock. He was accompanied by three little black drummer-boys from a native regiment, and as the distance was five miles, it took some time, and I felt rather nervous before his return, at half-past one. It is the custom in India for all the gentlemen in a station to call on the newly arrived ladies, and I was considerably amused and surprised at first, at my morning *levées* of officers in full uniform, with their swords on, who invariably drove up to the door in *close* carriages, and generally came in pairs, and introduced one another. I am not yet reconciled to the hours for visits being so early—

between eleven and two; but the plan of sending in your card, that no mistake may be made in your name, is an excellent one.

Monday, December 21.

We rode this evening through the ancient city of Poona, two miles from the cantonment, and quite distinct from the European town, or Sudder Bazaar, which has merely sprung up to supply the wants of the station. The city is one of the oldest in India, and its population numbers about 140,000—more or less unruly, and only kept in order by the large military force in cantonment. The inhabitants were disarmed a short time ago, but are supposed to have concealed a great many weapons. The houses, whose ground floors are low open shops (where the merchants squat as usual among their goods), have upper stories with quaint carved lattices, and walls painted in fresco, and must once have been as handsome as stucco and painting can be; but now all the better sort are falling into decay, and many temples and tombs with which the city was embellished, are heaps of ruins. We peeped into gateways opening into courtyards of what must once have been splendid houses, and

beheld fountains and gardens beyond, such as one reads of in Eastern story. The streets were crowded with people, chiefly on foot, in every variety of Oriental costume. They were perfectly civil and well behaved, though regarding us with curiosity, as it is very rare for any Sahib, more especially a lady, to enter the city, and we did not see a single European in traversing the city from end to end. The richest natives, Parsees, &c., live chiefly in bungalows in the suburbs; and in one which we passed, a grand house in a garden, ornamented with avenues of cypress trees, lives, under the *care* of a guard of honour, one of the ex-Ameers of Scinde—a state prisoner on parole. Some of the prettiest shops in the city were the braziers', with their rows of quaint copper and brass vessels, arranged in gradation one above another. The shops for native bracelets were also curious. Most of them are made of coloured glass, some dark blue or green, others yellow, with bits of tinsel stuck on to look like gold. They have no fastenings, and are forced over the hand, and remain on till they are broken. We remarked an old Fakir prostrating himself in the dust, and repeating prayers in a very loud tone; and by

the wayside were numerous little chapels, containing rude images of gods (frequently only a lump of stone painted red), with lamps burning before them, painfully reminding one of Roman Catholic stations. The city of Poona lies low on the banks of the river, which is almost entirely dry at this season, and the houses are so embosomed in trees, that at a distance it cannot be distinguished as a town. The bed of the river is crossed by several bridges, and the rocky sides of the ravines, overhung by banyan trees, are very picturesque; and dhobies (or washer*men*) in gay turbans may be seen beating their clothes in every pool. Some of the paintings on the houses were amusing enough. On one, a Highlander was very tolerably represented, whilst on another a wrestling match between a brown and a white man was the subject, and tigers carrying off children in their mouths seemed a general favourite. The execution of these designs could scarcely vie with that of the Nineveh paintings.

Tuesday, December 22.

We started on horseback soon after six, and rode to the foot of the hill of Parbuddee, about three miles, accompanied by the ghorrawallas

running by us, to hold the horses. We dismounted and climbed up an easy flight of steps to the top of the hill, on which the temples stand. There are three principal ones, crowned with handsome domes, carved and gilt, besides several smaller chapels, and the ruins of a large Brahminical Monastery, or College, which, though fallen to decay, has still a large income belonging to it, *paid by the English Government!* One temple is dedicated to the god Siva, who is represented in a car, drawn by a horse with seven heads; another is sacred to Vishnu, whose image was being adorned for the day, by the officiating Priest, just as we entered, and we saw his dirty turban pulled off, to be replaced by another. The image was horribly distorted, with great staring eyes, and in the usual squatting native position. It is quite impossible to believe that *any* human being, even the most savage, far less these educated, clever Brahmins, can believe in the omnipotent power of these blocks of wood and stone; and our *cicerone*, an old, blind, and (of course) naked Brahmin (who talked very good English, and had a pleasanter countenance, and stronger, finer figure than most of the savages) talked and laughed very irreverently about the toilet

of his god—and yet they *are* devout and attentive to their religious duties, as if they believed in the efficacy of them: it is difficult to understand this, and many other contradictions in the native character. We were not allowed to enter the temples, and could only peep through the doors; which being the only apertures for admitting light, all the images have lamps burning before them. The Sacred Bull, with a red head, was placed on guard at one of the doors. There is a magnificent view, from a kind of rampart round the court of the principal temple; for the hill is high and isolated, like so many on these plains, so that one can overlook the country in every direction for miles round. The ride back, when the sun was up, was very pretty by the side of the river, dammed up in one place, so as to form a large tank, or lake, upon whose banks are scattered white bungalows embowered in gardens of palms, plaintains, and other trees requiring more shelter than the high arid ground about the cantonment will afford. The Band-stands are the places of fashionable resort of an evening; and, to a new comer, the scene is just like one in a theatre. A long procession of children, attended by Ayahs and bearers, walk round and

round the music; officers in uniform galop up on *tattoos* with flowing manes and tails, like circus-horses, to talk to ladies in light-coloured habits; or others, in bullock carts, and foreign-looking equipages; while each horse, whether ridden or driven, is attended by his *ghorrawalla*, who, by the exquisites of society, is dressed in a kind of livery, of bright colour, with a turban and sash in strong contrast, while the more humble content themselves with a livery of a white robe, and red turban and sash. As darkness comes on, lamps are lighted round the Band-stand, and on the carriages; and when "God save the Queen" proclaims the *finale* of the music, people grope their way home in the dark, as best they may.

Thursday, December 24.

L—— received an importation of thirty-one horses from Bombay for his battery to-day. They are sent up under the care of natives, who, on arriving, squat down by the road-side in front of their horses, waiting for some one to take possession of them. We accidentally saw these poor beasts to-day, so waiting, and on inquiry L—— found they were for him —such is the way things are managed here.

The artillery horses stand in open lines, tied with head and heel-ropes. A native *ghorra-walla* is appointed to every horse, and an English driver to every pair. Visiting in a hired bullock cart is rather a trial of patience, as oxen, except the very good ones, are aggravating animals, and have a way of bolting round corners, and into strange compounds; when some time is required to stop and turn, and start again. They are guided by a string, passed through their noses, while experienced drivers use their toes as a means of persuasion, and threaten them with a primitive hunting-whip, whilst they screw their tails to induce rapidity of motion. The old-fashioned country carts, (which are pressed whenever required to carry baggage,) are curious vehicles, consisting solely of a pair of *solid* wheels, connected by an axle, and a great pole to which is fastened whatever is intended to be carried. The modern ones bear more resemblance in form to our notions of a small cart, but are in the habit of tumbling to pieces every few miles. Each is drawn by four or six oxen, attended by a proportionate number of drivers, who again, on a march, are followed by their wives and families.

Christmas-day, 1857.

We were glad there was so little to remind us of home or of the season. We received various presents of cakes, fruit, &c., from our landlord and tradespeople, reversing the English system of Christmas boxes. There was only one sermon at the English Church, and no decorations, which with the abundance of flowers in this country might have been easily managed. We rode to Kirkee in the afternoon, through a ford and over the fields, but had to keep the road on our return on account of the darkness. A dinner at the Adjutant-General's, with bouquets of roses adorning the table, rendered the turkey and mince pies necessary to make us believe it was Christmas-day.

Monday, December 28.

We were invited to a hyena hunt at Kirkee, but were not able to go. The animal was caught some days previously, and imprisoned in a bath room, and then turned loose before some strong curs, doing duty as hounds. One night, just as we were getting into bed, a stranger came to the door, and informed us that as he was passing he saw a wild beast on the roof of our bungalow. L—— immediately turned out with loaded re-

volver, and perambulated the grounds in dressing gown and slippers, but nothing could be seen, and I believe the *bête féroce* was no other than a wildish cat, who is part of the establishment, and who has a way of getting between the thatch and the canvas ceilings, in pursuit of the rats and pretty little grey squirrels, and pattering about all night to the disturbance of our rest, and in imminent danger of falling through on our heads. In my walk this morning I passed through some fields of grain, and observed the mode of irrigation, which was to divide the land into very small square plots, separated by banked-up channels, or troughs filled from the water-skins carried on bullocks from the nearest tank, so that the operation is slow and laborious, and it is only on the banks of streams that there is any soil capable of cultivation, the high lands being all volcanic rock.

Sir J. Inglis's despatch concerning the heroic defence of Lucknow reached us to-day, and filled all hearts with admiration and thankfulness.

Friday, January 1, 1858.

Last night we indulged in the unwonted dissipations of a dinner-party and a dance. The latter was rather a solemn affair, and at twelve

o'clock every one shook hands and wished each other the compliments of the season, which to strangers in a strange land are very empty compliments indeed. Then we sat down to a supper which nobody ate, and then *we*, in defiance of Indian manners (which forbid the departure of any guest till the lady of highest rank has taken leave), went home to bed. Notwithstanding our dissipation, we were down on the parade by six this morning, where the moon was shining with a glorious light, as only a tropical full moon can shine. I was anxious to witness the ceremony of swearing in the newly-enlisted gun Lascars, who have been recruited here by L——. It solely consisted in repeating after an officer, very fast, a quantity of Hindustani, which sounded very like gibberish, and there was no religious ceremony or way of binding them to fidelity. I rode to see the sun rise from the top of Gibbet Hill, which commands a fine view of the station, and is so named from the remains of a gibbet formerly used for criminals. I saw water drawn from some wells in a curious manner: four or six bullocks are fastened to a long rope, which is passed over a beam, and has a leather bucket at the other end, and the animals drawing down a steep descent into a

pit lift up the bucketful of water, and when it is empty, the bullocks are made to *back* the whole way up the hill, till the bucket again reaches the water.

Sunday, January 3.

We were just starting for morning church, when information was sent to L—— that another detachment of horses had arrived, to whose reception and feeding he and a committee of officers had to attend during the greater part of the day, and this is only a common sample of the desecration of Sunday among all in authority here. All public offices are open, and the only difference to be observed is, that rather more than usual business generally comes to hand than on week days. Can we wonder that, while our rulers, thus setting at naught the principles of their own religion, encourage and protect idolatry and idol temples, Christianity makes but small progress among the heathen? There are only twenty converts here, and they, I believe, belong to the Scotch mission. The different doctrines taught by different sects among Christians is another fatal bar to the spread of their common religion. In short, it is easy enough for a child to see mismanagement rife in every corner of the land, and what-

ever the right remedy may be, it must be one of principle and practice that may draw down a blessing on our exertions. At present in the *manner* of the *Sahibs* towards the natives there is a pride and contempt, as of a lower order of beings (and they *are* so stupid and provoking it is very difficult to treat them otherwise); and, in return, they are disgustingly cringing and servile from fear, and are ready to take the first opportunity of wiping out old scores against us, with the ferocity and cruelty to be expected from idolaters and barbarians. Shocking as it sounds, it is nevertheless true that Government discourages Christianity among the natives to the extent of making native Christians ineligible to any public office! A short time ago the Head Inspector of Government Schools met with an intelligent native convert, whom he considered fitted to fill an office then at his disposal. On applying to the proper authorities to confirm his choice, he was refused, on the ground that the man having been converted had lost *caste*, and, consequently, influence with his countrymen, and that the rules of the ineligibility of Christians to any public appointment could not be broken through! I have this story on undoubted authority.

Sunday, January 10.

A collection was made this morning for the Byculla Schools, in Bombay, for soldiers' children—mostly half-castes. An odd advantage belonging to these schools is, that if an English soldier signifies his wish to marry, he may go to the girls' school, where he is asked three times to tea, at which entertainment he meets all the marriageable girls, and he may select from among them any one who pleases his fancy.

Friday, January 15.

Our days are so monotonous that there is very little to record, being chiefly spent by L—— in breaking in his horses to harness, and generally closed by a ride to the Band-stand. By way of variety I was one day upset in a bullock-*gary*, as I was paying a round of visits. I scrambled out, and endeavoured, by frantic gesticulations, to induce my driver and some people who had collected round us, to lift the carriage out of the ditch. At first they merely sat down and chattered, and I thought I should be left standing in the sun all day, but at last they unyoked the animals, and, after righting the carriage, proceeded to put them in again: but this was a work of time; first both

the perverse beasts got on the near side of the pole, then they changed and went both on the off side, then they turned round with their heads towards the carriage; in short more than Job's patience was required, especially as I was in a hurry to get home. I have been long suffering with a very severe cold, which, in this climate of cold winds and hot sun, is very difficult to get rid of. The last two days have been cloudy, and a few large drops of rain fell this morning. L—— bought me a beautiful new horse yesterday; a handsome grey Arab, with high showy action, and a tail actually sweeping the ground.

Wednesday, January 20.

We rode one day to an old native fort in the middle of the old city of Poona. The gateway is painted in a kind of Moorish pattern in fresco, and you enter through a door spiked with tremendous nails, meant to be a defence against elephants. Inside is a wide court and a little garden and tank, by the side of which stand two miserable little mortars, to take care of which our artillery find a guard of four men. They are to be fired in case of alarm, when the odds in favour of 140,000 natives

would be rather overwhelming. We had a shopping expedition in the city this afternoon that was most amusing. We got out of our *gary* and poked among the shops, purchasing many curiosities, which we should probably never have seen in any other manner. The people were civil, but looked at us with astonishment, as I believe we are the first English lady and gentleman who have ever *walked* through the city. We often pass through it on horseback, and on no occasion have ever met a European, but we are struck with the fair complexions of many of the Brahmins and Parsees.

Saturday, January 23.

We dined last night in company with a lady, who apologized for being rather late, saying she had that moment received a telegram, containing the news of her husband being shot through the arm in an encounter with the Bheels. Such is life in this country! The old Brahmin from Parbuddee paid us a visit to-day. He understands English perfectly, being a pupil of one of our Government schools. We questioned him as to his belief in his gods, and he says he considers the idols only as representations of an invisible and omnipresent Deity.

He spoke of another world as a place of reward or punishment, and said the joy of heaven would consist in sitting still! The Brahmins are all priests, and this one's office before he became blind was to arrange the turban of the idol daily. He told us the Government gave 1500 rupees a month for the support of the Brahmins at Parbuddee. The temples and surrounding palace, now in ruins, were the property of the Peishwa, and when he ceded to us the territory of Poona, it was on the understanding that we were to provide for the support of the holy places. This has been done on every British acquisition of territory in India, thus rendering us, for the sake of advancing our border, the patrons and supporters of the most horrible idolatry. We have decided on making an expedition to Singhur, a hill fort, where there are a few empty bungalows, one of which has been lent to us, in hopes of curing my cold by change of air.

Wednesday, January 27.

We sent off a supply of necessaries to Singhur on Coolies' heads, as soon as possible after breakfast, and it was most amusing to watch the preparations for starting in the yard. Our

old butler, who I sometimes think is a little demented, did absolutely nothing but vociferate in the shrillest tones, and laying about him with a stick, danced and shouted round the group of Coolies, who remained apathetically squatting on their haunches in the sun. At last, about eleven, off they went, many of the men carrying nothing but one little bundle, whilst a wretched pony, intended for the old man to ride, was laden with *all* the heavy packages, bedding, and carpet-bags. At two we ourselves started on horseback, accompanied by Major B—— and Mr. B——. I carried an umbrella, and did not find any annoyance from the sun. We cantered along merrily for ten or twelve miles, on an excellent road, past the foot of Parbuddee, and skirting a fine range of hills; on each side were thousands of large mango trees, whose flowers perfumed the air, but suddenly the broad highway came to an abrupt end on the banks of a *nullah*, and we turned off on a path through the fields, where, from the numerous tracks, we found great difficulty in keeping the right road. Before long we overtook one of the servants and a miserable bullock cart, containing the greater part of our goods, the obstinate old butler

having altered our arrangements as soon as he was out of sight, and transferred the things to the cart from the Coolies' heads, and from the crawling pace of the bullocks there was little hope of their arriving at their destination before dark. Soon we rode up a wooded valley, now brown and dry, as the trees composing the forests here are mostly deciduous, and by-and-by came to the foot of the Ghaut, a precipitous rock, on the summit of which we saw the towers of Singhur, high up in the clouds. The ascent from hence along an excellent path, cut in zig-zag terraces, soon became very steep, and we dismounted and led our ponies. The sun set in a brilliant glow, lighting up the summits of the hills and the distant valleys, and, luckily for us was succeeded by a splendid moon, or we should never have found our way among these precipices. On and on we toiled, each moment fancying we must be close to the top, but at each turn finding the overhanging rock apparently as high and far off as ever. I was obliged to get on my pony for a few minutes to rest, but it was too steep to be pleasant riding, and besides, being very hot with climbing, I felt the night wind chilly. We passed the Coolies with the rest of our things, before arriving at the

fort, and at last we came to a dark gateway with a strong iron door, guarded by some native police; then a second and a third similar gate, and then we found ourselves in an open space on the summit of this singular hill, with a few white bungalows dotted about among the rocks, in one of which we found our old butler, with nothing of any kind ready for us. In these adverse circumstances Major B—— was a host in himself, and bustled about with such vigour that we soon got lights, and took possession of our rooms; and by nine o'clock we got something to eat, after which we were glad enough to retire to rest from the fatigues of the day. The bungalow belongs to an old Parsee, by name Daddaboy, and consists of three rooms, containing a few rickety chairs and tables, and an enormous bed, with a very limited supply of cracked crockery.

Thursday, January 28.

I got up early and walked about the fort, which is a most curious place—an enormous rocky hill with a square summit, and every spur or accessible part scarped, turreted, walled, and loopholed, so that it appears quite impregnable. It was finally surrendered to the British

on 1st March, 1818, by the Peishwa's troops, who, during a siege of ten days had suffered severely from our shells. It sustained many sieges during the different Mahratta wars, was never stormed, but generally capitulated from scarcity of supplies. There are eight or ten bungalows in different parts of the fort, each commanding splendid views. Roses were blooming in the gardens, which, with attention, might have been little Paradises. The roofs of the houses are all tied on by strong ropes passing over them, fastened to rocks on the ground, which is necessary, to prevent the violent winds of the monsoon carrying them away. People go up here from Poona for change in the hot weather, and as this is not the season, we are the only Europeans in the place; one native hut and a couple of guard-rooms for the police constitute the only habitations besides the deserted bungalows. The air is deliciously cool and refreshing, and prevents one minding the heat of the sun; so, as soon as breakfast was over we set off for a long ramble, armed only with umbrellas, and wandering along the narrow cattle paths which traverse the coarse dry grass in every direction, we left the fort, and following a spur of the mountain, our ambition was

to mount to the top of a neighbouring hill, with a mass of pointed rock on its summit. This we at last accomplished, and after resting for some time under the shadow of the rock, enjoying the view, we returned by a different path to our bungalow, and refreshed ourselves with ginger-beer and oranges. In the cool of the evening we explored more of the interior of the fort, which contains many large water tanks, the ruins of a Governor's house, and several small temples, and is, even in its present ruinous state, one of the best specimens of a Mahratta hill fortress. The views over the hills are wonderful, comprising range after range piled one behind the other, too numerous to count, and all cut square at the top with furrowed sides, more like Wyld's model of the globe than any thing in nature. Now, the hills are brown, dotted with masses of very black rock, with green shrubs in the ravines, and fine trees here and there, especially along the banks of the Poona river, whose course may be traced for miles along a broad valley. The great want in the landscape is *water*. Except this river, which in most places is dry, there is not a stream, or rill, or spring any where, and the whole aspect is scorched and dry; but in the rainy season

the colour of the scenery must be completely changed, as every little *nullah* then contains a torrent, and the *red brown* of the grass becomes brightest green.

Friday, January 29.

Our morning's expedition was in a contrary direction to that which we took yesterday, and we left the fort by a postern gate, and down a steep rocky staircase, very difficult of access to cavalry. L—— and Mr. B—— took their guns in hopes of sport, and diverged into the jungle, but got nothing except a brace of larks, the truth being, that from the want of water these hills are totally without game at this season, and except the chirp of the cricket no sound of life is to be heard among them. Far off, down in the valleys, may be distinguished villages and little spots of cultivation, and, dotting the hill sides, herds of cattle feeding, with here and there the dusky form of a black man watching them, otherwise the solitude is unbroken. Major B—— and I skirted the hills for some distance, till we found a pleasant seat, sheltered from the sun by some bundles of dry grass, and commanding a fine view of Singhur, and the jungle where the others were vainly searching for game. We had brought a servant carrying refreshments

with us, and we remained here some time, enjoying the beauty of the scenery and atmosphere, and, after being joined by the disappointed sportsmen, we slowly wended our way homewards at sunset to our bungalow on the rock.

Saturday, January 30.

I took a last ramble round a still unexplored part of the fort, and found a picturesque temple to sketch, and having sent off our servants and things, and desired our horses to be led to the foot of the hill to wait our arrival, we started on our return journey at one o'clock, and found three miles of very steep descent before we reached the place where the animals were picketed. We returned to Poona by a shorter road, having discovered that we had gone considerably out of our way on the former journey. We noticed numbers of hillocks of black ants along the sides of the road. They are conical mounds about three feet high, with numbers of small cones sticking out on the top, and if you break into them you discover numerous chambers and galleries composed of well-cemented clay, which these industrious insects build for nurseries and granaries. A lovely blue bird, of the jay kind, also attracted our attention, but it

is astonishing in passing through these solitudes how little of animal life one sees; and, as for the reptiles, which I had supposed infested tropical countries, except a few brown lizards and one young scorpion, which I killed in my room, I have seen *none* since I landed.

CHAPTER V.

ARTILLERY BALL — INCENDIARY FIRES — ORDERED AWAY — JOURNEY TO BOMBAY — TEMPLES OF ELEPHANTA — EMBARK ON MY COASTING VOYAGE — DETAINED AT VINGORTA — LAND — JOURNEY TO BELGAUM.

Thursday, February 4.

We find the air in Poona very close and oppressive after the mountain breezes of Singhur, and are told that it is unusually hot for the season. A dust-storm occurred during church-time on Sunday, which completely darkened the air, besides filling every thing with sand. We are a prey to the wild cats which infest our compound, and annoy us to such a degree that we have ordered them to be shot. They keep jumping in and out of our room all night, making a dreadful noise in chorus with the jackals; and having eaten all the pretty little grey squirrels and parrots in the garden, they are so ravenous that they jump on the table during our meals and almost snatch the very food from our mouths! One day, riding across the fields, we passed a Muhammedan burial

ground, the smell proceeding from which was pestilential, and we were horrified at seeing protruding from the ground, and lying about in the ploughed field near, blade bones, shin bones, and various other portions of the human frame! It appears that the followers of Islam only put a few inches of earth over the bodies of their defunct friends, leaving a scalp lock exposed above ground, by which they think that Mahomet will lift them up to heaven in the Resurrection. I have had presents of two darling little green parroquets, one with a red head, the tamest little thing I ever saw. The Royal Artillery ball came off this evening, and was reckoned the best that had been seen in Poona for some time. There were thirty ladies and fifty gentlemen, all dancers but one or two; but of the fifteen officers who acted hosts, it is remarkable that six were ill, the hot weather lately having been very unhealthy.

Monday, February 8.

Last night we were awakened, at half-past twelve, by the voice of the sergeant-major at the window, saying there were two large fires near. L—— gave the order to turn out, and in five minutes was on horseback and at the head of his

men. I walked with my maid a little way up the hill at the back of the house, to see where the fires were. One was the guard-room of a group of cells close to the hospital; it was quite empty, and under the care of a *ramosi* (or watchman). The other was an old bungalow, likewise empty, formerly used as a Roman Catholic chapel. Both were on high ground, so that the fires could be seen for a long distance. There was no water to be had, as all the *bastis* (or water-carriers) took care to be out of the way; fortunately, there being no wind, the fires soon burnt out, but just after *another* was seen blazing away on the opposite side of the cantonment. It proved to be merely a sort of bonfire, close to the lines of the high caste 23rd Native Infantry, who have lately arrived in the station. L——, of course, kept his men with their guns on their own parade, whither I also resorted, not wishing in the event of any disturbance to be left alone in the bungalow; but when all was quiet we returned to bed about three. Our servants looked on with the most stolid indifference: the old butler could not be roused from his snores, and except the *ghorrawalla*, who was very quick saddling the horse, they none of them showed the slightest

concern, and the *ramosi* never dreamed of calling us, as he ought to have done. It appears that on Saturday night an attempt was made to fire a bungalow close to ours, but fortunately the inhabitants were awake and put it out, actually seeing the incendiaries run away, though they could not catch them.

Thursday, February 11.

Each night we have been disturbed in various ways, by distant fires and continual noises. A number of cartridges have been found concealed in the thatch of a roof adjoining the house that was burnt; but though the authorities offered 100 rupees for the discovery of the incendiary, it is not thought prudent to search the cartridge-boxes of the 23rd N.I., where it is pretty certain these came from. Several men have been taken up on suspicion of selling poisoned milk and ginger-beer to the soldiers; but, as they ingeniously spilled all they had in hand, nothing could be proved against them. One little knows what the next moment may bring forth. We had got so settled here, that we had almost forgotten the probability of a move; and we were preparing for our usual ride this evening, when a telegram arrived, ordering my

husband to march on Belgaum, some 300 miles off in the southern Mahratta country, being prepared to take the field on the way, to chastise the Rajah of *Sholapúr*, who has been attacking some of our Madras troops. If it were not for the necessary separation (as circumstances render it impossible for me to venture on so long and hazardous a march, and I shall have to proceed by Bombay, and down the coast by myself to Belgaum), I should not regret leaving Poona, as the public native mind is in an uneasy state, and it is any thing but agreeable being subject to these nightly disturbances.

Monday, February 15.

We have been very busy preparing for our move, which, in many respects, to private persons, is an easier matter than at home; but not so to an unlucky officer in command, upon his first march. It is perfectly inconceivable the way in which L—— was pestered all day about all sorts of petty arrangements, which ought to be managed by competent subordinates, instead of being under the superintendence of Her Majesty's officers. The march was ordered for to-morrow morning, and it was

curious to see the long strings of camels kneeling for their burthens in front of the lines. The same troop of Dragoon Guards that came in our ship, and another, accompany the guns as escort. We were roused repeatedly by messages after retiring to rest; and at last, at half-past twelve, came an order to postpone the march till the afternoon to-morrow.

Tuesday, February 16.

Busy all the morning finishing L——'s packing. A new bullock-*gary*, which we have been building, arrived, finished all but painting, and fitted up as a bed, looked so comfortable, I more than half repented not running the risk of going in it. At half-past three, P.M., I accompanied L—— on horseback down to the lines, and we found the baggage, which was to have been ready at two, not yet started. It was carried by thirty-one camels, seventy-four pack mules, thirty-three bullock-carts, with innumerable camp followers, and covered a long line of road. As soon as this train was fairly in motion, the battery marched off, a second line of ammunition waggons, drawn by bullocks, bringing up the rear. I accompanied them to their first halting-place, distant only three

miles, on a perfectly flat and burnt-up plain, the distant hills alone preventing the landscape from being positively ugly. Here we found the Dragoons, who had been there since the morning, and whose white tents looked picturesque. I stayed some time with some people I knew, and envied much one lady, who was preparing to accompany her husband. After L—— had made all necessary arrangements, he returned with me to Poona to dine, and finally left me at half-past two in the morning to join the battery, which marched at three. Left thus desolate in a strange land, I did not want for kind friends, who would not allow me to return to my solitary home, and undertook to see me safe to Bombay, and help all my arrangements.

Thursday, February 18.

Major G——, Mr. T——, my maid and I, with two native servants, left Poona at a quarter to six this morning in two of the rattletraps, miscalled phaetons, and posted through to Khandalla, stopping for breakfast at Wurgaum, where the fare consisted of a spatchcock and an omelette, no bread being procurable. At Khandalla we got into palkees to descend the Ghaut, the scenery of which, by daylight, is magnifi-

cently wild. The abrupt and oddly-shaped mountains, ruled in horizontal lines of black strata, every available interstice covered with thick underwood, rising one behind the other in an endless succession of ranges, form a series of the most splendid views, changing at every turn of the road, which, though good, is very steep, and dreadfully dusty from the continued trains of bullock-carts. A very little would render it safe for a carriage, which would be a great comfort to travellers, instead of the present necessity of using palkees. In my whole life I never was so shaken; the jerking run of the bearers in descending a steep incline is quite insupportable! It took two hours of this shaking to reach Campoolie, and I felt half dead with exhaustion. We were fortunately provided with a little sherry and soda-water, which slightly refreshed us, and we started at a quarter past three, P.M., in the train for Bombay. The railroad runs through a most picturesque valley, winding among the mountains, many of them crowned with masses of rock, which closely resemble towers and castles. As we approached the end of our journey, we wound round the head of the bay, in many places on a causeway, so as to approach Bombay from

the North; and here we came among every variety of palm, and other Tropical trees, growing in picturesque groups by the water-side. The latter part of the journey was very slow, from being delayed at every station by the chattering of the natives, and we arrived at the Byculla station in Bombay at seven. Here we found difficulties about our further progress, the only vehicles of any description to be had being two dilapidated hack buggies, in one of which my maid and I had to seat ourselves, whilst the wild driver crouched at our feet, and, having escaped the threatened danger of a loose wheel, we arrived at the hospitable bungalow of the kind W——s, much in want of rest and refreshment.

Saturday, February 20.

I am much worried at the unsatisfactory letters I get, telling me of the unsafe state of the roads up from the coast to Belgaum, and that I cannot venture to travel without an escort; but my friends are most kind, and hope to find some one to go with me before long.

Tuesday, February 23.

An officer going to Belgaum has been found,

a friend of Major G——'s, who has kindly undertaken the care of me, and we are to start on Saturday in the Admiralty yacht. To-day we went on an expedition to see Elephanta, embarking from the dockyard in the pretty little steam yacht the "Gulanare," and after an hour and a quarter's delightful *trajet* among the beautiful scenery of the Bay, passing Butcher's Island, a place of confinement for state prisoners, where the Rajah of Sattara is at present, we arrived off the shores of the lovely island of Elephanta, composed of a double-pointed hill covered with thick jungle, and dotted with palms and other large trees in profusion. In order to land, we were forced to get into the small gig of the steamer, and when that came aground, we were transferred to chairs, each carried by four men, who trotted through the water and deposited us safely on the shore, which is here fringed with mangrove bushes, growing far out into the water. From the shore you ascend an easy flight of stone steps cut in the rocks, to about half-way up the hill-side, when you arrive at the platform at the entrance of the principal temple, the view from which is most enchanting. The temple itself consists of a number of chambers, all hewn

out of the solid rock, and divided by fluted pillars. In niches or shrines are bas-reliefs of the principal idol or three-headed Deity, attended by his subordinate spirits, who are represented crowded in the background in a very curious manner. The Sacred Elephant, adorned with red-paint, figures in several places, but I did not see any bull. In one corner antiquaries have deciphered a date, I do not know what, but it must be of *great* antiquity, far more ancient than that of the temples at Karlee; as there the turn of the arch is perfect, while at Elephanta, though the carving is perfectly sharp and good, the pillars and doorways are covered by a straight pediment. The days close in so quickly, that the sun had nearly set when we arrived at the great temple, and we had scarcely time for one or two hurried sketches before it grew too dark to enjoy the beauty of the views. We made our way along some tangled paths towards the back of the island, passing two smaller cave temples, and the scenery on both sides was most lovely, and only made one regret not having more daylight in which to enjoy it. We re-embarked on the "Gulanare" in the same manner as we had left her, and enjoyed our moonlight sail very much, as well as a little

impromptu feast that had been prepared for us on board.

Friday, February 26.

In my early walk I took a cup in my hand, resolved to taste the fresh toddy which is now abundant. On arriving at a grove of palms, I saw a man ascend one of them by means of a rope passed round his body, against which he leaned whilst climbing upwards with his hands and great toes. When he had attained the proper height he passed the rope under him, and sat upon it, and with a sharp kind of gimlet made an incision just under the crown of the tree. Into this hole he very carefully inserted a tube of bamboo, and put the other end into a chatty or earthen pot, which he had brought up tied round his waist, and fastened it by a rope of plaited leaves firmly into its place. The man then descended from the tree, bringing with him a chatty which had got filled with juice during the night, and on my making signs, he poured some out of it into my cup. It was frothy and white like milk, with a mixture of sweet and sour in the taste, which I did not think very nice. When it is allowed to remain in the heat of the sun it soon ferments and in a few hours becomes an intoxicating

liquor. The Hindoo festival of the Hol'i is now in course of celebration; the natives smear their garments and faces all over with red and yellow powder, and no respectable women are seen in the bazaars; indeed it is very disagreeable even for Europeans to walk about now, as the manner of the natives is far from respectful, and my maid was much annoyed and frightened by some of them, in the high road close to the bungalow.

Saturday, February 27.

I bade adieu to my kind entertainers at Malabar Hill, and joining Captain T—— at the Dockyard, we embarked on board the schooner "Charlotte," Indian Navy Yacht, of 180 tons, which had been kindly placed at my disposal. We sailed out of harbour at half-past two P.M., with a nice breeze from the N.W., but towards evening it died away. I had discharged all my native servants in Bombay, as they were very bad ones, and Captain T—— kindly undertook all arrangements respecting food, &c., for the journey, and he had two servants, in addition to my English maid, who were to cook for and wait upon us.

Monday, March 1.

The time passes tediously, coasting lazily along. The outline of hills along the shore is very pretty. We passed near the fort of Malwan, on a rock overhanging the sea, about mid-day, and towards sunset we hoped to have seen the Vingorla Rocks, but were disappointed, and now look forward to anchoring in the night, and landing the first thing in the morning, when we shall find palkees and carts which have been ordered for our conveyance to Belgaum.

Tuesday, March 2.

Oh! how little can we short-sighted mortals foresee what is in store for us! I spoke of landing and my anticipated journey yesterday, little thinking that instead I should be compelled to remain on board the "Charlotte," with a little baby in my arms, whose sudden arrival without the presence of Doctor or "Mrs. Gamp" was most unexpected. But God is very merciful, and does not lay upon us more than we are able to bear, and I felt very thankful that the event had not taken place in a *dâk* bungalow on the road, my greatest annoyance being the detention of my unfortunate escort, who stoutly declined yielding to the

messages I sent him to leave me to my fate, and proceed at once to Belgaum.

Thursday, March 4.

The Lascar sailors, native servants, &c., have been very anxious in their inquiries about the infant, and hearing it was a boy, pronounced the universal *acha*—very good, the only expression of approbation and affirmation, in the meagre languages of India. Among themselves, a girl is considered rather an incumbrance, whilst the birth of a boy is always hailed with joy. I received a visit in the evening from the wife of an officer at Vingorla, who, hearing of my predicament, came kindly to offer her services. She gave an alarming account of the state of the road up to Belgaum. The Sawunt Warree, a tribe of robbers, are out, and hide in the jungle, from whence they fire at travellers, particularly from some thick portions of jungle as you ascend the Ghaut, where two soldiers were lately wounded. An officer who started on the journey yesterday took an escort of thirty soldiers, and refused to take charge of a lady and her children, who are waiting to go up. A company of the 56th Regiment, with other troops, have been sent against these robbers, who have been

joined by some disaffected from the Portuguese settlement of Goa, but it is almost hopeless to expect to catch them with regular troops. The last time they were out, it took ten years' desultory warfare to disperse them! All the country people still profess to disbelieve entirely in the capture of Dehli, considering it an invention of ours to frighten them!

Saturday, March 6.

Captain T—— sent me this morning a sort of large tassel, made of the flowers of the large white jasmine strung together, which the natives hang over their doors and windows during festival time. He had also ordered a bouquet of roses; but what arrived was a small, *flat, green parcel*, made out of a bit of a plantain-leaf, pinned together with a thorn. When opened, it contained one sweet, full-blown rose, so ingeniously packed that, even in this flat parcel, it was not at all crushed, and was kept quite fresh and cool. One day, before I was taken ill, the master of the schooner, who had lived for some time next door to a Parsee family, gave me a curious account of their proceedings, when one of their family lies at the point of death. As soon as the unfortunate individual is con-

sidered *in extremis*, the bones of his legs and arms are broken by his friends, who then anoint the body all over with cocoa-nut oil, and bring a dog into the room. If the animal licks the body, it is considered that his soul has gone to heaven; but if, on the contrary, the dog turns away, each member of the family administers a *kick* to the (we will hope) now senseless corpse, and reviles it for its wickedness: in either case, the body is then consigned to the Tower of Silence, where the last arrival occupies the centre of the grating, the former corpses being placed round the wall in a sitting posture, till they are picked to pieces by the vultures, and fall through on the bones of their predecessors.

Sunday, March 7.

This afternoon I was sufficiently well to be placed in a chair, and drawn up on deck through the skylight of my cabin, and then laid on a mattrass to imbibe fresh strength from the balmy breeze, and enjoy the view of the pretty little bay of Vingorla, where we have been anchored ever since I was taken ill. The hills of red earth, mixed with rocks, and scantily covered with brushwood, come down nearly to the water's edge, and are divided from it by a

beach of white sand, behind which winds a little river, through a grove of palm-trees, between whose stems glimpses of bright green paddy fields may be seen beyond. The background is formed of fine mountains, among whose passes the road to Belgaum lies. There are several picturesque native craft in the bay, their raking masts ornamented with paper in honour of the Hol'i Festival, which lasts many days; and small canoes, with outriggers to prevent their capsizing, are constantly scudding from one to the other. These canoes are made of a single hollowed tree, for the bottom of the boat: the upper part projects over the sides, and is *sewn* to the lower with cocoa-nut fibre. The outriggers are two pieces of wood, sticking out on one side from the gunwale, and connected together by a third piece, shaped like a miniature canoe: this apparatus floats on the water, and steadies the real canoe. I have received the kindest letter of sympathy from the General commanding at Belgaum, who has made every arrangement for my reception; and by his account Mrs. P—— greatly exaggerated the dangers of the journey, and I hope to be able to prosecute it with safety. Luckily I am not easily frightened.

Monday, March 8.

I was brought on deck by three o'clock to-day, and took a sketch of Vingorla—the birth-place of my little son. All the baggage was sent on shore, except what was indispensable for the night, and it was packed in carts ready to start at two in the morning. Mr. S——, the Collector of Vingorla, came on board, and kindly sent me a present of some of the birds' nests used for making soup, which are found in great masses on the Vingorla Rocks, at the entrance of the bay, and are a considerable article of trade. They are composed of masses of a kind of gelatine mixed with feathers.

Tuesday, March 9.

I was hoisted up on the deck and down into the boat, at half-past five this morning, and from thence drawn up by a crane on the wharf at Vingorla, with baby on my knee, who in this manner first touched terra firma! The cavalcade for our journey consisted of my palkee and one for my maid, each with twelve bearers or hammals, five carts (which to-day had preceded us), four native servants on foot, Captain T—— mounted and armed, and a guard of seven men of the 15th Native Infantry,

who met us on the top of the first hill, and who, finding it hard work to carry their packs, and to keep up with the double-quick of the palkee-bearers, soon dropped so far behind that, though we waited for them several times, they did not arrive at our destination till an hour and a half after us! The road was considered perfectly safe to-day, and so it did not matter; to-morrow we must manage differently. My palkee was well stuffed with mattrass and pillows, and I journeyed with very little fatigue, six hammals carrying the palkee easily at a short quick run, keeping time to a droning song, while the relief of six others run by the side; besides which, we have a man whose business it is to carry a lighted torch if we travel in the dark.

Our road lay first along the sea-shore, and then through the native town and bazaar of Vingorla, situated in a grove of palms, many of the huts being built round the stems of the trees. We soon ascended a high hill, from whence the view of the distant Ghauts was most beautiful; and we then descended a very steep path to the plain, across whose undulations the remainder of our road was carried, patches of green rice-fields varying here and there the otherwise wild country, covered with

low shrub, called "light jungle," and dotted with groups of splendid trees—the majestic mango, the india-rubber, the wide-spreading banian, and towering above them all, and also feathering low to the ground in the young specimens, the graceful palm. I used to complain of the sameness of the forest of palms at Bombay, where there are few other trees, but here, mingled with so many other forms of vegetation, they give a graceful and peculiarly *oriental* character to the scene.

Amongst many plants quite new to me I noticed the bamboo, the largest of the grasses, which waves in graceful feathers twenty to thirty feet high; and the sugar-cane, some of whose young shoots I sucked and found excellent. There were many beautiful wild flowers also, and I generally had a large bouquet in my palkee. The character of the scenery is totally different from that of the more northern Ghauts. These hills are no longer volcanic, with straight black strata of rocks, but composed of red earth, with boulders of sandstone rock crowning their summits and sticking out of their sides in picturesque disorder. Most of the hills are partially clothed with low bushes, contrasting well with the red earth; and every now and then you meet with

patches of the most vivid green that the imagination can conceive. It was a charming morning; there were a few clouds to shade the burning sun, and the distant hills were softened by a purple haze. We were carried through a wide river, commanded by an old mud fort, and arrived at the traveller's bungalow at Banda about eleven o'clock. The butler had preceded us by several hours to prepare breakfast, for, except just along the great roads near the Presidency, the bungalows consist only of two or three rooms, with bedsteads, chairs, and tables, with no one living in them, and no accessories of a meal but what travellers themselves bring.

An officer of Her Majesty's 33rd, known to Captain T——, had come over to see us from the little Fort of Sawunt Warree where he was quartered, with few companions save bears and tigers, and who, being more addicted to the pleasures of society than to the wild sports of the field, is rejoicing at the prospect of being soon relieved after a nine months' sojourn in these jungles. And now I must record the impression made upon my mind by this first day's journey through a more entirely Indian, and less travelled country, than any I have yet seen; it was one of astonishment that a highly

civilized people like the English should so long have been nominal masters of a land like this, and yet done so *very* little towards its advancement. Here we have the richest soil abandoned to the luxuriousness of nature; forests of magnificent timber and full of trees whose fruit is good for food, and yet inhabited only by the chetah and the tiger, and a fierce tribe of men, almost equally savage. The land certainly seems to bear the curse of idolatry! If ever England comes forward boldly as the champion of her faith, then may we hope to see civilization and religion advance hand in hand, agriculture flourish, and the commercial riches of this lovely country spread out to the world by means of canal, road, and railroad! There are at present a good many Christian converts at Vingorla, but they have no resident missionary.

In the few villages through which we passed to-day, there were a sort of maypoles, put up in front of the temples in honour of the Hol'i Festival, and at night the tom-toming and singing, or rather howling, was quite terrific (so much so that the corporal of our guard awoke Captain T——), and the temple where these rites were going on was close to the bungalow; notwithstanding which, and the

coughing and hookah-bubbling of our guards in the verandah, and the shrill cry of the jackals in the forest, I slept the sleep of the tired.

Wednesday, March 10.

We were called at two A.M. to send away the beds, as the bullocks are so slow: they took thirteen hours to perform yesterday's march of twenty miles! I was very thirsty, and wished for some water from a well close by, but as our own drinking vessels were all gone on, none of the natives could be induced to lend me one of theirs, as the touch of a Christian would have polluted it! We started at a quarter to five, a picturesque cavalcade with torch-bearers, and our guard in light marching order, which in this country means *sans culottes*, or, at least, with only the slight apology for those garments called *pyjamas*, a loose cloth hanging gracefully over the thigh. The guard having put their knapsacks on our carts, kept up very well for the first two hours, but after that the palkee-bearers took to racing, and fairly ran away from the soldiers, who dropped in, tired and panting, long after us. Day dawned over a fine expanse of hill and valley, about half an hour after our start, and the road lay

through a wild jungle, in parts very thick, over steep hills, and across many lovely streams, bordered by small green patches of paddy fields. I had often longed to see the luxuriance of tropical vegetation in the dense masses of a *real jungle*, and now I must say that its beauty far surpassed my most vivid imaginings. The variety of foliage, in colour of every shade, from brightest green to brilliant scarlet, the large size of many of the leaves, and the graceful pendant branches, connected by creepers and parasites, hanging from every spray, forming a tangled mass, with sunbeams glinting through it; these, and the splendid wild flowers on every side, formed a scene almost *unreal* in its beauty, though the roar of a chetah, close to our path, reminded one of the fierce inhabitants of these lovely bowers. I was sorry I did not see the creature, but we came across the trail of a huge boa constrictor in the dusty road, nearly two feet wide; and a short time ago one was killed near here, measuring seventy-six feet long! Quantities of the silk-cotton trees grow by the roadside, with their splendid white flowers, which are collected by the people in heaps as they fall off. We passed long trains of carts and pack-bullocks, laden with this and the more

profitable cotton from the small plant, on their way to Vingorla, slowly dawdling along at about a mile and a half an hour. It is worthy of note that the ox and the ass are the only beasts used by the natives for draught in carts, the horse being reserved for nobler purposes. Another splendid tree, bearing enormous scarlet flowers, something like single camelias, attracted my attention, from its being the constant resort of innumerable birds, who peck at the flowers for the sake of a reservoir of honey which they contain. We were serenaded on our march by the *bulbul*, almost the only songster of India, whose note very much resembles that of the blackbird.

We arrived at our destination, the Travellers' Bungalow at Baitsee, after a march of seventeen miles, at half-past nine A.M., but as we passed our carts on the road, it was noon before we got any breakfast, though we did not starve, having brought a supply of bananas and biscuits in my palkee. Owing to my ignorance of the ways of the country, and consequent omission of providing proper travelling equipage, our meals are conducted in a very primitive manner; we have *not* a knife and fork apiece, and are obliged to resort to all sorts of expedients, such as forks made of bamboo, &c.; and I regret

much not having in my bag a portable case of such articles. The dancing and howling in the temples continued again all night, the noise being quite frightful, and we could distinguish the contant repetition of one monotonous phrase, which put one in mind of the priests of Baal, who cried, "Oh, Baal, hear us!" from morning till evening, thinking they should be heard for their much repetition. It is curious how constantly one sees here illustrations of Scripture manners and customs—Orientalisms, which one did not enter into or understand before. For example, it appears certain from Deut. xxxiii. that the spot of coloured paint on the forehead or ear, common among the Hindus, was used among the Jews in a similar manner, to denote distinction of tribe or *caste*.

Thursday, March 11.

We were called at half-past one to have the carts packed, having despatched a servant with provisions over night, to ensure our getting breakfast. We started at five, and when day dawned were approaching the foot of the Ram Ghaut, the road winding through a thick jungle, till all further progress seemed impeded by an amphitheatre of hills closing round us. The

sun rose at this moment on a scene of surpassing beauty, tinting with rose colour the upper ridges of the mountains, whilst the lower parts were enveloped in a soft blue mist. We found to our dismay that all the extra bullocks kept at the foot of the Ghaut were out, so we were obliged to leave our baggage to its fate, as each cart requires three or four extra pairs to ascend the hill. The road up was exceedingly steep, so much so, one could hardly imagine how wheeled vehicles could ascend the high steps and banks composing it. It commanded splendid views over the different ranges of hills we had traversed, and was carried up spurs in the sides of the mountains. Each palkee had ten bearers pushing and pulling at it, and indulging in deafening noises to ease their exertions. The ascent is four miles long, and they ran us up in a surprisingly short time, so that we arrived at the bungalow at the top at half-past nine A.M. The accommodation was very limited, and there being no bedstead, and but one chair, I had to spread my mattrass on the floor, which, though of mud, was fortunately dry. The air is delicious, much cooler than below the hills, and on a fine day Goa and the sea-coast may be seen. I regret much being unable to walk about and

explore the paths leading into the heart of the jungle. There are few cocoa-nut trees at this altitude, but the vegetation is very beautiful, and game of all sorts abounds, particularly the great blue-faced monkey, the jungle pheasant, and pigeon, besides tigers, bears, &c., in great variety. I found some servants waiting here for me, engaged by a friend at Belgaum, who also kindly sent out a supply of bread, and the joyful news that relays of *tattoos* had been sent to meet my husband, who was expected to arrive in time to welcome me on my entrance to Belgaum. By great exertions our carts were got up the Ghaut by ten P.M., so that we were ready to continue our journey the next morning.

Friday, March 12.

I was called at three this morning with the information that the bullocks were asleep, the servants snoring, the sentries and bearers in the arms of Morpheus; and, in short, that the whole party were so completely overcome by fatigue, that a morning's journey was impossible, and that we must make up our minds to remain quiet till the afternoon. As for me, I was asleep again almost before my head was laid on the pillow; and the luxury of a long night

was so unexpected, that I awoke quite fresh and rested. After breakfast the bearers came to explain, that the extra amount of howling they made coming up the hill yesterday, was an entreaty that the Sahibs would give them a *buckree*, or sheep, to feast upon, as a reward for their exertions. To this we agreed, and they shortly returned, bringing the buckree for the Mem Sahib to see; and, stalking into the room, came a very tall, long-legged old Billy-goat! When he left my presence, he was killed and eaten on the spot; the consequence of which was, that, when at two o'clock P.M. we proposed to start, the grumblings at the heat were great; and when we were at last off, the bearers were so full and shortwinded, that they sat down every half-mile: however, as the *buckree* digested, the pace improved, and we got to Toorookawarree at seven in the evening, a distance of eighteen miles. The road at first wound along a natural terrace on the Ghaut, from which the view was splendid; then, turning the summit, we gradually passed into a broad upland valley, and finally emerged into the wide plain of the Southern Deccan. We soon lost sight of thick jungle, and came to scrub, interspersed with groups of magnificent trees, greatly

resembling English park scenery. In the distance were fine hills, many of them crowned with ruined forts.

The dust of this day's journey surpassed any thing of the sort I ever met with. Take the united dusts of Epsom and Ascot, and a windy day at Aldershot, and double the mixture, and you may have a faint idea of the atmosphere one breathes on an Indian journey! The gentlefolks of England, who live at home at "ease," have no idea of the difficulties, many would say hardships, to be encountered on a journey into the interior. Owing to the slowness of the bullocks, you are often days without being able to get at your principal baggage; and, till your servants arrive, you have no means of washing and dressing, or even of getting a morsel of food, or a drink of water; and the misery of continued broken rest and night journeys is not small. We handed over our guard at the Ram Ghaut to some travellers going down to Vingorla, who had, in addition, eight men they had brought from Belgaum, and the lady of the party even then professed to be in a desperate fright. For the last three days we have frequently passed over large tracts of burnt jungle, chiefly done, I believe, by our

soldiers to facilitate the clearance of the robbers out of these wilds.

Saturday, March 13.

We were off at half-past four A.M., and journeyed through a very bare and ugly plain, sixteen miles to Belgaum, which we came upon suddenly, like an oasis in the desert, with its pretty camp embosomed in trees; and, passing through a long straggling native town, finally attained our destination in the fort, where we found L—— awaiting us, who had arrived over night, having ridden seventy miles from Kolapore in advance of his battery. We found a comfortable bungalow prepared and furnished for us by the kindness of our friend Captain L——, and it stands in a perfect bower of flowers. The beauty of the trees and flowers in this place is excessive; and I feel so happy at the successful termination of my journey, that I am inclined to view every thing *couleur de rose*. The bearers to-day indulged in funny impromptu songs, praising the *buckree* (probably in hopes of getting another), and groaning over the weight of the Mem Sahib and the noble Baba, and then laughing immoderately at their own jokes.

CHAPTER VI.

EXECUTION OF REBELS AT KOLAPORE — ARRIVAL OF BATTERY — CAPTIVE RAJAH — NAWAB OF SHÁHPÚR — PICNIC — ON THE MARCH AGAIN — STORM — TENT BLOWN DOWN — ARRIVAL AT DHARWAR.

L——'s battery was detained on the march for a week at Kolapore, to assist in the execution of two native officers, who were convicted in the outbreak at that station, and sentenced to be blown away from guns. He thus describes the scene:—

The troops in the garrison were formed in a long line on the Parade, with the guns in advance of the centre, and the prisoners, unbound, standing amongst their guard. Their sentence was read in English at each end of the line; after which the Brigadier-General Jacob, addressed the native regiments in a fine animated speech in their own tongue. The prisoners then quietly, and with perfect stoicism, walked up to the guns, one of them, an old Subahdar, turning and salaaming to the gun as he passed. They placed themselves with their backs to the muzzles, and extended their arms, which were loosely tied to the wheels. They remained in

this position, whilst the troops formed three sides of a square; then the word was given to "make ready" and the glimmer of the portfires might be seen in the growing dusk of the evening. The moment of breathless suspense was cut short by the word—"Fire!"—a puff of smoke—a discharge—and nothing remained, but a few small black fragments on the ground, and a smell of burnt flesh polluting the sweet evening breeze! The natives, to the number of 4,000 or 5,000, had assembled to witness the executions; but, unfortunately, they rather consider being blown away as an honourable death, and therefore the moral effect of such an example is lessened.

One day, on the line of march, my husband observed a very small black imp seated on a gun-carriage; and on inquiry, could only gather from the men that it was "Jingling Jack," and that they had *found* him: but by whom, or where he was found, remains a mystery. They begged to be allowed to keep him, and pet him and feed him like a dog. He speaks excellent English, and is very useful as an interpreter. He says he is twelve years old, and that his name was Jungle Johnny, which has been corrupted as above. Perhaps we may be able to get a little instruction for him here, and in the

mean time L—— has fitted him out in tidy clothes.

Sunday, March 14.

I was delighted at being once more in church, and the one in the fort is a pretty little building, with the duty extremely well done. There were two couples of native Christians asked in marriage banns. I believe the Mission is in a more flourishing state than at Poona, and Sunday is certainly better observed.

Thursday, March 18.

L——'s battery marched in this morning, and is encamped in a grove, or *tope*, of mangos about two miles off. Captain T—— tells L—— that during our journey from Vingorla he was several times under some anxiety for our safety, (which I give him credit for never showing to me,) and that he would not, for any consideration, have had charge of a nervous lady. It was reported in Belgaum that we had been murdered in the jungle; and he was met with congratulations on his safe arrival from his brother officers. It appears that we just got here in time, for the Chief of the robber tribes has since offered a reward for the head of every Sahib that is brought to him.

Friday, March 19.

Reports are abroad of a field force being sent out, to punish the turbulent Rajah of Jumkundee, who has concealed quantities of arms, while pretending to be our firm friend. In this distracted country one never knows peace from day to day.

Saturday, March 20.

Heard nothing further about the field force. Late in the evening arrived the news of Sir Colin Campbell's recapture of Lucknow, which was sent round in a circular from house to house.

Tuesday, March 23.

As the small-pox is raging amongst the natives in the bazaar, we have been anxious to have baby vaccinated, and the doctor at last succeeded in procuring a Parsee child, who attended for the operation. It was not otherwise pretty, but had the most splendid eyes I ever beheld. In the evening L—— received a note from the General, asking if he would *let* a small bungalow in our garden, now used as an office, for the accommodation of a State prisoner. Things are very properly kept as quiet as possible, so we know not who he may be, but a field force, not from here, but from

Kaludghee, has gone out, probably to catch the individual in question.

Friday, March 26.

The turbulent Rajah of Jumkundee has given himself up very quietly to the troops sent against him, and arrived here to-day to await his trial. He is lodged, not in our Compound, but in a room near the gate, which has been fitted up for his accommodation. We saw his camels and baggage arrive, and a smart palkee for his little daughter, who is to share his captivity—poor child! A requisition is now to be sent to all the neighbouring chiefs, to surrender their remaining arms. I rode, for the first time, to the camp of the Royal Artillery, charmingly situated in a mango tope, on a hill exposed to the fresh sea breeze, which, even at this distance from the coast, is most invigorating every evening. The country beyond the camp is not unlike the general appearance of the South Downs, with quite green grass in some places, the first I have seen since I left England. We called on the Collector and his wife, who are just preparing to set out on a tour in their districts, when, attended by a strong guard, they camp out for a month or two at a time. The lady sketches, and her

husband performs the duties of a magistrate. It must be an agreeable life for those fond of the beauties of nature.

Thursday, April 1.

There has been early service every day in this (Passion) week, but to-day our Portuguese servants were suddenly seized with a violent fit of devotion. The butler rushed off to church before breakfast was over, followed by the cook and L——'s servant, and they made a regular day of it. I do not know why *this* day is thought so much of; if it had been to-morrow I should not have been surprised. We rode into the country this evening, and found the grass on the hills in some places good for riding on, in others it is rotten and full of holes. Returning by the camp, we met the camels bringing the evening supply of hay for the horses, and wishing to see what their action was like, L—— and I each got on one, and found the motion particularly uneasy, and it was extremely difficult to hold on during the triple motion made by the animal, in rising and kneeling down. First, a violent rear, and before you had recovered that, an equally sudden kick, followed by a general plunge, and the camel was on his legs; and the reverse of these motions had to

be gone through, when he knelt down for you to dismount.

Saturday, April 3.

We were much shocked to-day by a gunner of Bombay Artillery coming to the house to say that one of L——'s men was lying murdered and stripped in the fort ditch. Upon investigation this proves not to be the case, but it appears probable that the poor man had stayed in the fort last night after gun fire, and knowing the gate was shut, had tried to get over the wall, and took off his clothes for the purpose of swimming the moat, but it is supposed that he missed his footing in the darkness, and falling with his head on some rocks, got stunned, and consequently drowned. Poor fellow! it is very sad, and he is the first loss from the little band who left England eight months ago[1]. We rode round the outside of the fort to examine the spot, and hurried home to escape a violent thunderstorm.

Easter Monday, April 5.

Several native Christians partook of the Holy Sacrament yesterday in our church; the women

[1] With the exception of the sergeant, who died on board ship.

all wore white sarees, and the men took off their turbans. Our little baby was baptized to-day at the fort church, and at the same time the little native "Jingle Jack," who appeared serious and attentive, and now goes to school, where he takes pains, and is reckoned quick.

Thursday, April 8.

The report is abroad that we are to go to Kaludghee in a fortnight. The General very kindly sent for L—— and proposed to arrange for him to go with the head-quarters of the battery to Dharwar, as Kaludghee is a very bad climate, and an undesirable place in many respects for a lady. This evening we rode through the native town of Sháhpúr, about two miles from Belgaum, which is entirely surrounded by a thicket of bamboo, and you enter it by a mud gateway, while on the right is a mud fort containing a few small guns. The streets or bazaars are curiously narrow, and in some places the houses almost meet overhead. There is a Mission Church in it. Great part of the town is built completely in the jungle, and the mixture of houses, trees, and gaily dressed natives, was very picturesque. The Nawáb was away, otherwise we felt a great desire to call upon him, and see his *ménage*, but we were told

this would be paying him too great a compliment, and that we ought to wait till he had called upon us, which he frequently does to the Sahibs in Belgaum. Outside the old mud fort lives an elephant, who we were informed was labouring under a periodical attack of insanity; however, he appeared quiet enough to-day, and was amusing himself by tossing bundles of hay over his head. He was tied by enormous heel-ropes to a tree, and near him was an immense triumphal car, used in processions in honour of the idols, and intended to be drawn by the elephant, in his lucid intervals. It was curiously carved with figures of uncouth monsters. This is the most entirely aboriginal town I have seen, and besides being amused ourselves, we caused no little wonder among the natives, who followed us about in crowds. We left it by another gate, and on looking back at a distance of twenty yards, not a sign of human habitation could be discovered, so completely is the place buried in the jungle. These thickets are intended as a means of defence, and would be very effectual with sharpshooters behind them. There are very few detached villages in this part of the country, the inhabitants chiefly living in these entrenched cities, a

proof of the state of disquiet to which they are accustomed.

Saturday, April 17.

We had determined on undertaking a sporting pic-nic, and so sent on our new *gary* with the servants and provisions; and being ourselves called at three A.M., and joined by two of our friends, proceeded on horseback across the plain, accompanied by a shikárí, or hunter, and several beaters and torch-bearers, to a part of the country where game was said to be plentiful. A tent awaited us in a shady place about six miles off; but, previously to arriving there, the gentlemen began to shoot as soon as it was daylight. The ground was very pretty—a plain covered with long grass, and low brushwood, with occasional spots of cultivation, and intersected by deep nullahs. Game was scarcer than we had been led to suppose; but before it grew hot, some quail, a snipe, a plover, and a brace of hares had been shot. We found the tent and our servants under the shade of a fine banyan tree, whose branches afforded a home to innumerable birds and squirrels, and a family of large green monkeys. One very fine one, which L—— fired at, finding the tree too hot to hold him, after endeavouring to defend himself by

pelting us with berries, bits of sticks, &c., ran out to the end of a long branch, and, springing to the ground, made good his retreat across the open to the nearest tree, unharmed. We breakfasted off the produce of the chase, and afterwards started to return to Belgaum in the *gary;* but finding the road execrable, and clouds preventing the sun from being unpleasant, we got on our horses, and cantered home by three P.M. The storms of thunder and lightning have been very violent for three evenings past. They always come on at the same hour; and after recurring for three nights, stop for a few days, and then begin again. They are storms in anticipation of the breaking of the monsoon.

Thursday, April 22.

We went on another shooting expedition on some hills nearer to the camp; but probably for that reason, there was less sport than before. We passed over many fields of the now ripe cotton: it is contained in the pod of a small low plant, very different from the magnificent flower of the silk-cotton tree, which, from some difficulty in spinning it, is little used. The weather is very hot and depressing.

Saturday, April 24.

I went to see a curious old Jain temple in the yard of the Commissariat, but did not penetrate into the interior, as it is used as an office, and the clerk was absent. In the afternoon, returning from a long ramble on horseback, in the Kolapore direction, we were overtaken by a thunderstorm. The rain was very trifling; but the lightning, though so distant that we scarcely heard any thunder, was blinding. One side of the heavens was illuminated by a continued sheet of light; whilst out of it, in two places, vicious zigzag lines of blue fire darted through the skies.

Friday, April 30.

It is settled that Captain F——, with a half-battery, are to go to Kaludghee, whilst L—— takes the head-quarters to Dharwar. To-day, L—— being busy in making arrangements, I was sitting in the mess tent, when we saw a large elephant coming along the road, covered with red and green trappings, with a necklace of small bells, and two large bells hanging at his sides. On inquiry we found he belonged to the Nawáb of Sháhpúr, and was going on a sporting expedition, being accompanied by men carrying boar-spears, &c. Permission was asked

for the Mem Sahib to mount him; and accordingly he was stopped, and, after his quietness had been tested by Captain F—— and Mr. B——, I scrambled on his back, by means of a chair set on a table, and seated myself between the driver and Captain F——. The motion was very uneasy, and I had to hold on for the bare life, especially when the beast knelt down, or got up. He measured ten feet in height, and his foot was fifty-seven inches in circumference, and I believe he was the identical mad elephant we had seen in Sháhpúr.

Sunday, May 2.

The half-battery marched yesterday en route to Kaludghee. Calling at the General's, we met the Nawáb of Sháhpúr with his principal minister, paying a visit of ceremony, and I mentioned having ridden his elephant the previous day. Returning from church in the camp this morning in our *gary*, drawn by our young horse, we met the same elephant in a narrow part of the bazaar; which alarming the horse, he shied into the gutter, where, missing his footing, he fell, and so bent the shafts, that he could not get up again; and after some violent plunges, the harness all broke into little bits,

and he shook himself free, and, strange to say, did not kick; but the poor *gary* had to be sent to be patched up ready for our start to-morrow. A very civil native came forward to our assistance, and lent his *gary* to convey us home.

Monday, May 3.

A busy day packing our goods, as we carry all our furniture with us, none being procurable at Dharwar. The only apparent use of the native servants is to put every thing into a state of hopeless confusion, by beginning to undo all at once, and finishing nothing. Quite late, it was discovered that we had a cart too little; and later still, that none had been sent for the Office-Sergeants, &c., who were in our compound. L—— and I went to take an early dinner in the mess tent, and then drove to the Commissariat, to try and obtain more carriages. Matters grew worse at home as evening drew on, and it was beyond human power to get the servants to move. At last, quite exhausted, we lay down on the floor, with a cloak under our heads; but rest was out of the question, between the assaults of mosquitoes, ants, and every species of venomous insect, and the unceasing noise of the natives, who can

do nothing without shouting. At eleven P.M. we got up and endeavoured to make a start, but the bullock-drivers had to be stirred up with a big stick to wake them; and some, including the driver of my *gary*, had levanted altogether, and one pair of bullocks was missing. An amateur driver was found for my *gary*, in the person of one of the *ghorrawallas;* and soon after twelve we got under weigh, baby and I and the maid, in the *gary*, which was accompanied by the Treasure-tumbril and a guard of six men, and followed by my horse, and a mounted orderly who was to attend me when I chose to ride. L—— and the battery had preceded us by half an hour, and we did not, of course, overtake them, but floundered on through the mud at the pace of about two miles an hour. A heavy thunderstorm in the afternoon had rendered the roads very sticky; so much so, that the kind old General sent to ask if we would not like to have the march postponed; but as the weather appears breaking, and the monsoon likely to set in, we thought it wiser to move whilst locomotion is possible.

Tuesday, May 4.

I remained in the *gary* trying to sleep till

four A.M., and then mounting my horse cantered after the battery, which I overtook in about an hour. The remainder of the journey was enlivened by a galop after a pie (or pariah dog), and we arrived at the camping-ground at Hooblee soon after six. The tents and baggage being all in the rear, we took advantage of a traveller's bungalow, and lay down to get a little rest, of which I felt in great need, after twenty-five hours of hard work. In the afternoon Captain T——, L——, and I, walked to a large tank near the village, where there were a good many wild fowl, and on a mound overhanging it, a temple picturesquely situated among a grove of splendid trees. The tamarinds are very common here, and their light feathery foliage is particularly graceful. We dined at four, and the thunderstorm came on soon after, and, though we burnt a light in our room, the lightning seemed to fill it with a blue fire, the thunder was deafening and continuous, and the rain poured down in one incessant sheet of water, so that sleep was impossible.

Wednesday, May 5.

Our horses broke from their pickets in the

night, frightened by the violence of the storm, and, rushing amongst the lines of troopers, caused a confusion which may well be imagined, as most of the *ghorrawallas* were absent without leave, hidden away in some sheltered place. We were up and off at two A.M., over a country but little cultivated, except in patches of rice, banked up at the heads of the valleys, and flooded with water; and in many places we might have fancied ourselves traversing a heathy plain at home, the heath being represented by various low thorny shrubs.

On arriving at six o'clock at the camping-ground at Kittoor, we found the commissariat, but no quarter-master-sergeant, who, with two men, had been sent on over-night. It proved that in the storm and darkness they had missed their way, and had wandered on to a dâk bungalow some four miles farther, where L—— at last found them, very wet and miserable, having had neither food nor fire to dry their things. Kittoor is a considerable city, with a disaffected doubtful population. Mr. G—— and I walked all through it in the afternoon to the Fort which contains the ruins of the Ranee's palace, taken by us in 1824, after an insurrection in which two of the collectors of Dharwar were killed.

We met with no incivility, though the sight of an English lady must have been an uncommon one; though I think an Indian couple walking through a country town in England would excite far more astonishment. There are two large tanks covered with water-fowl outside the city, and no less than four forts within a circle of two miles. We dined early, and fearing a recurrence of the storm had trenches dug all round the tents.

Thursday, May 6.

The storm broke with its accustomed violence soon after we got to bed, the lightning was terrific, and the rain was a deluge which soon overflowed the trenches, and poured in a stream through the tent. L—— had made up his mind, in consequence of the inclement weather, to push on at once to Dharwar, by a forced march of twenty miles, and the *réveillé* was ordered to be sounded at eleven P.M., but he got up to put it off till one A.M. in hopes of an improvement. Our light went out, and we were lying damp and sleepless, when a miserable voice from without was heard, craving admittance. It was that of my poor maid, upon whom the tent under which she was sleeping had fallen, and, after narrowly escaping suffocation, she had crawled out from

under the wet folds of canvass with no covering but a sheet wrapped round her! It took a long time to get a light, for dire confusion reigned without; several of the soldiers' tents had fallen, and the horses were galloping loose and terrified through the encampment; at last our things were rescued one by one from under the wet ruin, and very little was injured, fortunately. It was lucky that L—— had decided upon going on at once to Dharwar, for the *muccadum* of camels came to say that his animals could not carry the wet tents, so that we might have had to wait at Kittoor for a very uncertain period; and, to add to the general discomfort, the Commissary made the weather an excuse for not furnishing bread for the soldiers, as he asserted it had all got spoiled on the road, and none is procurable in the native villages. The rain had abated by the time at which we got up, but returned with violence soon after we started. I remained in the *gary* till daylight, when, it then being fine, I rode the rest of the way into Dharwar across a bare, undulating country with a remarkably red soil. We were met, a few miles out of Dharwar, by some of the principal officers of the station, and I was taken to the house of the Commandant, who kindly insists

on retaining us as his guests till we can take possession of a bungalow in the Fort. The troops are quartered in new temporary barracks inside the fort; the horses are to have stables in the inner ditch, but, till these are completed, they are picketed in lines outside the east gate. This is the first field artillery that has ever been seen in this station, with the exception of a Bullock-battery from Madras, which passed through a short time ago; and we excite a great deal of attention from the natives, who assembled in vast numbers, and made our entry the occasion of a universal holiday, and many of the principal men walked round in the evening and minutely inspected the horses and guns, probably magnifying the half-battery into an army!

Friday, May 7.

I was very tired, and L—— had an attack of low fever. We drove late to a large tank, resembling a lake, which is the favourite evening resort of the fashionables of this small station. There seem to be a great many pretty roads in every direction, shaded by rows of trees, and the compounds are large enough to resemble English Parks, and the whole aspect of the country bears a delightful green, quite

refreshing to the eye. Hospitality in this country, provided you have house-room, is a very easy affair. Here are we, occupying a suite of four rooms, but they are furnished, with two or three small exceptions, with our own furniture; we are waited on by our own servants, ride our own horses, and interfere in no way with our kind and agreeable host, and the only expense we cause him, is the food we consume, which, compared with the price of provisions in England, is very trifling. The "Quality" of the station, consisting of eighteen ladies, have been to call upon me, entailing an arduous duty on our host, as, according to Indian customs, the master of the house is expected to meet every lady at the door of her carriage, and conduct her into the reception room.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEDDING—SETTING IN OF THE MONSOON—RUMOURED OUTBREAK—FIELD FORCE ORGANIZED—SUDDEN MARCH — MURDER OF MR. MANSON — DEMONSTRATION — LADIES ORDERED INTO THE FORT—MAIL ROBBED—TAKING OF NURGOOND — RETURN OF COLUMN TO DHARWAR.

Tuesday, May 11.

DAMP depressing weather continues to prevail, with frequent thunder-storms. Numbers of white ants are now flying about and casting off their wings. They resemble large light brown moths with double wings and are very destructive. Another enemy to wood-work here is the carpenter-bee, a beautiful insect, like a humble-bee in appearance, but three times as large, and of a brilliant dark-blue colour. They bore holes in the beams big enough to contain a pigeon's egg. We see a good many fire-flies now in the evening. They are a long brown fly, and carry a double lanthorn at the end of their tails. Two that got under my muslin dress caused a curious effect with their green light moving underneath. The glow-worms are

of enormous size. If you place one of them upon a book you can easily distinguish the words by the light of his lamp. A company of 74th Highlanders marched in to-day from the jungle, where they have been encamped for months, keeping up a sort of border war with the robber tribes; the remaining two companies, who have been on the same service, are expected in a few days.

A wedding took place to-day in the station, causing great excitement in so small a community. The ceremony, according to the usual custom in this country, took place at half-past seven in the morning, between which and the déjeuner at eleven there was a dreary interval. Then the happy pair, having no distant place to go to, and the weather not being inviting for camping-out, retired, after a weary day, to the gentleman's bungalow, where they will be expected to shut themselves up for the ensuing week. I sincerely pitied all the parties concerned in the festivities. There is an old crippled beggar, who drives about this station in his *own carriage*, drawn by a bullock, soliciting alms, which has a curious effect to an European eye. An anecdote of Sir Charles Napier I heard to-day, from an eye-witness, is so characteristic I cannot refrain

from noting it down. At the battle of Meeanee, an officer of Engineers, who had been doing good service, came up and said, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." The General looked at him, but made no reply, and, turning round, began speaking to some one else, upon which, the Engineer, thinking he had not been heard, repeated, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." Sir Charles turned sharp round upon him, with a thundering expletive, and said, "—— Then go and take another!"

Tuesday, May 18.

There is no disputing the fact of the monsoon having thoroughly set in, though earlier than usual; the temperature seldom exceeds seventy-eight, and, when it does not rain, the climate would be very pleasant if it were not for the excessive damp, which (there being no means of drying any thing) gets into the whole house, so that every thing you touch is wet. The rides in the wild country among the hills near here are very pretty, specially in one direction, called the Chota Mahabaleshwar, from some fancied resemblance to the hills of that name; and every thing is now of the most vivid green, which, contrasting with the red soil, has a very pleasing

effect. There is a small and very ancient Hindu temple on the top of a high hill, which is a conspicuous object from every side. It is approached by a gateway, and a series of steps in the side of the hill. Mr. E——, the Assistant-Judge, took us over the gaol this afternoon. There are above 500 prisoners in it at present, many merely on suspicion of disaffection; and amongst these we saw two fine-looking Sepoys, old pensioners of Government, who were caught drilling recruits for the Rajah of Jumkundee. There were a large number of prisoners awaiting trial, for the most atrocious murders and other crimes, and two or three under sentence of execution. A few suffer solitary imprisonment for two years; though it is not *strictly* solitary, as they were allowed to see us, and also daily see the persons bringing their food. The cells contain blankets for the prisoners to lie on, and open into clean airy yards for exercise, which are sections of a circle, commanded by a look out on a common centre. Each caste has a separate cooking place. The prisoners are employed in weaving cloth, silk, and towelling. The gaol is encircled by high walls, with a guard of Sepoys, who keep sentry upon them, and call out the time every quarter of an hour

during the night. Outside there is a separate building for the debtors, enclosed by a yard with an open iron railing, like a dog-kennel, and the whole precincts are encircled by a thick hedge of the prickly pear, with two guarded gateways. Some time ago, two prisoners managed to escape; and, covering themselves with their blankets, forced their way (no easy matter) through the hedge; but they were so wounded and injured by the thorns, that they were easily overtaken, after having run a mile or two. We witnessed to-day, in the course of our ride, the drilling of a troop of Mahratta Horse, belonging to Colonel Malcolm's regiment. They were wild, fantastic-looking creatures, dressed in every variety of colour and costume (being in undress), and mounted upon mares, varying in size and colour. They are excellent soldiers, when commanded by Englishmen. Each trooper provides his own charger, and is accompanied on the march by a servant, with a *tattoo*, or pony, carrying all he requires; so that, being unencumbered with baggage, they can perform the most astonishing marches, and move with a rapidity impossible to regular troops.

Monday, May 24.

A Royal salute was fired at daybreak in honour of Her Majesty's birthday. No parade took place, as the troops have no full dress. We went out to return some visits, in the *gary* drawn by a pair of bullocks, which we have hired; and after narrowly escaping a capsize at the traverse near the fort gate, the bullocks suddenly set off at full gallop, rushed round a corner into a strange compound, and, throwing the driver from his seat, continued their headlong course down a hill, spreading devastation among the young trees of a plantation; and we fully expected a smash and an overturn. But no! the wilful creatures stopped as suddenly as they set off, and we discovered that they had no string through their noses (which is the usual way of guiding these animals), and the only wonder was, that we escaped so well. Returning from our ride this evening we were annoyed as we were passing the back of the village by a dreadful smell proceeding from the carcases of dead animals thrown out to be devoured by the wolves and jackals, and presently we came to a ghastly fence thrown across the road, consisting of skeletons and bones! Such nuisances, which are common in the

environs of every village, ought, of course, not to be allowed in a climate like this, tending as they must do, to spread disease.

Tuesday, May 25.

We had just left the fort on our evening's ride, when we were overtaken by one of the subaltern officers, who was sent to tell L—— that news had arrived of an outbreak somewhere to the south, where a treasury has been looted, and the rebels are supposed to be in possession of the fort of Dummel. In consequence, an order has arrived for two guns Royal Artillery, two companies 74th Highlanders, and one company 28th N. I. to be in readiness to start at a moment's notice. This is startling news, and what adds to my anxiety is, that L—— has been suffering severely lately from intermittent fever and ague, and is by no means in a fit state of health to take the field, and the whole anxiety and trouble will fall on him, as he will command the expedition. *One* gun R.A. and one company 74th are to be left to garrison this place! The worst part of the expedition is that it will be all across the Black Plain, where there are no made roads, and after rain the soil is popularly supposed to be impassable,

so that the question will be, how the troops are to return. Our Commandant here, says that it will be impossible without dismounting the guns; however, we have now had a break of some days in the monsoon, and we must only hope the fine weather may last long enough to chastise the rebels, who it is not likely will wait to be shot at, and as they are not troubled with baggage and a commissariat, they can easily make themselves scarce.

Wednesday, May 26.

No fresh news this morning from head-quarters at Belgaum, but we have reason to suppose that there has been some exaggeration in the accounts that have reached us, and that the disturbances have been chiefly caused by the forcible carrying out of the Disarming Act, which is extremely distasteful to the natives, who consider their arms as heirlooms, and hand them down from generation to generation. In the evening our peace of mind was disturbed by a telegram from the General, which was repeated before it *could* be answered, requiring to know the exact available number of Europeans in garrison here. The whole of this southern Mahratta country is ripe for rebellion, and is

only kept from breaking out, by our large force; and the natives are very likely to be troublesome during the bad weather, when they can move so much more easily than we can.

Thursday, May 27.

The order arrived to countermand the march for the present and to send the *hackeries* (carts) away. The great difficulty of moving troops quickly in this country, consists in there being no organized means of transport, so that when carts are wanted to carry baggage, they are "pressed" in the nearest village, and placed under a guard till they are wanted, to the not unnatural discontent of their owners; and the carts are so small, that the difficulty of procuring a sufficiency of them, is very great. On the present occasion, though the fort was crowded with the number that had been collected, yet there was not nearly enough, and when once the carriage necessary for the soldiers is collected, no regard is paid to the convenience of the officers, so that if *hackeries* are scarce, their baggage is sometimes left behind. This lately happened on a march from one station to another of the 74th Highlanders. L—— was better to-day, though still very weak. In the

afternoon we drove to the foot of a hill crowned by an old mosque, which I wished to sketch. Near the mosque was a small Hindoo temple, and as there was no one present, I stepped in to examine the idol. It was a shapeless mass of black marble, placed on an altar strewed with fresh flowers, which were also scattered in little niches at the sides. The building was a plain square, of cut stone, with no opening but the door. It was surmounted by a simple cornice, and at each corner there was a statue of a Brahmin bull. Colonel M—— came to see us on our return, to tell us that Bim Rao, the leading man in the late disturbances, has escaped from the police, and taken refuge with the Rajah of Nurgoond, a hill fort about thirty miles from here. This Rajah, whose staunchness has been for some time suspected, sent to-day to the Collector here, saying the people about him were in a very unsettled state, and that he wished to have arms given back to him. The answer he received was, that if necessary some English troops should be sent to his assistance, but no arms trusted to his keeping. It is thought likely that he will throw off the mask; and besides our little force here, a siege-train from Belgaum is ordered to be in readiness.

Friday, May 28.

The *hackeries* were again collected in the fort to-day ready for any emergency. No news stirring, but as Col. M—— was spending a quiet evening with us, he was sent for by an urgent message from the Collector.

Saturday, May 29.

I went out alone sketching as usual this morning, L—— being busy on military duties. I proceeded round the outside of the fort to a view I wished to draw, and when I had completed my sketch, was returning home quietly when I met L——, who had been searching every where for me, being quite frightened at my absence, as the accounts from the districts are very alarming, the whole country appearing ripe for mischief; and an order is issued forbidding any soldier to leave the fort, which is being provisioned in case of a siege, and there are rumours of bricking up the south-west gate, which is the weak point. It appears that the Rajah of Nurgoond has thrown off the mask, and is prepared to defend himself in his strong fort, which is situated on a pinnacle of an isolated rocky hill, rising perpendicularly out of the Black Plain. The Nizam's northern frontier

is also disturbed, and a force has been sent there from Poona, and we hear that the Chiefs are worshipping their guns, a sign with them of preparation for war. About two o'clock the Brigade-major came to say that, in obedience to a telegram from the General, the Field force was to be prepared to move in an hour after the receipt of a second message. They are to be joined by Colonel Malcolm and 200 Mahratta Horse, and to rendezvous at a place called Noulgoond, twelve miles from Nurgoond, the native magistrate of which has written for assistance. The movements of the force are to depend on the advice of Colonel Jacob, the principal Political here, and Mr. Manson (who so cleverly captured the chief of Jumkundee), both of whom are near the disturbed districts. Accordingly we packed up L——'s camp necessaries, got some dinner cooked, and sat waiting. At last, at six o'clock, we got on our horses and cantered off to Colonel M——'s, who said the troops would not now be sent till morning, so we returned to dinner and bed, fully expecting every moment to be aroused.

Trinity Sunday, May 30.

The night passed off quietly. The morning orders confined the soldiers to barracks, but

L—— decided on going to church himself, leaving word to be sent for if wanted. On our drive to church we were met by a messenger from Colonel M——, with a note containing these words, "Pull off your boots, and hang up your sword, for the expedition is postponed," so we proceeded on our way, and went through the sacred services of the day with comfort, though a shade of anxiety was caused by the Collector being sent for in the middle of the service.

We were sitting quietly at home at four o'clock, thinking all disturbance over for this day at least, when a messenger arrived from the brigade-major with the order for an immediate turn out, and the force to march *in an hour!* Expresses and telegrams have arrived, saying that the country is up in every direction, and evil rumours are afloat in Belgaum. It was lucky that the time was so short: I had none to waste on selfish repinings. My husband's packing had to be completed, and a hurried dinner got ready for him, and then I mounted my horse to go as far with him as was considered prudent. The troops assembled outside the east gate, and suffered some delay from two accidents at starting, the fall of a gun horse in the gateway,

and the pole of a store cart being broken by refractory bullocks. The little force consisted of one 9-pounder gun, and one 24-pounder howitzer, Royal Artillery, two companies 74th Highlanders, and one company 28th Native Infantry. They are to march fifteen miles, and enter into communication with Colonel Malcolm, who will join them with his Mahratta Horse; and the object of the expedition is to be the chastisement of the chief of Nurgoond. An immense crowd of natives were assembled to see the parade of the tiny force, and the cheering of, and fraternization with *their own* regiment of N.I., was rather more than was pleasant to see. We were thronged on all sides on the march through the bazàar, and I could catch remarks about the "Mem Sahib," who they evidently believed was going to imitate the Ranee of Jhansi, and lead the troops into battle! I could almost have wished it had been so, for to be parted now, and left behind with actual war at our very gates, is indeed most dreadful. . . The sun was setting, when, about four miles from Dharwar, I was sent back to my solitary home, under the care of Mr. G——; every one is very kind to me. Colonel M—— looked in as he said "to speak a word of comfort," and a neigh-

bour, Mrs. L——, stepped over to see I was not lonely, as baby being asleep, I sat with my new companion "Toby," who deserves a few words to himself. He is a large dog, I am afraid I must own of *pie* descent, in appearance something between a greyhound and a terrier, boasting neither ears nor tail, but with a gentle face, and large loving eyes, and he is an excellent guard. He belonged to one of the poor officers of the 27th Bombay N.I. who were murdered at Kolapore last year, and when my husband's battery marched through that place he attached himself to the officers, and has been the mess dog ever since. On the Battery taking the field, he has been left as my protector, and has been tied up in my house for several days to accustom him to it, and to-night, though evidently disconsolate for the loss of his friends, he seems to consider me as his peculiar care, and follows me about everywhere.

Monday, May 31.

I could not help passing a nearly sleepless night, and fancying I heard guns and sinister noises. On going in the morning into a friend's house, I saw at once that something was amiss, though they were kindly striving to hide it from

me. On explaining that it was far more for my peace to be kept openly au fait of the worst, than to be left in ignorance and the prey of the phantoms of my own imagination, I was told of the dreadful murder of poor Mr. Manson, the political agent, on Saturday night. He left Belgaum a few days ago with fifty sowars, thinking by his presence to quiet the disturbed districts, and prevent an outbreak. On the evening of the 29th he reached Ramdroog, a fort belonging to a brother of the Nurgoond chief, but whose policy seems to be more favourable to us at least for the present, and he endeavoured to dissuade Mr. Manson from venturing into the territory of Nurgoond, which he averred was in open rebellion. The unhappy gentleman, brave almost to rashness, and still counting on his former intimacy with the treacherous Mahratta, would not be turned from his purpose, but pushed on late in the evening to a village half-way between the two places. His palanquin was placed in a temple, and he went to sleep, four or five sowars keeping guard round him, and the rest remaining outside. Here in the dead of night, he was surrounded by the rebels from Nurgoond, in number about 800, under their Rajah in

person, who with his own hand consummated the dreadful deed, whilst the escort, who fought bravely, were cut to pieces and overwhelmed.

This sad intelligence was conveyed to the Collector of Dharwar by a letter from Ramdroog himself. The Collector, Mr. O——, and his wife, were staying as guests with the Nurgoond monster not two months since, and but a week ago he himself wrote to Mr. O——, as I mentioned, begging for arms and aid. I had a cheery note from L——, sent in by a Coolie. Their first night's march was very prosperous, and they hoped to effect a junction with Colonel Malcolm this afternoon, and then, I suppose, they will have to wait the arrival of the siege train, which (alas for indecision and red tape!) has not yet left Belgaum, when every moment is so precious, as, if the fine weather fails, and the heavy guns are overtaken by rain in the Black Plain, they will be worse than useless. A little demonstration was got up here this afternoon, to show the natives we had still some English soldiers left. The few remaining Highlanders, accompanied by the *one* miserable gun, sallied forth by the east gate of the fort and marched in at the other, before which the 28th N.I. were parading. There had been an idea of

dragging out one of the two howitzers belonging to the fort, but there was neither horses nor harness for it. I think it was questionable whether the whole affair was not rather a display of our weakness. The gunners and drivers left here (amounting to twelve in all) now patrol nightly, whilst the gentlemen ride in a body about the cantonment, at uncertain hours during the night. Two carts, laden with the carcases of two magnificent tigers, were brought for me to see to-day. They had been shot by our doctor, early yesterday morning, a singular piece of luck for the first attempt at such game. He did not return till late last evening, when he found that a different kind of sport was to be pursued, and after a few hours rest he, with one companion, galloped their tired horses after the troops, a by no means safe or agreeable ride, though happily accomplished without interruption.

Tuesday, June 1.

I read another mystery on the face of a friend this morning, which on being explained related to a despatch from Colonel Malcolm, announcing his intention of engaging the enemy to-day, whose force amounts to about 3,000, whilst our little band scarce numbers 300. I

heard distinctly the booming of cannon at intervals during the afternoon, and the anxiety and suspense were very hard to bear. Fortunately I had plenty on my hands, in looking after my late maid, who, poor thing, was obliged to leave me a fortnight ago, and was established with her husband in a little house near ours. This morning she was taken ill, and brought forth a little son. I have engaged a Portuguese Ayah for myself, but my greatest comfort in the house is in old James, our soldier servant, who is left to look after me, and with whom I feel sure baby is safe.

This evening I rode with Mr. G—— to the top of a high rocky hill, from whence we could see Nurgoond looming black and murky out of the plain. Heavy clouds were gathering, and occasional flashes of lightning promised a renewal of the monsoon. Oh, how I longed to know what was doing at that distant hill! I received a little scrap in pencil from L—— without date, but evidently written yesterday, saying he was just going to join Colonel Malcolm. By the wish of our good Commandant I went to-day to offer what accommodation I could to a lady in the cantonment, whose brother being away was with her sister left alone; and as Colonel M—— did not

think it altogether quite safe outside the fort, it was arranged that one sister should come to sleep in my house, and the other and her children in another bungalow in the fort, till things look a little brighter. My guest did not arrive till quite late in the evening, and, to save appearances with the Natives, she and her sister have agreed to go out and live during the day in their own house.

Wednesday, June 2.

After a little sleep, I awoke to the consciousness of anxiety and suspense. Toby growled and barked during most of the night; but I am losing the thought of personal fear, in overwhelming anxiety for those in the field. A letter from Captain T——, who has joined the force, came in to-day, describing Colonel Malcolm, with his Horse, having attacked a body of the enemy which had sallied out of the fort, and driven them back with the loss of fifty men; a few were wounded, but none killed on *our* side. Colonel Malcolm's horse received a sabre-cut. The Artillery were not engaged in this action; but at the moment Captain T—— wrote, they were firing into and endeavouring to clear the town. These were the guns I heard yesterday. Thank God! no bad news;

but one does *so* pine and thirst for particulars. I go every day to see the sick men in the hospital, to tell them what news I hear, which is always received with extreme interest. A company of 20th Native Infantry from Belgaum came in this morning, and are to go on in the evening with the whole remaining men of the 74th Highlanders, who are to be replaced here by two companies of Her Majesty's 56th, expected to-night; and, in the intervening hours, *both* the fort gates are to be guarded by our twelve gunners, it not being thought advisable to entrust them to the Sepoys. Considering the state of the public mind, what appears to me a foolish thing is being done here now; i.e., the counting the money in the Treasury, which happens to be unusually full. Two officers, with native clerks, are employed in this duty, and yesterday counted rupees to the amount of 150,000*l.*; and there will, perhaps, be as much more to-day, while Sepoy sentries look in with greedy eyes at the piles of silver on the floor. Kind Colonel M—— came to tell me the evening news; which was, the establishment of our troops in the *town* of Nurgoond, situated at the foot of the hill, where it is supposed they will remain quietly blocking up the rebels in the

fort till the arrival of the tardy siege-train. There is good news from a Madras column, who have taken the fort of Copal, and killed Bim Rao, who had fled thither from Nurgoond. It is hoped this may frighten the Rajah of the latter place, and shorten the business. Government offers a reward of 10,000 rupees for his capture. It appears that he was impelled to the horrid murder of poor Mr. Manson by revenge for the latter's capture of his dearest friend, Jumkundee; and it is also said, that the Ranee of Nurgoond is, in a great measure, at the bottom of the rebellion. They have no children, and our Government have refused to sanction the Mahratta custom of the adoption of an heir to the throne, which, in the event of the Rajah's death, gives the regency and supreme authority to his widow; but now, leaving no successor, his *Jhaghire* will lapse to our rule, and the Ranee's power be at an end.

The Madras Post was stopped this morning about four miles from this station, and the contents of the bag torn up, and scattered to the winds. Some of the alarmists try to frighten me about my daily rides, to which I look forward as my greatest refreshment; but Colonel M—— supports me in my opinion that there is no danger

on horseback. This evening we rode to a hill surmounted by a Hindoo temple, from whence we had a fine view over the plain; and I never saw Nurgoond stand out so distinctly,—even the very scarpings of the rock could be distinguished. It thundered a good deal this evening; and late, just after the departure of the Highlanders, two companies of Her Majesty's 56th marched in, every lady in the station sending her *gary* to bring in the foot-sore men, who had marched from Belgaum in three days.

Wednesday, June 3.

A few lines arrived from L—— just as I was going out this morning, saying they were in possession of the town of Nurgoond, but had expended nearly all their ammunition, and there is *none here* to send them, except the little belonging to Mr. G——'s one gun, which will be despatched this evening. God was very merciful to my dear husband, who had a most narrow escape. Galloping through the town at the head of his men, he heard a tremendous explosion behind him; and, looking back, beheld the leading gun, men, and horses, blown into the air, by the explosion of a train of gunpowder. The two drivers were badly wounded,

two horses killed on the spot, and the others so much burnt that they cannot survive. L—— wrote on a scrap of paper, (none of the baggage having come up,) and the men had been without food for twenty-four hours. On my return from my morning ride, Colonel M—— looked in, to say a despatch from Colonel Malcolm, dated three hours later than my note, had arrived, saying, that the enemy had evacuated the Fort, and were in full flight, and that he and the Artillery were off in pursuit. The escape of the Rebels is unfortunate, but I hope a good many will be caught: somehow or other, this is the way things are always managed in this country. If the whole of our force had been despatched in time, it could not have happened. There is reason to believe the Chief has gone towards Kopal, not knowing it had been taken, in which case we may hope to catch him. It is not known what has become of the Ranee, but in part of the palace was found a quantity of sandal-wood prepared for a funeral pile: however, I suppose she preferred the chance of a lengthened life, even in obscurity. A proclamation, taking possession of the territories of Nurgoond in the Queen's name, is being prepared, to be published all over the country.

A battery of Bombay Artillery marched into Dharwar to-day, en route to the scene of action; but being too late, they will now be detained till further accounts arrive. Our excellent Chaplain gives evening services on Wednesdays and Fridays; and to-night, in his sermon, he alluded to the present times of peril, impressing the duty of submission to, and unbounded trust in, an All-merciful Providence.

Friday, June 4.

Mr. G—— and I rode out this morning to meet the long-expected siege train, dragging its lazy length along the road. Such miles of carts for the *matériel* belonging only to six heavy guns, give some idea of the carriage required for a siege. The siege train was accompanied by another company, 56th, under our old friend Captain T——. Our Fort is now over full, and some of the troops will have to go back again to Belgaum before the field force returns, but I fancy the heavy guns will be left here. Letters arrived from my husband, telling me of their start towards Kopal; it is probable that, finding it taken and Bim Rao slain, they may soon come in, if all remains quiet. The story of the short campaign is simply this. As soon as the little

force from here joined Colonel Malcolm and his 150 Mahratta Horse, a reconnaissance was made, and they sat down in a camp about five miles from Nurgoond. A party of about 2,000 of the rebels, headed by the Rajah, sallied out from the Fort on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 1st, and Colonel Malcolm dashed at them with his flying horse, cutting up about forty; and by the time the Artillery and 74th came up, the rest had retreated into the town. Skirmishers were thrown out, and the guns opened fire, and, gradually advancing, drove the enemy to evacuate the town and to take refuge in the Fort. It is a large place, and by the time our troops took possession they had only eight rounds of ammunition left. The practice of the two little guns was beautiful, searching every corner; and, excepting the sufferers from the explosion, no casualties occurred on our side, though the enemy's musketry rattled pretty freely between the intervals, and one or two great guns from the Fort boomed overhead. The principal Brahmins had taken refuge in a large temple, into the midst of which the howitzer dropped three shells in succession. Thirteen dead Brahmins were afterwards found in this temple, and the rest, finding the place too hot to hold

them, fled with great precipitation. The *havildar* of the temple, or chief priest, either afraid of the consequences of his implication in the rebellion, or else unable to endure the desecration to which his holiest places would be exposed, drowned himself in a tank close to the palace. The town being ours, Colonel Malcolm sent for the baggage, under a party of Highlanders, to come in from the camp; but by a suspicious mistake they were fired upon in the dark by the Sepoys of the 28th N.I., and returned to their camp to await daylight.

At seven o'clock on the following morning, the 2nd June, the storming party proceeded to ascend the steep and rugged pathway leading from the town to the principal entrance of the Fort, consisting of two gateways (one a very strong one lined with iron), which were proposed to be blown open by powder bags, adjusted by Lieutenant White, Bombay Engineers, and Lieutenant Burn, Royal Artillery, who had volunteered for the duty. Happily it was not required of them. They approached unmolested. Not a shot was fired, or man seen, until they were within a few yards of the gate, when a single head peeped over, who was instantly saluted by a couple of rifles, though without effect, and

he then commenced throwing stones on his assailants. A *sowar* now stepped forward, offering to scale the wall, and in an instant he had climbed to the top, and, unbarring the gate, admitted our advancing party to an empty Fort, containing only a few frightened natives of no rank, three of whom were seized with such a panic that, not listening to the assurances of our troops that they would be spared if they surrendered, they jumped over the precipice and were dashed to pieces. Thus fell Nurgoond, without a blow being struck in its defence! It is the strongest Fort on this side India, and had bid defiance even to the victorious Tippoo Sahib, and even now fifty resolute men might have held it for a long time, and rendered the *town* below perfectly untenable for our little force. It is said that when the Rajah of Nurgoond fell upon poor Mr. Manson, he cut off his head with his own hand, and, holding it up, exclaimed, "Now you cannot arrest me, as you did my brother Jumkundee!" Mr. Manson's headless body was left on the spot of his murder, and has been taken to Kaludghee and buried. What became of the head is not yet known.

Saturday, June 5.

Mr. E——, who has ridden in from Nur-

goond, came to see me, and tell me all the gossip of "the campaign." One never heard of a more arrant set of cowards than the rebels proved themselves, and they were butchered like sheep by the Sepoys of the 28th, who, when their blood is up, are wonderfully cruel. There was one poor inoffensive old man, living just outside the town, who, as L—— dashed by, was on his knees begging for mercy. Of course, no Englishman would have harmed him, and it never occurred to L—— that an order to protect him was necessary, but somehow afterwards his mind misgave him. On inquiry it proved too true, that the poor old creature and his family had all been murdered in cold blood by their own countrymen! Of course, the townspeople have suffered a good deal, but such is the sad effect of war. It is said that the prize-money ought to be large, and the soldiers have got a good deal of plunder, though mixed with valuables there was a quantity, past belief, of English Brummagem rubbish.

The Rajah's conduct is perfectly incomprehensible; one cannot imagine why he provoked such an attack, if he was not prepared to hold his Fort. But his career is nearly over. When he fled from Nurgoond, he took with him seven of his

principal followers, (all of whom were present at Mr. Manson's murder,) and repaired to the jungle on the banks of the Mulpurba, not far from Ramdroog. Mr. Soutar, head of the Belgaum police, was after him with his *sowars*, and all the day of the 2nd was dogging his steps; and towards sunset the Rajah, having left his horse and arms, was taken, literally hiding in a bush, and, with his retainers, has been sent for trial to Belgaum. The bodies of the Ranee and the Rajah's mother were found drowned in the river at some distance, thus completing the catastrophe of the Nurgoond family. Finding Kopal taken and all disturbances over in that direction, Colonel Malcolm sent my husband back to command at Nurgoond, and try and restore things to an orderly settled state; which is somewhat difficult in the confusion and licence of a sacked town. One of his troubles has been with the Rajah's elephants. Of course, the *mahouts* had fled, and there was no one to feed them, or give them water, and they were nearly in a rabid state before a *mahout* from a distance could be procured, at great trouble and expense. A worse difficulty has been how to dispose of the dead bodies, which are very numerous, and no native will touch

them. He was going to have a great fire lit, and make the soldiers burn them. Amongst others, there was the swelled and distorted corpse of a Brahmin, lying near L——'s quarters, which was dreadfully offensive, but which nobody *would* remove, and L—— did not like to have any indignity shown to it, as a Brahmin is considered so very sacred a personage that any insult to one of that caste might almost have caused a mutiny among the Sepoys.

Monday, June 7.

L—— sent to-day for some cholera medicine, as the place is getting unhealthy from the stench of the dead bodies, and many of our people are ill; but he expects soon to return home.

Tuesday, June 8.

Dr. A—— came in to breakfast, having ridden on in advance of the column, with the joyful news for me that L—— would be in by one o'clock, having left his two guns under Mr. B—— to garrison Nurgoond, and made a forced march straight in here with some ammunition waggons. I had got ready to ride and meet L——, when a figure, so disguised in gay turbans and prize shawls that I did not know

him, stood before me, saying, "Master in Fort," and I recognized his servant "Kader," resplendent in loot. I rushed out, and found my dear husband quite well, the excitement having prevented any return of fever.

Poor Mr. Manson's head was found in a tank yesterday, and buried. His socks and hat were found in the palace. L—— has brought very few tokens of his "war," except a camel, which he bought cheap, thinking to sell him to advantage; but I am much touched by the numberless bits of small loot brought *for me* by the men and officers. Among them I may mention several copper Gods, or *Rammysammies* as they are called, and the whole paraphernalia off the altar in the great temple (consisting of an idol of black marble, in the shape of a bull, a brass lamp and extinguisher, and a copper spoon for the oil); besides which I have a tiny chest of drawers, taken out of the Ranee's room in the palace, and containing reels of gold and silver thread, and a beautiful silver-handled chowrie, or fly-swisher, also found in the palace. I fancy the soldiers have got a good deal, but owing to L—— being ordered in pursuit, and the consequent abandonment of the town to the licence of the camp followers, every thing of value was so

utterly destroyed that there is little left to be sold for prize-money. Mr. G—— takes out ammunition to-night to the Fort, and is to bring back here another gun from Kaludghee. The Bombay Artillery and one company of the 56th march away this evening on their return to Belgaum.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTERMITTENT FEVER — LIZZIE'S ADVENTURE — TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF THE RAJAH—THEATRICALS AND BALLS — THE MOHURRUN — PICNIC — VISIT TO THE DESSAYES OF HIBLEE—NATIVE LADIES.

Saturday, June 12.

In consequence of what has come to light at the trial of the Rajah of Nurgoond, there have been numerous arrests here of those who were considered among the most trustworthy of the natives; and the Nazir, or head-official of the gaol, appears to have been at the bottom of a plot for letting loose the prisoners, who, on a given day (fortunately for us anticipated by three days by the outbreak at Nurgoond), were to join in executing an order of Nana Sahib's to "*secure the fort of Dharwar.*" Considering the existence of this deep-laid scheme, which was kept so secret to the last, it is little short of a miracle that we escaped without some struggle. A Commission is sitting on the principal rebels at Nurgoond, and fourteen were shot yesterday. The Rajah himself is condemned to be hung to-day at Belgaum; the

moral influence of which execution will be the greater, as the natives clung to a hope that, from his high rank and caste, he would be spared, as they declared the rope was not made that could hang a Brahmin. L——, who was quite well in the excitement of the field, has been suffering ever since he came home with a return of fever.

Wednesday, June 16.

Poor L—— has been so ill all this time, that kind Colonel M—— insists on our return to our old quarters in his house for change of air. The stories which come out each day of the plot to murder the Europeans at this station, and of the tampering with the Sepoy regiment, make one feel doubly thankful for our merciful escape from great danger and trouble. I heard an anecdote of Kaffirland to day, which, though perfectly irrelevant to our adventures here, is so amusing that I must record it, particularly as my informant vouched for its truth. At an outpost, far up the country, resided an officer and his wife. The latter was warned by her husband not to venture alone far from the house; but one day, imprudently going beyond her usual limits, she encountered a wild-looking Kaffir, who took her by the hand, and would be

moved by no entreaties to suffer her to depart. He made her sit down, and, untying her bonnet, let down her long fair hair, at which he expressed rapturous admiration. He next took off her gloves, and appeared enchanted with her white hands; and then proceeded to divest her of shoes and stockings, and wondered at her little white feet. How much further he would have carried his investigations, it is impossible to say, had not the poor lady been rescued by a party of squaws, who, with jealousy in their looks and gestures, rushed upon the Kaffir, thus giving her the opportunity of escaping to her home. The next morning the lady and her husband were awakened at an early hour by a great chattering under their window; and, on inquiring the cause of the disturbance, the gentleman was accosted by the hero of the previous day, who had been so impressed by the charms of our fair countrywoman, that he had come with *twelve* squaws, to make the liberal offer of exchanging them for the gentleman's wife, and was not a little surprised when his generous terms were refused!

Friday, June 18.

Last night, as Colonel M—— was soundly

sleeping with his favourite spaniel, "Lizzie," on a chair at his side, he was awakened by a tremendous scuffle in his room (which had a door open to the verandah), chairs overturned, furniture disarranged, mingled with the cries of Lizzie, and the growls of another and larger animal. After struggling for a minute or two, they swept off down the verandah past our room, waking me with the most dismal yells I ever heard, and the galloping footfall of some large beast. The poor Colonel was distracted. In the dead of night, his room entered, and his Lizzie carried off; the darkness so thick, that he could see nothing, and could only call his poor favourite, whose cries of distress soon died away in the far distance! He lay awake, in no enviable state of mind, and with the earliest dawn arose to send all the household, and search in every direction himself for the abducted Lizzie, who was found, trembling and panting, with one eye nearly out, and various small hurts, on the very centre of the dining-table in the mess bungalow. Poor doggie! she growled and trembled on entering the room where her peaceful slumbers had been so rudely disturbed. It is impossible to say, with certainty, who the intruder was; probably, a jackal

or hyena—neither of them agreeable visitors in one's bedroom.

Monday, June 21.

Fresh treasons come to light every day among the native officials at this station. The Pundit (a sort of schoolmaster) of the Sepoys has been apprehended, on suspicion of having circulated among them a story that the greased cartridges were going to be forced on them; an idea readily believed, and causing much discontent among them. At Nurgoond and Belgaum trials and hangings continue daily, and some rebels are to be sent here for execution as a salutary warning. Belgaum is bristling with cannon; the guns intended for the defence of this place have been detained there; and though they have nearly three European regiments in camp, a panic prevails, while we are left with only a handful of stout English hearts to defend a dilapidated Fort, containing only three guns, and those field-pieces. However, I believe the wholesome fear of the Sahibs is on the increase, and we are safe enough.

Tuesday, June 22.

My poor little red-headed Polly, who was so tame, and of whom I was very fond, was left

alone for five minutes in a room this morning; and when I came back, had disappeared, leaving no memento but a feather from his tail. A horrid cat must have jumped in at the window, and carried him off. I am disconsolate, for he was the drollest and most original little bird I ever saw. He always walked about our breakfast-table, helping himself from every dish, and invariably scolded if he did not get the first bite at the eggs; and whenever I came near him, he began chattering and scolding, and spreading his tail. There never was such a nice little Polly!

Some of the Nurgoond rebels were sent to be executed here, and arrived to-day from Belgaum; and Judge R—— actually turned them out of the gaol, on account of some informality in the wording of the warrant for their execution, thereby risking their escape, as they are only guarded by Sepoys. Extraordinary as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that most of the Civil officials in this country think the rebels harshly treated, disapprove of the Military Commission for trying them, and are indignant at the arrests of their suspected subordinates. Such infatuation, after the recent plots that have been brought to light, is difficult to believe. Some

evil-disposed person circulated a report in the bazaars to-day, that the English soldiers were going to *loot* the town of Dharwar, as they did Nurgoond, naming an hour for the beginning. It excited great terror among the natives, and the chief inhabitants instantly set off with their families and property to take refuge in the neighbouring villages; and, notwithstanding every step was taken to stop the panic and reassure the poor frightened people, they were flying from the town by hundreds in every direction during the afternoon. Reports of this kind are much to be lamented, tending to injure the confidence in us of the unoffending population: indeed, if they were roused to thoroughly turn against us, the country would be untenable, even as a military possession.

Saturday, June 26.

We heard some curious anecdotes of the trial of the Rajah of Nurgoond from an eye-witness. He confessed every thing, and, when describing the way he retired with his large force before Colonel Malcolm's handful of Sowars, he said, he did not know how it was; his arms were ready to fight, his head and his legs were ready to fight, but there was a something *here*

(tapping his side) which *would not* fight, and so he was obliged to run away, and he supposed his followers suffered from the same complaint. The poor wretch had a great horror of being hung, as it occasions loss of caste, and repeatedly petitioned to be blown away from a gun, which prayer was very properly refused; but there was no occasion for the blundering which kept him in front of the gallows for three-quarters of an hour, whilst the drop was being adjusted, and finally used a rope so thin that it broke, and he had to be hung a second time in horrible torture. Certainly poor Mr. Manson was avenged! The Jack Ketches in this country are very bad performers: a great fuss was made about the erection of the gallows here for the poor wretches who were hanged yesterday; an Engineer officer and one of the collectors combining their talents to produce some very perfect piece of mechanism, which, however, totally failed at the moment of execution, so that strangulation had to be resorted to, to end the struggles of one poor victim. These sort of scenes naturally make the natives believe we care as little for human suffering as they do.

Monday, June 28.

A grand parade of all the troops took place this afternoon to hear a Proclamation read, to the effect that Gwalior is retaken, and our ally the Maharajah reinstated on the throne of his ancestors. A royal salute was fired, and numbers of spectators assembled, though I doubt much whether they understood what it was all about.

The bachelors of Dharwar gave a ball in the evening; the attendance consisted of about thirty-five people, almost all dancers, and the whole affair went off so merrily that repetitions are talked of, and private theatricals are on the *tapis*.

Monday, July 19.

All this time has been spent in getting up and rehearsing a grand theatrical entertainment. A pretty little stage has been fitted up in one end of Colonel M——'s bungalow, with simple scenery, painted by amateur hands. The merry meetings have been frequent, almost daily, to settle matters and perfect parts, and have caused so much fun and amusement, one can hardly believe we were so nearly involved in the horrors of war but one short month ago! The first regular performance took place this evening, the pieces selected being, "A Romance

under Difficulties," and "In for a Holiday;" and immediately afterwards the party adjourned to the mess-house, and merrily danced the remainder of the evening. The weather has been very wet lately, but we have usually contrived to get our daily rides, and in a large cavalcade we galop over the beautiful country in every direction. A band plays twice a week in the evening, when all the society meet together, and on intervening evenings the banks of a large tank are a place of general resort. In short, we are eminently sociable, and, chiefly owing to the good sense and kindness of heart of one in high position, who is universally loved and looked up to, this Station is remarkably free from the petty bickerings and jealousies so common in India.

We have bought a magnificent pair of spotted bullocks, who go like horses, and the greatest delight of our driver is to pass every carriage we come near. One of our friends who has been an excursion to Belgaum thus describes the mode of crossing the Hooblee river, which, though only a ditch when we came over it, is now swelled by the monsoon to a broad and rapid torrent. There is no boat, but passengers are taken across four or five at a time,

in a large copper pan used in sugar-boiling, which, from the violence of the current, spins round and round, causing no real danger, (except it struck on a rock) but much discomfort to the passengers. Horses and cattle are made to swim over. The supineness of those in authority is remarkable in not improving such a state of things, on the road between the two great stations of the South Mahratta country. If the late outbreak had been delayed till now, no troops could have been got here from Belgaum without great delay.

Wednesday, August 4.

The Black Plain is charming to ride over, when there has been three or four days' fine weather, the soil light and soft like sawdust for the horses' feet. The crops are just beginning to come up, and are beautiful specimens of farming; the seed is dibbled in straight rows, and not a weed is to be seen. It is the most fertile soil in the world, and never requires manure, but there is a regular succession of crops. A second set of private theatricals, followed by a dance, took place this evening; the pieces were, "Only a Halfpenny," and "Box and Cox," which has the charm of

novelty in India, though so hackneyed at home. There are crowds of beggars and frightfully distorted objects in this station, who, on the principle that charity is a part of religion, always choose Sunday on which to parade their deformities and demand alms. There is a woman who is stiffened in a sitting posture and walks on her hands, and various other importunate mendicants, besides the one I previously mentioned who comes in his carriage; but, in horrible distortion, none come up to a creature who walks quite nimbly on all fours, like a great baboon! He wears sandals on his hands, and his knee-joints are quite stiff, and his attenuated *hind* legs exactly resemble those of a bird!

Wednesday, August 11.

A large breakfast-party assembled at the mess-room this morning, and immediately commenced decorating the room for a ball given by the ladies of the station, which was to come off in the evening. Cart-loads of flowers and evergreens were contributed from every garden, and never before, I believe, was a ball-room so beautifully adorned. Twelve long garlands of the gayest flowers, woven by fair hands, were hung in festoons from lamp to

lamp, and from the centre to the corners of the room; round the walls, circles of green surrounded the side-lights. Merrily we worked, and completed the task in time for an early dinner, after which we refreshed ourselves with a canter, preparatory to the evening's gaieties, which were kept up and enjoyed with great spirit. It is curious to mark the anxiety caused by the arrival of the English Mail in this land of banishment; for instance, two or three people were late in coming to the ball this evening, and there were whispers and anxious fears that they had had bad news. However, on this occasion, happily, the fears were groundless, and nothing occurred to mar the hilarity of the evening.

Baby has had a present made him of a very small *tattoo* or pony, which, coming from Nurgoond, we have named "Rajah." The moment he is let loose he canters up to the house, and leaping up the steps into the verandah, he submits to be led up and down, while his little master is held on his back; and then, going into the house, he helps himself to bread off the dining-table, and, pushing open the door with his nose, generally makes his exit through my bedroom, which opens on a level with the garden.

Wednesday, August 18.

The Muhammedan Festival of the Mohurran is now going on, producing a great deal of tomtoming and other discordant sounds; and processions of gaily-dressed women and children may frequently be met. The festival is in honour of Hussein and Hossein, two brothers, who were martyred. To-day there was a *nautch* danced in their honour at an old mosque in the fort, by men dressed in green jackets, with bangles on their ankles, who, joining hands, swayed their bodies backwards and forwards, chanting a monotonous tune. Yesterday we met a party going about with their bodies painted blue, with red spots, and their heads crowned with pointed paper caps about three feet high. I never saw any thing so diabolical-looking, except in the last scene of "Robert le Diable." In this guise, they call themselves monkeys. Sometimes the paint is yellow and black; and then they fancy they represent tigers, and endeavour in their movements to imitate the real animals. The Mussulmani women and children invariably join in all the processions; and the former are unveiled, though there are a few of a strict sect of Muhammedans who keep their women in retirement.

Friday, August 20.

Being the last day but one of the Mohurran, the fun grew fast and furious; crowds assembled in the fort, and performed various fantastic pantomimes. Some, dressed in real skins of animals, formed a wild dance; going through the actions of a mimic chasse in the most absurd manner, being caught with nets and ropes by men supposed to be the hunters. They howled to the music of a kind of abortive kettle-drum; a little further on we were attracted by a ring of dancers dressed in plaid jackets, lined with yellow, and red turbans, each ornamented by a sprig of yellow leaves. They were adorned with large silver bangles and other ornaments; and, linked arm-in-arm, moved round in a circle to the measure of a monotonous chant, of which we could only distinguish the frequent repetition of the word "Mussulmani."

The courtyard of the mosque was thronged with people of both sexes; and in it were two large fires, made of tarred wood, brought in bundles, as an offering; and streams of worshippers kept continually pouring in, bearing chatties on their heads, containing ghee, rice, or some other donation. In one

corner we observed a poor sheep, decked with flowers; when suddenly a man advanced, knife in hand, and in a moment he was dead, and ready for the burnt-offering. One of our servants, who was mingling with the throng, came forward and asked if we wished to penetrate into the interior of the mosque; and, on our expressing a wish to that effect, the crowd immediately fell back, and made way for us to mount the steps leading in to the holy place.

The principal Priest and others were squatted round a small fire in the centre; into which they threw incense, and small portions of the offerings. At the back was a *tarbut*, or representation of the tomb of Hussein and Hossein, being merely a gay curtain, with five brazen ornaments fastened on it. The Priest came forward and salaamed to us, throwing over my neck a necklace of jessamine flowers. Then he presented each of us with a lime; and, finally, asked for five pies *backshish* (about 1¾*d.*). The noise all this time was more than I know how to describe: besides many different and discordant instruments, there were the songs of the "tigers," and the dancers in plaid, and of another set, clad in pink jackets, with very tight white pantaloons, and every one in the

crowd was talking and shouting at the full stretch of his voice; so that there was not the smallest appearance of reverence or religious feeling in any one. The mosque itself is a ranshackle old barn, covered with whitewash, but esteemed very holy. On descending the steps, we observed two persons, a man and a woman, lying at full length in the dust close to the great altar, where a fire was burning, and some people were employed in rolling them over and over, like two sacks, till they had gone all round the altar. This was a species of penance, not for *past* sins, but as a propitiatory act to procure some coveted blessing.

The whole scene was very picturesque: the bright-coloured dresses of both sexes, the children covered with silver ornaments, and wearing grotesque caps; some with their faces and bodies speckled with red and white paint; while the men were generally ornamented with necklaces and bracelets of red and yellow worsted. All classes and castes mingled in the common holiday: the rich merchant, the domestic servant, the common labourer, and the Sepoy,—the latter easily distinguished by his jaunty air, a silk jacket of brilliant colour —say blue, or lilac—white pyjamas (a cloth

answering the purpose of trousers) hanging in graceful folds; and a very small puggree (or turban), cocked on one side, with an end hanging over the shoulder; a few women of higher rank, wearing white sarees; whilst the humbler class were clad in red, orange, or blue. Every one salaamed at the bottom of the steps leading to the mosque. I was surprised at the ready admittance they granted to us, and the attentions and homage we received were unbecoming, according to our ideas, when offered in a temple dedicated to the Creator. There was a strong odour of bhang among these devout followers of Muhammed, and many of the dancers were evidently much excited.

It is difficult to believe that the Mussulmanis are not equally idolaters with their Hindu brethren; and, in point of fact, their worship is but little more pure or spiritual, and they join in the revelry of the Hindu holidays, in the same manner as they permit the Hindus to take part in theirs. To-morrow the festival is to be closed by dipping the little silk and tinsel pagodas, called tarbuts, into the water of the tank; which, of course, will offer a fine opportunity for the display of more processions.

Monday, August 23.

I paid a second visit to the gaol, chiefly for the purpose of seeing the workshops. They weave little besides tent-cloth now, the demand for it being so great. The looms are pretty much like English ones, except that they are only raised about four inches from the floor; and the weaver is seated in a hole, cut in the mud floor, opposite the centre of each loom. The cotton is spun and wound on the premises. We next examined the paper-making process, which is of the simplest and rudest description, and the paper produced the very coarsest kind of whiteybrown, sufficiently sized to bear being written upon; and it is used for native writing and official envelopes. There is a silk manufactory, which was not at work; but we saw several basket-trays full of the silk-worms and eggs. The mulberry-trees thrive remarkably well here, and so do the worms; and if they were properly managed and attended to (which is not the case), the silk-works might be a source of considerable profit to Government.

Tuesday, August 24.

A party of nineteen equestrians, and two or

three others in gharries, assembled this morning at six o'clock on a picnic expedition to a place called Thackeray's Farm, from having been the scene of some experimental farming by the unfortunate Collector Mr. Thackeray, who was killed at the siege of Kittoor in 1824. A few ruined outhouses alone mark the spot, in the midst of wild jungle among the hills, seven miles from Dharwar. We found tents pitched in readiness; and proceeded first to dress, and then to scramble up a couple of hills, which excited our appetites to an alarming extent, before breakfast. It was a lovely cool day; and, after we had broken our fast, we, that is, two other ladies and myself, and several gentlemen, sallied forth to explore the country. We had two ponies with us, and alternately walked or rode, according to the nature of the ground, and rested from time to time in shady places; sometimes perched on the low broad arms of a magnificent mango, at others under the shade of a rocky peak, the summit of one of the hills.

The views were lovely, and the most beautiful flowers and creeping plants hung from every bush; whilst the grass was green and soft under our feet. These hills are covered with what is called light jungle; that is, separate bushes of

acacia, bamboo, and various other kinds of plants, never thick enough to prevent an easy passage, though often arching overhead, and affording the most delightful shade. We were too merry a party to see any of the wild pig, or other game with which these woods abound; but some of the gentlemen, who took their guns in another direction, more intent on sport than laughter, got shots at several deer and antelope. Our ramble extended till dinner-time, which was half-past three; after which pigeon-shooting matches amused the gentlemen; and as it grew dark we sat round and sung songs, watching a beautiful eclipse of the moon. When it was time to return to the tents to change our dresses for our homeward ride, it was discovered that lights had been forgotten; and in pitchy darkness we ladies had to separate our various garments, don our riding-gear, and pack up the rest; luckily, the moonlight was not sufficiently bright to betray a few mistakes and deficiencies. We reached home by a different road soon after nine, and thus ended our first experience of Indian pic-nics; and certainly none of the fifteen hours had hung at all heavy on our hands; though, at first hearing, it appears a long time to be pleasure-seeking in the same company.

Saturday, August 28.

Yesterday one of the poor men died of dysentery: this is only the second natural death that has occurred in the battery since we left England, thirteen months ago. There have been two accidental deaths from drowning; but it is a wonderfully low rate of mortality, among 200 men. This afternoon was devoted to games among the soldiers. Wheelbarrow races blindfold, and tattoo races, on animals hired in the bazaar, caused great amusement; the Highlanders performed many national dances and games, such as the Highland Fling, putting the stone, throwing the hammer, the sword dance, throwing the *caber*, and foot-races and leaping concluded the entertainments; which went off so well, that, in ecstasies of delight, the soldiers ended by cheering nearly every officer by name, besides our excellent Commandant and the ladies.

Wednesday, September 1.

Another theatrical performance came off this evening of "Perfection," followed by "Dearest Elizabeth;" and the evening was concluded with an hilarious supper, given to the performers and their friends.

Friday, September 3.

Another ball, the decoration of the room affording an excuse for a morning meeting and tiffin. Our amusements are sometimes varied by a hunting-party with Mr. S——'s beagles; though the sport, as carried on in this country, is somewhat cruel. The pack consists of *three* very small and pretty hounds; but so fat, they can scarcely run. One day a wretched hare was produced from a basket; and, after being anointed all over with assafœtida, (a process it strongly objected to,) it ran a short ring, and was killed in a bush. The next hare was beyond the power of suffering, having died in the basket. A parrot's cage was then produced, containing two more; one of which shared the fate of the first: but the last, though possessed of only three legs, ran straight and well, and nearly succeeded in baffling the little doggies, who by this time were quite tired and out of breath. However, at last they caught poor puss; and then, wagging their tails, trotted home to breakfast—in which we followed their example.

Thursday, September 9.

Some of the Highlanders, and the two guns belonging to the Nurgoond field force, return

here to-morrow; and as we could see their encampment on the Black Plain, we determined on riding out to pay them a visit. We started about noon, and found them camped outside a town called Heblee, about six miles off. After sitting for some time in the tents, we sent a message to the jagheerdar, or proprietor of the place, expressing a wish to see his Forts, of which there are two. There are three brothers, *Dessayes*, [an independent rank, inferior to Rajah,] and their loyalty has lately been much suspected. The town is built entirely of mud; and all the houses have flat roofs. We were conducted first to the youngest brother, who lives in the biggest Fort; which was approached by zigzag roads through several strong gates, each protected by its guard. We were met in the inner court by the great man himself, who was rather a good specimen of a Brahmin—tall and thin, with a gentlemanlike air; but he had no roof to his mouth, which rendered his speech very imperfect. He was dressed in a quilted red satin gown, but old and shabby. We were invited to sit in his *durbar;* that is to say, a long carpet was spread in a verandah, and chairs placed in a row down one side; and here we sat and bowed, and endeavoured to say

a few civil words. I then asked to make my salaam to the *Bibis*, his wives, and was carried off into the interior of the palace-fort, where the rooms were almost pitch dark, the only light being from small grated skylights. There was no furniture of any kind—a carpet and chairs being brought in for our accommodation. The floors were of mud, and the walls white-washed, with a red border round the ceilings, which were very low. I was presented to four Bibis—sallow, ugly women, in crimson or orange silk *sarees* — besides a withered old mother; and there were four rather pretty little boys, of different ages, running about. Apparently, the native ladies of rank spend their whole lives in absolutely doing nothing. It must be very dull.

On my return to the gentlemen, we were taken to a look-out tower on the Fort wall, from which there is a fine view; and, lastly, to the stables, which, except a fine old mare and foal, contained nothing but a few miserable tattoos. On parting with our inarticulate friend, we were conducted through the town to the second Fort, inhabited by the two elder brothers, who had evidently been preparing for our reception. We sat round in a

durbar room as before, and packets of betel-nut, wrapped in scented leaves, and roses and other flowers, were handed about in a gold dish; then rose-water and sandal-wood oil were poured on our handkerchiefs out of silver vessels; and, lastly, two Nautch girls, seated on the floor, and accompanied by the usual hurdygurdy kind of instrument, began their monotonous chant, which nearly sent me to sleep. After a time I was taken to see the principal *Bibi*, who had no children, but had dressed herself out in all her jewels; and her nose-rings and earrings of pearls, mixed with diamonds and emeralds, were really beautiful; as was also a broad gold collar, with little pendants, which encircled her neck. She sat on a chair on one side of a carpet, and I on another opposite; and after a few salaams, not being able to enter into conversation, I retired.

The eldest Dessaye was dressed, doubtless, in his holiday garment, which consisted of a jacket of English green corduroy, bound with red. Both brothers conducted us to the gate of their Fort, and we were escorted through the town by the ministers and head-men, and followed by nearly the whole population back to the camp, from whence we cantered into Dharwar

in time for dinner. The revenue of the Heblee Jhagheer is about 2000*l*. English a year. The Forts are not very strong, being only built of mud, and without ditches, and they are commanded by a hill overlooking the town. The native princes are so very proud of being visited by any Sahib, that we were told that, avaricious as all Mahrattas are, these Dessayes would rather have received us in the foregoing manner, than have been paid a thousand pounds.

CHAPTER IX.

RUMOUR OF CHANGE — EXPEDITION TO NURGOOND — THE COMET — START ON AN EXCURSION TO THE WESTERN JUNGLES — VISIT FROM THE NAWAB OF SAVANOOR—CONTINUED RAIN—DIFFICULTIES—TEMPLE AT HANGUL—STATION OF SIRCEE—BREAK DOWN.

Monday, September 13.

To-day L—— picked up a letter, directed to me, off the floor in his office, where it had nearly got overlooked among a mass of papers. It was from Colonel G——, and contained congratulations on L——'s appointment to the command of the D Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, now quartered at Poona! We were extremely surprised, having had reasons for believing that a different appointment had been made. We shall be sorry to leave our kind friends in this station. Poor Toby has disappeared, greatly to my regret. He had been on a visit to Mr. B—— at Nurgoond; and, on the return of the force, was sent in under the care of his servant. The poor dog had been ill, and suddenly was lost; whether dead or not we cannot say.

Monday, September 20.

The report of L——'s appointment has been confirmed, though not officially; and it cannot appear in orders till the arrival of the next mail from England. In the mean time we are harassed by sinister reports from Central India, and rumours that the D Troop, with some of the 17th Lancers and 18th Royal Irish, are to be sent immediately into the field. Mhow is to be the head-quarters of the Royal Horse Artillery, which is reckoned a nice station; but the difficulty will be, in these disturbed times, for me to get there. Our prospects look unpleasant enough; but it is no use making any plans till the official orders come.

Thursday, September 23.

We started at half-past four A.M., on an excursion to Nurgoond, accompanied by some friends, who drove part of the way; whereas L—— and I rode, sending on two relays of horses, and accomplished the whole distance (thirty-two miles) in three hours and a half. The moon looked rather threatening; but we had no rain, and the black soil roads were smooth and soft as a riding-school. On approaching Nurgoond, I at once recognized every

spot, from the excellent drawings that had been brought to me. The rock is a splendid mass of sandstone, red, with veins of white quartz, rising perpendicularly out of the plain. The height is 800 feet, the length about one mile, and the breadth one-eighth of a mile. The town, a mud one, with flat-roofed houses, is built on the lower part of a spur, at the extreme end of the rock, and contains many white temples, and the palace, built on terraces, under the rock. L—— took us first to the principal points of interest outside the town, the place from which he first opened fire, &c.; and we endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to find the well in which poor Mr. Manson's head was found. It was concealed among some trees in the Rajah's garden. We then went to take up our quarters in the palace, which had been prepared for our reception. It is at present occupied by two companies of the 28th Native Infantry, under Mr. A——, whose life must be rather a solitary one. Breakfast was prepared in a long room, on the upper story, formerly the *durbar*. One side was raised as a dais; and had a balcony, looking on the palace court, which was at present used to picket our horses in, and those of about twenty *sowars* of

police, also stationed here. Our bedroom, evidently the state apartment, opened out of the durbar; and the walls were covered with most delicately executed native paintings, on a red ground, representing different scenes in the life of an Eastern prince—fighting, hunting, and life in the Zenana. The art of perspective was, of course, totally despised; and all the figures were painted with white complexions—an artistic licence common in the East. The room had windows on two sides, which command fine views, and was altogether light and cheerful. There were in the walls little cupboards and niches innumerable, and pegs all round the room. The next room to it, occupied by Mrs. G——, was similar in shape, but had plain whitewashed walls; and leading from it were several dark passages, and mysterious little rooms; in one of which Mr. Manson's bloody clothes and papers were found. Our room had a trap-door in the floor, communicating by a ladder with the basement story. There were no other rooms, except a few dark closets in the upper story; the staircase, as is invariably the case in native houses, was extremely narrow, dark, and steep; and on the ground-floor were a number of dark, dirty apartments,

opening on a centre court, and evidently only intended for attendants.

After breakfast we went to the great temple, situated on a terrace just above the palace. The interior, a fine large room, with carved wooden galleries, and containing two painted and gilded shrines—which, before the sacking of the place, were rich in jewels, gold, and beautiful things—is now used as a barrack by the Sepoys of the 28th, who have no sort of scruple in thus desecrating their own holy places. A little broken god was lying on the ground outside, and we saw the holes made through the walls by the shot and shell in many places. There are several smaller temples within the court; and at the back is a large square tank, into which the chief Brahmin threw himself, to the no small vexation of those who had to dispose of his body. A little way from the temple we saw the place where Mr. Manson's head was buried (but it has been lately removed, and reburied, with his body, at Kaludghee); and just beyond, on the steep hill-side, lie the graves of five or six poor soldiers who have died here, with neat head-stones, carved by a sergeant of the Royal Artillery. We returned to rest at the palace during the hottest hours;

and at half-past three we again sallied forth to ascend the rock, on foot, but with tattoos following, on which to ride when practicable. The old native path is a very steep and rocky one; and near the top was covered with *débris* of the old walls and gateway, lately destroyed by the Engineers. We scrambled over the ruins into the interior, and found the greater part of the palace blown up. Two or three bare rooms only are left; and the walls, and towers, and great tanks, are all laid in ruins.

The view from the summit of the rock is splendid, stretching forty or fifty miles each way over the Black Plain, with fine ranges of hills bounding the horizon. The plain itself, naturally wonderfully fertile, is, this year, almost a desert, owing partly to the unusual drought, but chiefly to the Nurgoond rebellion, which drove away all the cultivators at the time they should have been putting in their crops. The town is partly re-inhabited now, but has a desolate, ruinous appearance, instead of being one of the most flourishing and commercial in this part of India, and a great depôt for cotton. Some Sepoys, on the part of Government, were fishing for treasure in the mud of one of the great tanks; and, whilst we were there, several silver vessels and the keys of the Fort were

found[1]. We should have liked to have been able to appropriate some of the things, but they are all to be sold by auction. After resting and refreshing with ginger-beer, which was carried after us, we scrambled over divers ruined fortifications to the farthest end of the rock, and the air at this elevation was most exhilarating and delightful. The rock itself is curiously waved with ripple marks; and at the sides, bears two very distinct *tidal* lines, leading to the conclusion that it was once an island, and the Black Plain the bottom of the sea. I am told these marks, of high and low tide, are to be seen very distinctly all along the Western Ghauts, showing that the divisions of land and water must be greatly altered.

We descended from the rock by a new road, made by the Engineers; and in all my life I never travelled over such a path. Our feet were bruised and sore long before we reached the bottom; and the road makers have, moreover, ingeniously contrived to make that part of the rock defensible, which was easily assailable before. We were very glad to mount our tattoos, as soon as practicable, and returned through gardens and fields to the palace, about dark. After

[1] A silver tankard and the keys were afterwards presented to the authoress.

dinner we sat some time in the balcony, enjoying the light of a glorious moon, and then retired to our well-earned rest; which was, however, by no means destined to be undisturbed. First, the horses began to fight, and the *ghorrawallas* had to be called to separate them, and picket them further apart. The mosquitos kept up an unceasing attack the whole night; and a wretched Pie yelped and howled under our windows in a manner to prevent all possibility of slumber. I think he must have been the household spirit of the Rajahs of Nurgoond, lamenting over the fallen dynasty!

Friday, September 24.

We rose early from our disturbed couches, and after a hasty meal started at five A.M. to resume our homeward journey, which we accomplished by half-past eight.

Sunday, September 26.

This afternoon I went to the hospital, and spoke sometime with a poor man of the 56th, who has long been ill with fever. I remarked that he was looking better than when I last saw him, and he answered he felt *very weak*. I left the hospital, and in less then ten minutes that man was dead! Such is life, or rather death, in this country.

Wednesday, September 29.

The grand representation of "Ticklish Times," and the comic operetta of "Villikins and his Dinah" came off this evening, after many previous rehearsals. The costumes of both pieces being old fashioned with powdered heads caused a great success, and the *corps dramatique* and their friends sat down to a brilliant supper afterwards, which was enlivened by toasts and songs.

The wonderful comet is now shedding its glorious light nightly, with a tail like a fan traversing half the sky. It may perhaps have something to do with the paucity of rain this year, which bids fair to destroy the crops.

Tuesday, October 5.

As I was sitting writing after breakfast, one of the servants called me into the verandah to look at a small striped snake, which was coiled up asleep on a creeping plant, which I had been touching but a few moments before! They said it was very venomous, and the orderly took a great stick and cut it in two. In the evening there was a large dinner given by the officers of the 28th Regiment N. I. to the ladies and gentlemen of the Station, in honour

of Colonel M—— who is about to retire. We sat down, fifty-five persons, who with sixty black attendants nearly filled the mess-room. Toasts followed and the evening was closed by dancing, kept up till the musicians were tired.

Friday, October 8.

The finale to the Dharwar gaieties came off this evening, in the shape of a brilliant ball, which people tried to prolong indefinitely, knowing it was the last merry meeting of those who have laughed, and danced, and acted together daily, during this monsoon. A general dispersion is now about to take place, the Civilians go out to their camp life in the jungles, the Highlanders return to Madras, the 28th N. I. are to be relieved, and for ourselves, though no orders have arrived, we know our days here to be numbered, and, previously to our final departure, we hope to accomplish a few days' excursion into the western jungles, to see the Falls of Gairsapa, one of the finest cataracts in the world, and lying in scenery of surpassing beauty.

Tuesday, October 12.

It is unfortunate that, after having had no rain to speak of during the whole monsoon,

this day, which we had fixed on to begin our excursion, should set in with the most uncompromising downpour! We had previously sent on relays of horses and our gharry, with servants, beds, and provisions, and all the necessary accompaniments to travel in this country, intending to push on a double march of thirty miles the first day; but, as our middle stage was to be performed on wheels, we could not resign ourselves to getting thoroughly soaked first, and therefore there was no help for it but to trust for a change in the hopeless-looking weather. To add to my vexation, L——'s orders to give over the battery to Captain F—— immediately on that officer's arrival from Kaludghee, and to proceed to join his troop, have arrived, and he does not like to be long absent from the Station; so that I fear he will, weather permitting, only take me out to join our friends the G——s, and leaving me under their care to see the wonders of Gairsapa, himself return to his post at Dharwar, there to await his successor.

Wednesday, October 13.

After a damp night the morning proved fine, with a cool mist, and we started at half-past six, and rode twelve miles through a pretty

cultivated country, with grassy hills and fine trees to Hooblee, the largest town, except Poona, in the Southern Mahratta country, and a great cotton emporium. We rode to a small bungalow belonging to the Collector, where we found our gharry, and proceeded in it the next stage of ten miles to Kurroor. The road, supposed to be a good one, was now very heavy after the rain, and the poor bullocks could scarcely go out of a walk through the deep sticky clay, so that we were not sorry to exchange this slow mode of progression for the backs of our good steeds, who were awaiting us at Kurroor, and whom we cantered on six miles to Turrus, where, in the travellers' bungalow, we found our friends, and a good breakfast awaiting us.

After some discussion of ways and means, it is settled that I am to go on with the G——s, who promise to send me back by Sunday week; and as all our servants, equipment, and cattle will be required to be ready for an immediate departure from Dharwar, I am to take nothing with me but my clothes, and be dependent on my friends for every arrangement. In the afternoon we walked down to the banks of a *nullah*, crossing our direct road onwards, to

see if there was any chance of its being fordable, but it is some ten or twelve feet deep in water, so that proceeding by that road is impossible. Several natives were swimming and diving like water dogs, for our amusement. The accommodation at these travellers' bungalows is generally very limited for a large party. On the present occasion Mrs. G. and I had a comfortable bedroom, but the four gentlemen of our party and an officer returning from a shooting excursion had all to make *shake downs* in the sitting-room; and peals of laughter and comic songs, kept up with untiring vigour far into the night, proved that if sleep was banished mirth reigned triumphant.

Thursday, October 14.

L—— returned to his duties at Dharwar, leaving me to prosecute my journey with the G——s. I started in their gharry, built expressly for district work. It is like a dog-cart, sunk low between two very high wheels, and drawn with curricle harness by two handsome horses, and its peculiar excellence is the almost impossibility of upsetting it, a perfection which is often put to the trial in these wild paths, where no four-wheeled carriage could hold

together for a day. In order to avoid the swollen nullah, we had a long détour to make, and our road lay over hills, through pretty light jungle, and with bogs and ditches to cross, that would rather astonish people in England, the water being in places up to the horses' stomachs. At the end of six miles we found our riding horses waiting, and had a canter for as many more miles over nice grass; and then another relay of a dog-cart, and some fresh horses brought us to our destination, the Collector's bungalow, in the old dilapidated fort of Bunkapoor.

Soon after our arrival, we observed the approach of a smart native, in a scarlet robe, carrying a huge silver stick, who came to say, with many salaams, that his Highness, the Nawab of Savanoor, had arrived to pay his respects to us. He is the native prince of the greatest wealth and consideration now left in this part of India, and has always been our staunch friend, though one or two of his sons have been more than suspected of correspondence with the Nana. As soon as we had breakfasted we sent to say we awaited his Highness; but here a little difficulty presented itself, in the fact of our only possessing four chairs among the party, whereas etiquette

would demand that we should not only be seated ourselves, but have some seats to present to the Nawab, and at least one or two of his sons or attendants. We endeavoured to remedy matters by dragging forward boxes, on which the gentlemen of our party found seats, and Mrs. G—— and I sitting in the verandah, we made as much show as we could of our two spare chairs.

The Nawab and his suite had put up in some cotton factories at a little distance, and presently we saw the procession advancing towards the bungalow. First came two "Silver-sticks in waiting," chanting the praises of the great man in a loud nasal tone; then, surrounded by attendants, came his Highness and four sons on foot; and his favourite charger, a fine, powerful chestnut, brought up the rear, with a head collar and crupper covered with gold, but a common rope martingale. The old man himself is a very favourable specimen of the native prince. His eyes had broad black lines painted under them, but he was very fine-looking, and had most gracious, gentlemanlike manners. His dress, too, was perfect in taste, and consisted of a loose coat and trousers of crimson and gold brocade, and a loose green silk robe over all. He had a small white

turban, the edge of which was ornamented with a chain of enormous diamonds and emeralds, but being cut flat they lacked lustre. He had a splendid necklace of pearls and emeralds, and some very fine rings, and wore the pointed embroidered native slippers. The eldest son has a villainous countenance; a younger one, who more resembles his father, and is noted as an excellent horseman, a third belonging to the hobbledehoy period, and a pretty little black-eyed pickle, evidently the pet of the Zenana, formed the rest of the party, and they were all badly dressed, with perhaps a handsome shawl or turban, but with coats or trousers of Manchester print, and *such* leather shoes, purporting to be English! This Anglo-mania in dress obtains very much in young India, and the result is more offensive to good taste than can be conceived.

We all sat and talked, or at least the Nawab and Mr. G—— did, and the former kindly promised to send an elephant to bring me back part of the way to Dharwar. Presents of fruit and sweetmeats were brought to us, and finally the Nawab hung round each of our necks a wreath of yellow flowers like camomile. This species of ornament, however poetical as applied to the fair sex, is not,

strictly speaking, becoming to a set of hairy Englishmen in shooting coats, or the négligé garments used in the jungle. When the great man had taken his departure we walked to see the remains of an old Jaen temple in a distant part of the Fort, the pillars and roof of which are ornamented with very beautiful carving in polished black marble, and part of an open screen that remains is most elegant in design and delicate in execution. A great deal of rain fell both last night and during the day, so that the carts with our things did not arrive till quite late, and they will have to be still further lightened of all but absolute necessaries to enable us to perform the forced marches by which alone we can get to Gairsapa and back, in the limited time we propose. In the evening we walked to see a large tank, which has just been constructed by Mr. G——'s orders for the use of the village. We are now in the centre of his districts, and are received right royally wherever we go. The head people of the villages come out to meet us, with horrible music, consisting of enormous brass horns, much to the discomfiture of the horses. Our dinner this evening was improved by two dishes sent by the Nawab, which were both composed of small bits of meat and rice, very hot, and very good.

Friday, October 15.

Owing to the torrents of rain which fell all night, our carts did not start till just before us, at dawn, and the people of the place endeavoured to persuade us of the impossibility of continuing our journey, alleging that two miles from Bunkapoor the road was utterly washed away. I started in the dog-cart, and we soon came to the broken bridge, which certainly did not look passable, though a very pretty spot, the roaring, foaming torrent rushing between banks fringed with palms. All our carts were stuck fast, the foremost embedded above the axles in a deep mud hole, while just beyond, the bridge having disappeared, the only mode of proceeding was to descend a bank into some rice fields, and, wading through deep water, thus cross the stream. When English energy was applied to the carts, and the united force of oxen and buffaloes harnessed to each one separately, they were got through at last, as also the gharry and dog-cart; the only tall horse belonging to the party carried over the two ladies separately and dry, and we proceeded to finish our stage as far as a village called Maharajpate, where, owing to the above delays causing all our kit to be behind us, we began to suffer the pangs of hunger, it

being now noon, and we had tasted nothing but a cup of tea at daybreak.

We bivouacked under some splendid trees, and the gentlemen invaded the village to see if plantains, or milk, or any thing eatable by Europeans could be procured; but finding nothing, we had to smoke the pipe of patience, till the arrival of a Coolie, sent on to us with the remains of yesterday's dinner in a basket on his head. Never was banquet done more justice to, though knives and forks were scarce, but cold chicken and bread disappeared in a curiously short time, and were washed down with soda-water and sherry. Thus refreshed, we proceeded on our route, and this time I occupied a seat in the curricle.

Our drive of eight miles to Hangul was through a pretty country, varied by hill and dale, with a great many fine trees; palms increased in number as we got nearer the coast, and now fringed the banks of every stream. We had one bad nullah to cross, the banks of which were almost perpendicular. We piled every thing on the seats, and kneeling on the top, made a native wade in front of the horses, to show the right road; down we went, with a run and a splash; a great wave washed right through the carriage,

while the gallant little horses, almost swimming, struggled to gain footing on the nearly perpendicular bank on the opposite side, and at length scrambled out, dragging an impromptu cascade behind them. With the exception of this nullah and the broken bridge, the road was generally very good, but had here and there a few very heavy places. At Hangul we put up in a little one-roomed bungalow belonging to the Collector, situated in a pretty compound full of mango trees and tall green grass, in which our wearied cart bullocks luxuriated with delight, and close to an enormous tank or lake, with palm groves and gardens adorning its banks, on which also stands a pretty little ruined temple, once finely carved.

We walked through the town to see a magnificent specimen of a large Jaen temple, certainly the finest in this part of the country; the black marble pillars and the carvings on the cornices and ceilings are very perfect. It is large, and divided by these pillars into kind of aisles, so that one quite longed to see it converted to the purposes of Christian worship: and a spendid church it would make. Monkeys abound here, chattering and jumping about the roofs of the houses. The natives consider them sacred, but

sometimes their depredations become unbearable, and then the Sahibs are entreated to have a monkey hunt and drive them away. Just before our arrival a horrid event occurred in Hangul, of a kind which is very common among the "gentle Hindus." A poor child, covered with rich ornaments, had been decoyed away, and one arm stripped of its spoil, but the ruffian, not being able to get the bracelets easily off the other, had taken a stone, and hacked at the tender limb till it dropped off! The poor victim was yet alive, though scarcely expected to live. We hear that our further progress along our intended road is now entirely impossible, owing to the wet, so we shall have to turn aside and go by Sircee, which is rather longer, but a very pretty road. We here still further lightened our baggage, so as only to take one cart on, every thing else was to be carried on tattoos or Coolies' heads.

Saturday, October 16.

We got up early to see to the disposition and starting of our diminished kit, and regaled ourselves off some venison chops from a deer sent us by the Nawab of Savanoor. We started about nine, and drove, chiefly through light jungle, to Parla, a village situated on the regular coast

road from Dharwar, but which has been shut up some time for repairs. We found light fences placed at intervals across it, which had to be pulled away to make a passage for us, and this proceeding rather astonished the native police, who were set to guard the road, but they were so entirely under the impression that a Sahib could do no wrong that they suffered us to pass with very slight opposition, and we had the advantage of being the first travellers on a road hard and smooth as a gravel walk.

We had to wait some time under a banyan tree for our change of animals, and then proceeded through the wildest and thickest jungle I have yet seen, beautifully diversified by clearings and green glades full of rice, where troops of monkeys were chattering, and eating, and frolicking, with but very little fear of our presence. Sometimes the trees were of very large size, at others the jungle was chiefly composed of bamboo, which, meeting in graceful arches overhead, was covered and interlaced with creeping plants. I was a little disappointed at seeing but few flowers, but it is not the most abundant time of year for them. We stopped for a little time at Yekumbee, where there is a travellers' bungalow, standing back from the road in a sunny

clearing; but we preferred eating our luncheon in a sheltered nook of the jungle, where we talked about the tigers and bears lately killed near here, till we almost fancied we heard a stealthy footstep rustling among the bushes. The jungle villages are all so thickly enclosed by bamboo fences to keep away the wild beasts, that for miles and miles you see no sign of human habitation, and the quiet stillness of the wilderness is unbroken. We mounted some fresh horses after our frugal meal, and, just escaping more than a sprinkling of a few drops of rain, from a storm that had long been grumbling round us, we rode on twelve miles to the station of Sircee, which we reached just at dusk.

The Station is built on a hill, commanding fine views over the jungle. There is a small detachment of H.M.'s 66th Regiment here now, and no other Europeans, except the Collector and his wife. The travellers' bungalow was partly occupied by one of the officers, to whose hospitality we were greatly indebted, as, having outrun all our kit and servants, there was small chance of dinner or beds for us that night. The first thing to be done was to feed, clean, and tie up our tired horses, and then, by the kindness of Mr. H——, we sat down to a

comfortable dinner, whilst contributions of mattrasses, &c., were made for our benefit. We were joined this evening by Captain A——, who dâked down in a palkee from Dharwar, to join our party to the Falls. During our journey through the jungle we passed several camps of the Lemanis, a wandering tribe, who drive their pack-bullocks all over the country, and in many ways resemble the gipsies. Their women are very gaily dressed in striped sarees, and their arms literally covered with broad rings of horn or ivory.

Sunday, October 17.

This day was devoted to rest, much needed by the servants and cattle, who had all straggled up during the night. There is no church at this small station, so after breakfast we took a long ramble into the jungle, and in the evening walked to the native town, which is extremely pretty, and thoroughly Indian, situated on the banks of a large tank, with palms and plantains growing between the houses, whose low roofs are thatched with coarse flags, and generally covered with gourds and creepers. We have now crossed the frontier into Madras, and it is almost immediately noticeable that every Madrassee native carries a palm-leaf umbrella.

To-day is the feast called the Dussera, when the animals are honoured by being hung with garlands of flowers. Our horses were each brought up by his ghorrawalla adorned with necklaces and bracelets of marigolds, whilst one, who was a great favourite, had a nosegay tied to his tail. The bullocks were similarly decorated, and the attendants on this day expect backshish. On our return from the village we met a procession, consisting of a gaily-dressed child, seated on a goat, followed by an old man on a tattoo, over whose head a smart umbrella was carried, though the sun had long set; crowds of women and children hung with flowers, and men bearing torches completed the procession.

Monday, October 18.

We sent off our things early, but did not start till after breakfast, when, turning off the high road at about a mile from Sircee, we proceeded along a lovely woodland drive six miles to Taiglee. Beyond the trifles, of a deep ditch to cross in one place, and one very rough and broken hill, we found the road very good, chiefly following the windings of a roaring torrent, and sometimes crossing bright sunny glades, and park-like scenes of surpassing

beauty. There is great variety of hill and dale in these jungles, and the occasional glimpses of distant hills, various in shape and colour, added to the charm of the scenery, whilst the thick mass of foliage overhead prevented our suffering from the heat of the sun. Taiglee is a most picturesque little village, springing up in the heart of the woods, with large gardens of betel-nut palm growing all round it. Here we found our relay of horses, and the hitherto good road came to an end. The first obstacle that presented itself was a broken bridge, which necessitated our following a path through the torrent. The red soil had here been replaced by soft white sand, easily worn by the action of the water; and in the centre of the stream the horses suddenly sunk over their backs in a deep hole, but, bounding and struggling, managed at last to draw us out, and up the very steep bank of sand on the other side. We crossed the river twice again, each passage being more or less dangerous, but our adventures were by no means concluded, though I scarcely mention driving over stumps in the road several feet high, which would have upset any ordinary carriage: indeed I could hardly believe ours was not broken in several pieces by the shock of going over them.

At last we came to a broken bridge, with a path down to the water by the side, so narrow, that it appeared to me it would not allow of the passage of the curricle. It was moreover an exceedingly steep bank, so I got out to lighten the carriage, and stood on the ruined bridge to watch the proceedings. As I expected, the carriage caught in a projecting stump, and remained fixed on the bank. The horses behaved admirably, but all their efforts to move it were ineffectual, and after a few minutes of this strained position, the pins of the splinter-bar broke with a crack. By the united efforts of the whole party, the horses were at length taken off, and the carriage dragged through the river and up the opposite bank; and then the head and heel-ropes belonging to the horses were put into requisition to tie up the vehicle, so as to render it fit for progression. The trace-hooks and pole-pins had already broken some days ago, and were fastened with string, which required frequent repair after violent jolting through nullahs, and altogether there was nearly as much hemp as iron about the carriage.

At last we proceeded, and after some more very rough and broken ground, we found horses and luncheon waiting for us under a magni-

ficent tree, from whence we rode along six miles of improved road to the travellers' bungalow at Siddapoor, which is very prettily situated on the summit of a kind of down, commanding fine views of the jungle, and of a pointed hill crowned by a Fort. There is much grass about here, caused by a plan greatly in favour with the natives, of each year clearing and burning a fresh spot, and after taking one crop of corn, abandoning it, to do the same by a fresh place, thus saving the trouble of manuring. This mode of proceeding, which was gradually destroying the jungle, has been put a stop to by Government, and the dissatisfaction caused by this order is said to have been at the bottom of the Sawunt insurrection in these jungles, last year.

The people about here wear numbers of very handsome ornaments: we passed a woman with two or three large *saucers* of gold on her head. A large snake crossed in front of my horse to-day on the open *maidan*, but though he was instantly pursued by one of the gentlemen with a stick, he contrived to wriggle himself out of sight, with no further damage than a few raps over the tail. The bungalow at Siddapoor consists only of two mud

huts; the native village is large, and is remarkable for an avenue of magnificent trees leading to it; there is also a large tank beyond, approached by the most picturesque paths through the jungle.

A singular instance of the power of *caste* came under our notice to-day. Whilst the repairs of the broken carriage were going on, two natives passed by, one, a Brahmin, carrying a water *chatty*, the other a man of low caste. One of our party, thirsty from the heat, asked for the loan of the *chatty* to drink from; this was freely given, but the Brahmin could not receive it back in its polluted state, so it was handed to the low caste man, who, taking it to the river, scrubbed it with sand, and then returned it to the owner, in no degree the worse for having given refreshment to a party of Christians.

CHAPTER X.

FALLS OF GAIRSAPA — CROSS THE RIVER — RETURN JOURNEY IN PALKEES — THE NAWAB'S ELEPHANT — RETURN TO DHARWAR — START AGAIN — ATTACK OF DYSENTERY — REST AT BELGAUM — NEPANEE — THE RAJAH'S PALACE.

Tuesday, October 19.

A THICK mist on the hills delayed our departure till nine o'clock. The distance to Gairsapa was eighteen miles, which we divided into two stages, of which I drove the first, and rode the second, through the most lovely country it has ever been my lot to traverse. First, we crossed open glades of cultivated ground, irrigated by many a clear stream, and with the very uncommon feature in this country, of detached cottages scattered in sheltered nooks; then we entered thickly wooded hills, and wound through green passes, the scenery of which strongly reminded me of the north of Devon. Magnificent trees overshadowed our path, whilst a mass of the most delicate ferns and creeping plants were together entangled underneath. We were once enticed out of our path by the noise of fall-

ing water, and came upon a scene of fairy beauty. A tiny silver thread of water fell over some rocks on a bunch of ferns of the brightest green, to which a bright ray of sunshine had found its way through the depths of the forest. As we approached Gairsapa we could hear the roar of the great Falls, and observed a mist hanging thickly over a portion of the hill, but nothing could be seen till we arrived on the platform, on which the Collector's bungalow is built, and which immediately overlooks the top of the Falls. There are eight large Falls and many smaller ones, which fall over a ledge of rock extending quite across the narrow valley, to the depth of 900 feet, being, with two exceptions, the highest in the world. The quantity of water may be imagined, from the fact of the pool below the Falls being supposed to be 134 feet deep, and at the time of our visit the river was very full of water from the recent rains. It rises about twenty miles from the Falls, and after performing its wondrous leap, pursues a wandering course through the passes of the Western Ghauts, and falls into the sea near Honor. The great difficulty is to get a good view of the Falls from this side, as the rocks are perfectly perpendicular, so that a descent to

the bottom is impossible. A steep path leads to the bed of the river above, from whence you can cross a ridge of rocks to a large mass of granite, called the Rajah's Rock, from a tradition that a neighbouring prince once began to build a temple on it. Here, by lying down, you can look down the great Fall, and watch the numberless pigeons careering about in the mist below; but the depth is so great, it is very rarely that a glimpse can be caught of the bottom. There is another point of view, from which you can best see the two furthermost Falls, called La Dame Blanche, and the Rocket Fall, and the eye never wearies watching those graceful, ever-varying, never-ceasing wreaths of foam, rolling in masses one over the other, one of Nature's grandest, loveliest works. The jungles at this season are infested by innumerable small black leeches, which, whilst you are giving yourself up to the romantic enjoyment of the beauties of nature, rear up their heads from their mother earth, and rush at you open-mouthed, so that, in spite of every precaution, the lovers of the picturesque are generally streaming with blood from every limb, and the poor horses and dogs are equal sufferers from these ferocious little bloodsuckers. A very hard shower drenched us

during the day, but it cleared so as to enable us to spend the evening on the Rajah's Rock, where one could sit watching for ever the rushing water, and clouds of spray, sometimes reflecting every hue of the rainbow, at others sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight. The best view of the Falls is obtained from the other side, where you can descend nearly to the bed of the river. It is usual to cross in a boat a mile above the Falls, but the late flood has carried away and destroyed all the boats, the wreck of one remaining now near the Rajah's Rock; however, we have despatched messengers to bring another boat from a distance, which we hope will arrive during our stay at Gairsapa.

Wednesday, October 20.

This morning was devoted to an expedition to the top of one of the high hills in the neighbourhood, renowned for its view. We rode *tattoos* to the foot, and then scrambled up a steep path, through long grass, as high as our waists, till we attained a rock on the summit, from whence the panorama was lovely. In front was the river, winding like a silver thread towards the ranges of blue Ghauts, whose line was in one place broken by the bright waters of

an estuary, gradually widening into a long expanse of sea, with white waves breaking on the shore. Behind us was an endless rolling jungle, bounded by far distant Ghauts, and in the foreground the smiling valleys and bright green wooded hills of this enchanting district. The afternoon proved too wet for any lengthened excursion, but we never wearied of our seat upon the rocks, watching the foam and spray. The old broken boat and many large pieces of timber were set afloat, that we might watch their descent over the Falls, but after a very short time we lost sight of them in their wild leap; nothing of bodily shape ever appears to reach the bottom. A boat was brought from a distance on the heads of eighteen Coolies, so that we may hope to cross the river to-morrow, if it is not too much swollen by the rains; as it is, the water has risen so much since yesterday, that the Rajah's Rock is now in the centre of the roaring torrent.

Mr. H—— arrived to-day to join our party from Sircee, his travelling conveyance being a *monshiel*, much in vogue in Madras, and comfortable no doubt, but shutting out all view of the scenery. It consists of a hammock, in which you recline, and is covered

by a kind of portable house, the roof and the sides of which are formed of palm leaves; the whole is suspended on a long pole, and carried by six men on cross-pieces of bamboo, which they support on their heads.

Thursday, October 21.

The river rose rapidly during the night, covering the rock on which we had been seated, and the flowing robes of the white lady were of a rich cream colour. The former immense volume of water appeared doubled in quantity, and I counted thirty-two distinct channels over the rock, the ordinary number being eight or nine. We started early on tattoos, and rode through a lovely jungle path up the river for more than a mile, until we arrived at some comparatively smooth water, just below some rapids, where the boat was waiting to take us across. And *such* a craft it was, on which to cross the roaring torrent! It was about twenty feet long, and hollowed out of a single tree, flat-bottomed, and just wide enough to admit of a person sitting on the bottom! It was propelled by two natives with paddles shaped like a fish-slice, who skilfully took advantage of the rapid stream, and ferried over the whole party

in safety by three at a time. The width of the river is about that of the Thames at Richmond. The jungles on the western side are famous for wild bison, who afford great amusement to the sportsman; but though thick with trees they have not nearly so many beautiful flowers and shrubs as those on the eastern side of the river.

We followed a woodland path for a couple of miles, till we found ourselves close to the top of the Falls, and precisely opposite to the bungalow at which we resided. There is a little platform erected here, at the best point of view, and here we spread our breakfast, employing each spare moment in pulling off the leeches, who seemed to be as hungry as ourselves. We had scarcely finished our *al fresco* meal when a heavy cloud, that had threatened us for some time, burst in a torrent over our devoted heads, and spite of umbrellas, cloaks, and every possible precaution, we soon found ourselves sitting in several inches of water. However, the hilarity of the party was by no means depressed, and we almost fancied we were at a picnic in dear old England, at which *not* to rain is the exception. As soon as the rain ceased, we descended a long, steep, slippery path of steps among the rocks, till we arrived at

a large boulder, about two-thirds of the distance from the bottom, and here, after killing a venomous snake, whose domain we had invaded, we perched ourselves to enjoy the sublimity of the scene. It is impossible fully to realize the immense height of the Falls unless you descend to this point; the remainder of the distance to the bottom, which is often easily accomplished, but ill repays the fatigue and difficulties, as it is always enveloped in a cloud of mist, which shuts out the view. The shape of the Fall is a sort of double horse-shoe, and on reaching the bottom of this cavernous valley, the river winds on through a narrow channel of perpendicular rocks for some distance, but excepting at this point, it is utterly impossible to approach the bottom of the Falls. The whole width of the river is about a quarter of a mile, and the rocks are covered in every crevice with the most delicate and beautiful ferns, the gems of our stove-houses at home. I can never forget the grandeur of that roaring mass of water and foam, descending immediately in front of us, apparently from the sky above our heads, to an immeasurable abyss beneath our feet.

We returned through the woods by the

same path along which we came, without visiting, as we had intended, a small bungalow on this side of the water, commanding a view of the Falls; and recrossing the river without further adventure, reached home in time to escape another storm. We all regretted that our last evening at Gairsapa had arrived, and we spent it, as usual, on the rocks, till damp and darkness drove us to the shelter of our bungalow.

Sunday, October 24.

We left beautiful Gairsapa with many regrets early on Friday morning, and retraced our steps to Sircee, only stopping on the way to breakfast at Siddapoor, and to allow the gentlemen to pursue a large bison, which they did unsuccessfully. We got over the worst part of the road on horseback, thus avoiding accidents and delays. At Sircee we dined, and at ten P.M. started in *palkees* on our return journey, which was to be straight along the high road to Dharwar. We found it very slow travelling, as here you can only get relays of common Coolies, who carry the *palkees* by cross bars on their heads, and they have to be roused and collected at each stage, so that dawn was breaking as we left Parla, and we were five tedious hours getting through the next stage of thirteen miles; and

though the scenery of the jungle must always be lovely, the tedium and confinement of a *palkee* does not allow you to enjoy it.

On arriving at Mundergode, we found that the order for posting Coolies for us had never reached this place, so, as it is a work of time to procure them from the surrounding country, we were obliged to content ourselves with resting during the day, hoping to be able to go on at night. There was a small bungalow in which we took up our quarters, and fortunately we had brought a chicken and some bread and beer with us from Sircee, which, with some milk, eggs, and plantains, brought from the village, produced a sumptuous repast; and when the day grew cool, we strolled in the neighbouring jungle, which however had here lost much of its beauty. Returning from our walk, the sun set, and we remembered that we had no means of procuring a light, but after much persuasion the *peon* in charge of the bungalow was induced to bring us a native one, which being a small wick in an earthen saucer of oil, gave the smallest possible amount of light. I was very tired by this time, and almost in despair of our being able to proceed, so I lay down in the palkee, and eventually, at about nine o'clock, some wretched bearers arrived, who were five hours

accomplishing the twelve miles to Turrus. Here we found the Nawab of Savanoor's elephant waiting to carry us the next stage to Hooblee, and after a moonlight meal off the remainder of our provisions, we climbed up into the *howdah* and set forward. The *howdah* is a kind of house fastened on the elephant's back, and this one had pillars all round of red, green, and gold, with little looking-glasses in them. It was open between the pillars, but could be closed at will by curtains of red silk. Inside the *howdah* there was a large pillow to recline against, but as the whole depth of the thing was only about six inches, the doubled-up, constrained position is very fatiguing to Europeans, and the elbow-room for two persons very limited. The elephant was dressed in a sort of petticoat of red and green, a collar of little bells round his neck, and two large bells swinging at his side; his *mahout*, seated on his neck, drove him with an iron spike, and a mounted Sepoy of the Nawab's and several people on foot were in attendance. The motion, a slow but violent jerk backwards and forwards, soon became unbearable in our constrained position, and we were obliged to put our feet out at the front windows, and then,

after a time, I went to sleep. The pace of the elephant is very slow on a journey, not much more than three miles an hour, so that it was half-past eight A.M. on this (Sunday) morning, when we dismounted at the Collector's bungalow at Hooblee, and sent the huge animal back, with many salaams to the Nawab. He was an enormous and splendid beast, and his face was painted in patterns with red paint. At Hooblee we found horses sent out to meet us, and cantered into Dharwar as fast as we could to get shelter from a very hot sun, where bath and breakfast were by no means unpleasant luxuries to those who had been travelling unceasingly for three days. I found, on my return, that we are to pack up and be off in a couple of days, as Captain F—— is expected to-morrow to take over the battery. We drove to evening church with a new pair of bullocks, intended as supplementary ones to help ours on the road, and they appear to be good ones.

Tuesday, October 26.

Two days of severe labour, mental and bodily, including packing, paying and receiving money, settling disputes among refractory *tattoowallas* and *garywallas*, and the difficulties expe-

rienced in actually starting the carts and servants, which are enough to drive one out of one's senses. Added to this we had to attend a theatrical performance by the soldiers, got up expressly in our honour, and to bid good-bye to those kind friends with whom we had lived for so many months in daily and hourly intimacy, and I fear that the last dinner given to us by Mr. G—— was by no means so hilarious a meeting as had been intended.

Wednesday, October 27.

Parted with poor old James (our soldier servant) who is almost heartbroken at being obliged to be left behind and give up the care of the baby; and after starting the latter young gentleman with the Ayah in our *gary*, L—— and I mounted our horses, and after bidding a few more good-byes rode out, accompanied by several of our friends, to the travellers' bungalow at Tehgoor, about twelve miles on the Belgaum-road; where we arrived to breakfast. We had intended pushing on to Hooblee in the evening, but the dâk laid for our *gary* failed, so we were compelled to remain at Tehgoor, though without our beds or luggage, which had gone on before. Our friends remained to spend

the day with us, and towards evening the gentlemen took their guns, and we walked through the light jungle of the surrounding hills, to see if any game was procurable, but no living thing was to be seen, except a few sheep and bullocks grazing. We were obliged to dine by daylight, having no candles, and had great difficulty afterwards in procuring a country wick and light. After dinner we sat talking over the merry days of the past months, till the bright stars warned our friends that they had a long ride before them; and when they were gone L—— and I dressed ourselves ready for an early start, and wrapping ourselves in a *cumbly* (or country plaid) with a coat rolled for a pillow, lay down and slept soundly; baby being very well provided for, in the cushions of the *gary*, spread with shawls on the floor.

Thursday, October 28.

We left Tehgoor about six, and arrived at Hooblee between nine and ten. The bullocks we had laid on for the *gary* proved very bad ones, and they were so long on the road that I got quite uneasy about baby, and sent out some broth to meet him on a Coolie's head. The Hooblee river was now very full of water, so we

had to dismount and have the horses made to swim over, whilst we were carried to a boat on the shoulders of two men, whose sole article of clothing consisted in a little blue apron, about four inches square; but I clung to my tawny supporters like grim death, being several times alarmed lest they should drop me into the water! The weather has now quite changed; the nice damp warmth of the monsoon has disappeared, and given way to what is called the *cold* weather, that is to say, the early mornings are very chilly, and the wind all day is east, and consequently dry and treacherous, while the sky is unclouded and the sun burning.

In the evening we walked by the side of the large tank at Hooblee, which is shaded by a mound covered with splendid trees, under whose branches there is a mosque and a burial ground. I began to feel unwell, with symptoms of dysentery, making me glad of the prospect of reaching Belgaum to-morrow, where medical advice is procurable.

Friday, October 29.

We left Hooblee at daybreak, and rode sixteen miles into Belgaum by nine o'clock. I sent for the doctor, and decided on resting here over Sunday.

Monday, November 1.

For the last two days I have been condemned to lie on my bed without moving, and kept on a very spare allowance of rice *conjee*, the very nastiest mixture of hot water, rice, and salt, that was ever invented. This morning, as a further delay was impossible for L——, I was put into a palkee, as I was not considered fit to mount my horse, and so performed, in about five hours, the eighteen miles' stage to Soutguttee. After crossing the bare plain, in which stands Belgaum,—brown and ugly even now, such a contrast to beautiful *green* Dharwar, and the Southern jungles,—we came to prettily wooded hills, among which the road wound, passing occasional groups of magnificent trees, till at the bottom of a long descent we came suddenly upon the bungalow at Soutguttee, with its far-famed banyan tree in a field near the road. In the evening, as I could not walk, L—— put me on one of the *tattoos*, and we strolled down to the great tree. It has five or six principal stems, each as large as an enormous oak, besides smaller ones innumerable, and there are such quantities of pendent roots that, if the world lasts long enough, it bids fair to be the parent of a forest. There is a

little village here, and a square Fort, with round towers at the corners, apparently in good repair, situated on the banks of a river, which rushing over a rocky bed is here very pretty, as it winds under and through wooded hills, where we heard the peacocks screaming as they went to roost.

Tuesday, November 2.

Our journey was only ten miles to-day to Gotoor; and, though I felt weak at first, the easy paces of my beautiful Arab enabled me to get through the journey better than I expected. Immediately on leaving Soutguttee, we had to ford the river, with the water up to our saddles; and then, ascending a long hill, we looked back on the lovely smiling valley of Soutguttee, embosomed in wooded hills, and emerged on the bare plains of the Deccan, dotted here and there with abrupt hills, crowned with Forts; besides which every tiny village is walled and fortified. We had two other rivers to cross, not so deep as the first; but the road was very bad, being quite washed away, before arriving at the bungalow at Gotoor, which is situated close to an uninteresting ruinous village, and overlooks a wide extent of plain, and four remarkable hills, with their crowning Forts.

Wednesday, November 3.

Our ride this morning was a beautiful one, skirting the base of the fort-crowned hills, and passing a town whose massive towered gates were very picturesque. Leaving the hills, our road ascended gently, till we suddenly found ourselves on the top of an abrupt ridge—down which the road was carried in a zigzag. A few miles farther in the plain lay the town and bungalow of Nepanee. This is the territory of a native Rajah; and the land is in a very neglected and ill-cultivated state. Near the bungalow is a very large and handsome palace, formerly the residence of the reigning family; but, since the decay of their fortunes, it has been abandoned for a smaller one in the town.

We sent our salaams to the Rajah, with a request to be allowed to see the palace, and were answered by an announcement that he intended to pay his respects to us at three o'clock. Shortly after this we had a visit from his Vakeel, or Secretary, who had been brought up at the English school in Poona, and could speak very fair English. L—— received him, whilst I was lying down in an inner room; and, on hearing the Mem Sahib was not very well, he offered to prescribe some native powder for

me; of which, however, I declined availing myself. At the appointed time the Rajah's cavalcade was seen approaching. He was mounted on a prancing white horse, with a red and yellow saddle. The animal was coarse and underbred; but trained to execute elaborate curvettings. A man ran by the Rajah's side, carrying a crimson satin fan, to shade him from the sun. The Prime Minister and Vakeel accompanied him on horseback. An escort of five *sowars* caracoled round about in the most approved native fashion; whilst crowds of attendants, on foot, completed the *cortége*.

We had chairs and a carpet in the verandah, ready to receive our guest, who is a young man, with a remarkably sinister expression of countenance, and stupid withal, as he scarcely spoke a word himself, leaving the customary civilities to his Ministers. He was very simply dressed, in a white linen jacket, and *pyjamas*, with a plum-coloured border, and a turban of the same colour; his only ornaments being a necklace of large onyxes, two pearls in each ear, and a handsome ring. After a few minutes our guests departed, leaving a small elephant, with a fine red howdah, for us to ride upon, and return the visit. We dined as soon as

they were gone; and then, accompanied by our friend, the Vakeel, who had returned to act as cicerone, we mounted the elephant, and were conducted through the large, but very dirty and miserable town of Nepanee, to the once strong Fort (one side of which has just been blown away by our engineers, as a matter of precaution, to prevent future mischief); which we entered under a tall archway, and across a moat, filled with water, and dismounted at the gate of the palace, now inhabited by the Rajah.

The gate itself was a good specimen of the Moorish arch, with handsome carving in stone all round it: entering, we found ourselves in a square court, the opposite side of which was occupied by a double wooden verandah, with elaborately carved pillars and cornices. Ascending to the lower verandah, which was littered with harness, and boxes, and dirty rubbish of every description, we advanced across an inner court, where were four or five pretty tame gazelles, and were shown into a small room with a carpet, and a row of chairs; and here we sat in solemn *durbar* for a few minutes, whilst betel-nut, and rags dipped in oil of sandal-wood, were handed round, and necklaces of yellow flowers hung round our necks.

The young Rajah showed more animation in his own house; but he has a *bad* look about his eye. A few years since, this family were very rich and powerful, and had a revenue of seven lacs of rupees. How it happened I do not exactly know; but somehow, John Company found that it was not prudent to allow so much power and wealth to remain in native hands; and so the Rajahs of Nepanee were eased of their superfluous riches, and left with a small territory only worth about 1,500*l.* a year. The present Rajah has one wife (who excused herself from receiving me, on the plea of not speaking our language), but no son; so, as our Government refuse to recognize adoption, the small remaining territory will lapse to Queen Victoria on his death; and as it is impossible for the people and land to be in worse condition, there is every hope they may improve under her rule.

At the *durbar* a few complimentary speeches were made, expressive of the joy felt by the Rajah at seeing us, and his hopes that we would come again, &c.; then an opinion was expressed that the English were *all good people*, but *natives very bad*—to this we had to make suitable rejoinder, and then rose to

go. We were now conducted through another court, where the horses were kept; and a more filthy stable it is impossible to conceive! In short, the state of the whole palace would have disgraced an English pigsty; and some traces of painting on the walls were blackened and obliterated by dirt. Among the stud was one splendid animal, a bay, sixteen hands high, and very powerful; and of him the Rajah, who is fond of hunting, seemed justly proud. There were besides a few coarse, fat, strong horses, and half a dozen *tattoos*, besides a fine old mare and her foal. We took our leave outside the palace; and, still escorted by the Vakeel and the *sowars*, remounted the elephant, and returned home. We could not help being amused at the rapacity of the *mahout;* who, at first starting, the moment we entered the howdah, began to bargain for *chirimiri*, or backshish. We took the Vakeel to see our stud of horses and bullocks, of which he expressed admiration; then, sitting down for a few minutes, he suddenly exclaimed, interrogatively, "I may go?" and so departed.

CHAPTER XI.

CROSSING A RIVER—NATIVE HOUSE—KOLAPORE—THE MUTINY—THE MAHARAJAH'S EQUIPAGE—THE PALACE—DANCING ELEPHANT—UNINTERESTING JOURNEY—SATTARA—RANEE'S PALACE AND GARDENS—FORT—HOLY FISH—ARRIVE AT POONA.

Thursday, November 4.

LEAVING Nepanee at dawn we passed through a strong gateway and fortification, built across the road, (truly the peace of the world required that these turbulent Rajahs should be restrained,) and continued along a flat, ugly country, though with a range of fine hills in the background, to the banks of a wide river, the current of which was exceedingly strong, though, by following exactly the track of our guide, the water did not reach the saddles. The *gary* with the baby was close behind us, and we waited to see him safely across: when about half-way over, the bullocks swerved from the right direction, and down went one wheel into a hole, where it stuck fast, all the efforts of bullocks and drivers only appearing to endanger upsetting the carriage,

without getting it out of the hole. I got dreadfully alarmed for the safety of the child, and had him taken out and carried to the shore, and at last, with the assistance of Coolies to man the wheels, the *gary* was brought out in safety. After crossing another river in a boat, we entered on the independent territory of Kargul; the fields teemed with beautiful crops and gardens, and groves of trees lined the road as we approached the little town, through which the road is carried; the entrance is through a strong gate, enfiladed on both sides by a loopholed wall. In the centre of the town are two very large and handsome native houses, having turrets at each corner painted in patterns, red, white, and yellow. The windows are all on the upper storey, and through those that were open we saw elaborate paintings in green and red on the inner walls. One of the houses is the property of the Nawab, son to the prime minister of Hindu Rao, and, pending a disputed right of inheritance, he governs this state as a fief, held under the Maharajah of Kolapore. Passing through the town we took up our quarters at a bungalow, which is private property, and proportionately bad. In the evening a peon

arrived to take us to see a little cottage, supposed to be in the English style, belonging to the Nawab, and where, if we had known it, we might have stayed. It was situated in a cool and pretty garden, shaded by cypresses, and had some attempt at furniture, in the shape of couches and mirrors, but I doubt not the mosquitos are rampant there.

Thence we were conducted to see the Nawab's palace, a very good specimen of a well-ordered house, belonging to a native of rank. He was himself absent, but his wife sent civil messages to us. We rode through two courts, and alighted at the usual verandahed front of the *durbar*, or hall of reception, the walls of which were prettily painted: it was occupied by writers transacting business, and here I learned that the numerous niches so universal in the walls of native houses are the receptacles of papers or any stray article, which we should find place for on tables or in drawers. We were taken to the upper storey by a steep dark stair, and found it not divided into rooms, but consisting of three long galleries round the court, with windows looking on the street, evidently as popular as the club windows in London. Thence we ascended to the roof, which had

galleries all round for promenades, and little belvedere towers at each corner, commanding beautiful views over the adjacent country. Every part of the house was very clean and nice, but there was no attempt at furniture, except carpets in the *durbar*. Before returning to our bungalow we threaded the narrow and intricate lanes of the town, and inspected a Fort on the opposite side, now used as a prison, and guarded by native troops, who are here permitted to bear arms. The festival of the Dewallee is now going on, and the town was brilliantly illuminated, the principal houses being lighted architecturally by rows of torches round the cornices.

Friday, November 5.

We rode ten miles into Kolapore this morning, along the most execrable road, often traversing masses of sheet rock, and then descending into boggy *nullahs;*—being the property of a native state no trouble is taken about it, and often during the monsoon it is wholly impassable. Wherever our Government has the superintendence of the roads, they are in general very good, the small *nullahs* being bridged over; but at the large rivers, where the expense of bridging would be great, you are

left to take your chance, and get over in the best way you can. The Station at Kolapore is situated on an arid plain, scarcely enlivened by a tree, but with a fine background of Ghauts to bound the view. The old city lies two miles away, embosomed in foliage, out of which peep the summits of some of its temples and towers. We were most hospitably received by Captain S——, assistant Political Agent and Commandant of the corps of local police, from whom I received the following account of the transactions here in July 1857. For some time sinister reports had prevailed of the disaffection of the 27th Regiment, Bombay N. I., the only troops in the Station, except a few irregular horse and the police; there was not a single European, except the officers and their wives, the Resident, and the civilians and their families. At length, on July 31st, just after my informant had gone to bed, firing was heard in the native lines. He immediately got up and ran to his own regiment—the police—to see that they remained staunch. It was found that a portion of the 27th were in open mutiny, and were firing into the mess-house and officers' bungalows, but, fortunately, in a desultory manner, and without killing any one. But now com-

menced the real tragedy: three poor young officers thinking remaining in their bungalows was certain death, set off together to try and escape to the coast. They wandered through the night, barefooted and bareheaded, and at length lay down to rest in a temple. Meantime the mutinous Sepoys, cowardly as they were disaffected, were dispersed by a few volleys from the faithful police, and took to flight along the only road passable, on account of the recent rains, and coming upon their poor young officers sleeping, barbarously murdered them.

It is satisfactory to know that the rebels, continuing their march into the Koncan, met with far less sympathy than they expected, and were nearly to a man destroyed by want and sickness. During this fearful night, the wife of our informant was left alone in her bungalow, when some native officers of the police came to her, and assuring her that she was no longer safe, besought her to commit herself to their care, which she did, and they concealed her for a time in a hut in their own lines, from whence they escorted her to the Residency, where the rest of the ladies had assembled, and where for long they slept every night, guarded by the faithful police. The rest of the 27th

Regiment were disarmed, their number changed to the 31st, and all those among them executed who were found to have been ringleaders of the mutiny. Thus began and ended the Sepoy rebellion at Kolapore, but the English residents were not long suffered to rest in security. Throughout the ensuing months reports were rife that the brother of the Maharajah, who was known to be in correspondence with Nana Sahib, was using every effort to persuade the natives to rise and murder all the Europeans, and night after night men might be seen lurking behind the bushes in the Compounds, withheld in a wonderful way by their natural awe of the Sahibs, from an open outbreak. At length, on the 6th December, a large body of rebels collected, and being admitted into the city by some traitors among the Maharajah's troops, proceeded to attack his Highness himself in his palace, which was however held by the police. Meantime the rebels shut the city gates, and threw themselves into a small Fort in the town; but their triumph was short. Next morning General Jacob, principal Political Agent, advanced against them with a little band of picked men from the police and irregulars, blew open the gates, and took the Fort; (it was

here, in leading the storming party, that Lieutenant Kerr, of the Southern Mahratta Horse, gained the Victoria Cross;) and now short trials and speedy executions were for some time the order of the day; the traitor prince was seized and sent for his health beyond sea, and all has been quiet since at Kolapore.

Saturday, November 6.

We remained guests of Captain S——'s for to-day to give rest to our cattle and servants. As our host's carriage was, for some reason or other, not available, he sent to request the loan of the Maharajah's to take us to see the city and palace, and accordingly it arrived for us in the afternoon, escorted by a *sowar*. Such a vehicle! originally an ugly green English britska, but little of the former paint remained, and one wheel had been replaced by a native one, wholly innocent of the brush! The cushions were covered with a once gorgeous crimson and yellow damask, now rags and dirt; the horses, once good, were aged veterans, from whom the rotten pieces of old English harness dropped as we drove along, and the ghorra-wallas were as dirty as can well be imagined! It was rather late when we started, to avoid a

kind of saturnalia, which, till sunset, had been going on in the palace court, in honour of the Dewallee festival, during the continuance of which it is customary for the fakeers to divest themselves of even the limited amount of clothes usually worn! The old city is approached by fording a river, and threading the usual dirty suburb; after which you pass through a series of strong Fort gates, and come suddenly upon the great gateway of the palace court, a truly magnificent building. It is of black stone, highly polished, and elaborately carved, and contains in its upper stories numerous small apartments, with black polished floors, walls, and ceilings, divided by pillars of the same material. The entrance to the court of the palace is through the centre arch, while the two side arches form the stables of two enormous elephants. The original design evidently was, to complete the whole palace in the same style as the gateway, two small towers to correspond having been begun; but probably the expense was found to be too great, and the rest of the large pile of buildings is built of wood and plaister, gaily painted. Whilst I was endeavouring to make a slight sketch of the gateway, the Maharajah's "Dancing Elephant"

was brought from his abode under the arch to perform before us. He was a very large one, and his face and trunk were painted in patterns with blue, green, and red paint. His *dancing* consisted in rearing and bounding forward, with an activity quite wonderful in so ponderous a beast, and then, in obedience to the orders of his *mahout*, executing a series of quick shuffles round the courtyard; though how the latter contrived to keep his seat on the huge beast's neck during all these prancings, remained a mystery. His Highness's favourite charger was next brought out for our inspection, a handsome and very powerful grey, with a long tail dyed crimson, though, to our ideas, much too fat; he too was made to curvet and execute wonderful bounds into the air, really surprising in a poor animal whose head was tightly tied into his chest by the native martingale. These exhibitions over, we walked to see the great temple in an adjoining court. Of Jain origin, and built of polished black stone, its pillars, walls, and cornices most delicately and elaborately carved, it has had pointed Hindu white domes added on to it at a later date, and the carving suffered a good deal, when the city was taken by the Muhammedans under the Emperor

Aurengzéb. Altogether, with its varied shape, vast extent, and the arches and cloisters by which it is approached, this temple must rank as one of the most magnificent and beautiful of the architectural remains of ancient India.

The numerous small tanks in the courts of the temple were to-day thronged with gaily dressed natives; some of the younger girls had splendid eyes, and were altogether less ugly than usual. The trees in the courts were hung with strings of bright paper lanthorns, to be illuminated at dark. We were not allowed to enter the temple itself, as it is looked upon as remarkably holy, but we looked into a small shrine in one of the courts, which was lighted up, and it contained an idol dressed in tinsel and covered with jewels, just the very model of many a saint I have seen in Christian Europe. On our return to the palace I waited, whilst the gentlemen made salaams to the Maharajah, who is a quiet, inoffensive man, content to enjoy his empty state, denuded of even the shadow of power! His chief amusement is in shooting, and he has frequent *battues* for hares and wild fowl, which abound in the neighbourhood. We were escorted through the city by flambeau-bearers, as it was dark before we left the palace.

Sunday, November 7.

We were obliged to continue our journey to-day, as the allowance of time to an officer proceeding to join his regiment, is a day for every twelve miles, and we were already behind-hand, owing to the delay occasioned by my illness at Belgaum. We had to cross the river, about two miles from the Station at Kolapore, and being wide and deep it was an operation that took a considerable time. The horses required a little persuasion before they would jump into the boat; the bullocks were made to swim over: the road also was extremely bad, so that it was ten o'clock before we arrived at the bungalow at Kinnie to breakfast. The sun in these plains is very scorching, and the hot wind blows all day, dry and disagreeable, and oh! so different to moist, cool Dharwar.

Just at dusk, as we were watching the departure of our carts, an English gentleman rode up, and asked for a little refreshment, of which, unfortunately, we had very little to offer him, as our provisions had gone on for the next day. He was riding post into Kolapore.

Monday, November 8.

The stage of eighteen miles to Pait Nerla, is

over a remarkably arid and uninteresting country, and the travellers' bungalow is situated on a barren piece of rocky ground, very glaring and hot. At the precise moment of our arrival, two palkees approached from the opposite direction, and we found them to contain two ladies of our acquaintance, who were travelling from Poona to Belgaum, escorted by a gentleman on horseback, and also accompanied by an English maid. This was a somewhat inconvenient addition to our party, as the whole accommodation at the little bungalows on this road consists in three small rooms: however, there was no help for it, and we passed a very agreeable day together, making common stock of both breakfast and dinner, and happily at night the ladies determined to push on another stage, leaving us in undisturbed possession.

The road is now nothing but a track, worn smooth in places, but quite broken away at every small *nullah*. The crops on the black soil are magnificent, particularly the grain called Jewaree, which grows higher than the head of a man on horseback. The ear in some degree resembles a bullrush, and the grassy leaves belonging to the stalk are used dry instead of hay, and are considered very nutriti-

ous for horses; they are called Kerby. Sugar-cane is also much cultivated here, and is a very pretty crop, with its graceful pointed leaves. Chilies and cotton are also very abundant: the former, now being gathered and laid on the ground to dry, look at a distance like a scarlet carpet; and the graceful castor-oil plant is much used for hedges. Gourds and melons, and numerous grains both for oil and food, are also cultivated. There are large fires lighted at night, to keep the herds of wild pig out of the corn, and all day men and boys, often mounted on little platforms, keep up the most diabolical noise to protect the crops from the depredations of birds.

Tuesday, November 9.

The road was worse than yesterday, and after fifteen miles we came to Kurar, a large town on the banks of a deep wide river, which we shall have to cross to-morrow. So few travellers, excepting troops, ever are seen in this country that we create quite a sensation, and the Mamlut-dhar of the place sent his salaam and an offer of every assistance in his power to get our things over the river. I suppose the average would not exceed six private families in the year, travelling on this

the Grand Trunk Road of the Bombay Presidency, and if ever moving is made easier and more general, some better accommodation will have to be made, than the very small and uncomfortable bungalows, which, however, have the merit of cleanliness. Kurar is very prettily situated on a rocky height overhanging the river, and has the remains of strong fortifications; it possesses a doubtful character for loyalty, and Nana Sahib is the proprietor of a house here. We amused ourselves for some time during our evening stroll, watching the country people from the opposite bank carrying burthens through the ford into the town, the water being up to their shoulders: one woman in particular, carrying something on her head, emerged from the water, scantily but quite decently clothed; and laying down her burthen, she very quickly and gracefully wound her *saree* around her, (which she had carried high above the water in her hand,) and dropping the wet cloth which had been bound round her body, she proceeded, dry and smart, to do her errand in the town.

There is a very large and handsome mosque, situated in the centre of the principal bazaar, to a nearer inspection of which we were attracted by its tall and graceful minarets.

Wednesday, November 10.

The crossing of the river was effected with great success, the *gary* being placed in a large flat-bottomed boat, and the bullocks swam over, whilst our horses were led through the ford. The road to Atteet (eighteen miles) is very flat and tiresome, and extremely bad, though the distant Ghauts always afford pretty views. The bungalow is well placed near some trees on the banks of a small stream.

Thursday, November 11.

A pretty ride of ten miles along a nicely wooded valley, enclosed in an amphitheatre of fine hills, among which we wound, and emerged into another valley on the other side, brought us to the pretty little Station of Sattara, with its white bungalows and green trees. We were met, on our arrival, by Captain S——, who most kindly undertook to entertain us, though total strangers, during our stay. I was obliged in the first place to send for a doctor to prescribe for an inflamed eye, which had been giving me much pain and annoyance for some days past, and after applying a lotion, which gave me excruciating pain, I was ordered to put on leeches. They were brought from the

hospital for my use, by the most horrible looking old woman, who is kept to attend to them, and were tied up in a rag, with some lumps of earth. The animals themselves were bright green, with yellow stripes, quite a different variety from the black leeches at Gairsapa, which resembled their English brethren; however, they were hungry and did their duty, and gave almost instant relief to my pain. In the evening Captain and Mrs. S—— took us to see the palace belonging to the Rajah of Sattara, who for treasonable practices is now our prisoner in Bombay; the Ranee is still allowed to live here. The Durbar Hall is a splendid apartment, 150 feet long, lighted at night by innumerable glass chandeliers, and along each side are rows of fountains, the effect of which must have been very beautiful. We next went to the palace garden, which was closely planted with rows of cocoa-nut and betel-nut, palms and plantains, with a few roses and other flowers underneath, and was traversed by paved walks intersecting one another at right angles. The sun's rays did not penetrate, and it was deliciously cool and refreshing. There are several square tanks in the garden, with bathing-rooms attached, and different little bungalows,

two of which contain rooms, with walls and ceilings of looking-glass. Two other rooms are entirely covered with water-coloured pictures, portraits, some of them palpably the work of a French artist, whilst others are native productions, but all, whether by European or Indian artists, represent the beauties of the Zenana as *white*, very fair! From the gardens we went to see the Ranee's stud, many of them splendid horses, and all kept doing nothing, in a fine range of clean airy stables; and here we saw a baby elephant of three years old, whose boy-mahout he was already learning to obey.

The palace stands in a handsome square of the native town of Sattara, the streets of which generally are wider and handsomer than those of any I have seen. The situation is beautiful, on sloping ground, overhung by a fort-crowned rock, with all the roads lined by avenues of fine trees, and looking over the green Station, and across a wide plain, to the purple Ghauts bounding the horizon. Driving homewards we stopped to see a tunnel, by means of which a road has been carried through a rocky hill to the villages in a valley on the other side, and the view was lovely in the glow of sunset.

Friday, November 12.

We remained at Sattara to-day, spending the time with our hospitable friends, and it was amusing to see the wonder evinced by the baby, at finding himself in the midst of four little people of his own age and upwards, he having evidently hitherto considered himself the only baby in the world. In the evening we drove to the foot of the hill on which the Fort is built, and getting into palkees, were borne up a steep and narrow path, and through the usual zigzag gateways to the interior, which is in good repair, and guarded by fine old towers. The view on each side is magnificent. The interior is large, and contains many fine trees, and a palace where a turbulent Rajah was imprisoned for eighteen years. There are also the ruins of a Hindu Temple of great reputed sanctity, in front of which is a tank literally swarming with sacred fish, who are considered too holy to be killed, and are fed with grain twice a day at the expense of Government. Some rice was brought and thrown into the water, when it was a curious sight to see the struggling mass of living creatures, fighting, leaping, splashing, and disputing over the grains of rice; absolutely millions of little moving bodies! This Fort

capitulated to our forces after a few days' siege in 1818, since which time the Rajahs were permitted to enjoy a nominal sovereignty under our *protection* till last year, when, finding that the Rajah and his brother were extensively concerned in the rebellion in the north-west, they were seized and sent prisoners to Bombay.

Saturday, November 13.

We again set forward on our travels, though rather later than usual, being delayed by horse-dealing transactions, which resulted in the purchase of a *tattoo;* the road crossed the plain and gradually ascended to a higher level; it was very good, the *nullahs* being crossed by fine bridges, just what the rest of the road ought to be, and the views either way very pretty. Our stage was fourteen miles to Deewa, where the bungalow is prettily situated in a grove of fine trees. We found it occupied by a party of dragoons bringing horses to Sattara, but they soon pitched their tents, and got out of our way. In one of the rooms there remained a poor sick young Englishman, a clerk in the telegraph department, who was proceeding quite alone to Poona, and was prostrate with fever. He was very grateful for

some quinine which I gave him, and before long was able to continue his journey in his *gary*. After a pleasant stroll in the evening we retired to bed as usual, but not to *rest*, for though in this country one gets so entirely accustomed to the presence of rats and mice that you think little about them, still the noise of something gnawing and munching was so extraordinary, that it made one sit up to see by what animal it could be caused, and we beheld leaping from the table, where he had been feasting on biscuit, an enormous *bandecoute*, a creature of the rat species, but as big as a cat! Waiting till we were sure he had made his escape through a broken window-pane, we erected a ponderous barricade, consisting of carpet-bags, books, and every thing solid we possessed, first taking care to put the remains of his supper outside the window, and then once more endeavoured to woo the sleepy god; alas! in vain, as swarms of smaller vermin infesting this bungalow determined to prevent our rest.

Sunday, November 14.

We rode twenty-one miles into Neera Bridge by nine o'clock, over the most desolate and barren country I ever saw, absolutely nothing

green to be seen, except a few stunted young trees planted by the roadside. We descended a steep Ghaut from the plateau on which Deewa is situated, and forded a wide river at Neera, the bridge having been broken for some years, and no steps taken to repair it. The bungalow is very small and dusty, close to the high road, with a few wretched huts around it.

Monday, November 15.

A vehicle, misnamed a phaeton, which we had ordered to meet us here, to take us straight into Poona, in advance of our baggage, arrived during the night, and at dawn, loading it with all necessary articles, and accompanied by the ayah, and one servant, we took our seats, and prepared for a start. The horses however were of a different mind, and after enduring for a quarter of an hour sundry violent plunges, backings, and turnings, having an imminent tendency to upset or break the crazy vehicle, we got out till the point at issue between beasts and driver should be settled. One of the animals evinced so decided an objection to leaving the village, that at last we insisted on having him changed, and then were enabled to proceed on our way. We stopped to break-

fast at Jeejura, a village full of fine trees, behind which rises a steep rock, crowned by a celebrated temple dedicated to some of the vilest rites of the Hindus, and supported by a grant from the English Government! ! At the next stage, Sassoor, we saw the ruins of a fine old palace of Nana Sahib's, and further on a strong Fort at the foot of a range of hills, between two of which we gently ascended, and then wound down a long Ghaut into the plain of Poona, which looked as dusty, hot, and dry as when we left it nine months ago. We found, by the kindness of our old friends, our former house prepared for our reception, and servants ready to attend upon us. Our stay here will however only be to wait the arrival of our baggage, as L—— is to hurry on to join his troop, now in the field somewhere in the direction of Mhow, being attached to the cavalry division of the Central Indian Field Force.

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNEY TO AHMEDNUGGER—TOMB OF THE SISTERS—PREPARATIONS FOR ACTIVE SERVICE—DEPARTURE OF CAPTAIN PAGET — SOLITARY LIFE — SUMMONED TO MHOW—START AGAIN—JUNGLE FEVER—THE BHEELS—ARRIVAL AT MALLIGAWM—CHRISTMAS EVE.

Friday, November 19.

THE last three days have been spent in laying in a stock of necessaries for L—— to take into the field, and in worries and difficulties without number, connected with our servants, who almost all refuse to go a step farther, and no fresh ones from this place can be induced to go up country. We had to threaten the contumacious with flogging, and bribe them by the promise of double wages. At this moment, with the immense influx of European troops into the country, it is very difficult to get any respectable servants, as the very lowest and most disreputable caste think it easy to impose on fresh comers, and flourishing written characters are easily bought in the bazaar. Our carts arrived on Wednesday, and the things transferred to fresh vehicles were sent on again

yesterday, while we are ordered to proceed post to Ahmednugger,—a useless expense, as we must wait there for horses and baggage. Accordingly we left Poona in a phaeton at six this morning, and travelled all day over a wide plain through a most uninteresting country, occasionally cultivated, but often barren and stony, and always dry, brown, and dusty. The road was good, except at occasional dips into the beds of rivers. We changed horses at about every seven miles, and at every second stage we had some arrowroot warmed for baby, who kept up his character of a good traveller, through this long hot day. Upsets and accidents are frequent with the crazy vehicles employed on these roads, and as we were heavily laden we were fortunate to escape, particularly as there seemed to be great doubts about our wheels; which at every stage required greasing, and were several times taken off.

At Seroor, about half-way, there is a small station, and a wide river to cross, which was now too shallow to allow of the boat being used, but, apparently, there was a difficulty about the horses drawing the carriage through the very soft deep sand of which the bottom is composed, so they were taken off, and we were

drawn down a steep bank, through the river, and up the opposite side, by about twenty shouting, chattering Coolies, innocent of garments, and vociferous for backshish. Towards evening we approached some hills, quite a relief after the monotony of the plain, and about eight o'clock, by the light of a glorious moon, we entered the Station of Ahmednugger, abounding in fine trees, and appearing like an oasis in the desert; and were hospitably received at the bungalow of the Brigadier commanding. The distance from Poona, which we had been fourteen hours in performing, is about seventy miles.

Saturday, November 20.

We do not know how to settle our plans; it appears as if I could not accompany L—— any farther, as he will have to put his baggage on tattoos, and travel faster than the bullock-*gary* with baby, could keep up; then it is quite uncertain *where* his troop is, no one here has any intelligence, and the last news of Tantia Topee is, that he is in the neighbourhood of Asseerghur, which is on the direct route between this place and Mhow. If I remain here I fear I shall have difficulty in getting a house, as they are very scarce, and the first choice be-

longs to officers quartered in the Station. I had thoughts of pushing on to Aurengabad, but am advised against it, as the number of European troops is very small there, and the Station is considered somewhat unprotected. We went to-day to see Mrs. A—— whom we had known in Poona, and found her living in such a pretty place, quite in the country, like a house in England. The two sitting-rooms of her house are made out of the interior of two large tombs called The Sisters, from a tradition of their being the burial places of two twin granddaughters of the great Emperor Aurenzéb, who in a fit of anger killed one, and the other died of grief. A bungalow is attached to them on one side, containing bedrooms, and the whole stands in a pretty garden, surrounded with fine trees, about a mile from the cantonment.

Monday, November 22.

L—— had his tent and baggage packed on eight *tattoos*, ready for starting, which were picketed at the door of the guard-room, in the Brigadier's Compound; and yet, during the night, their owners had contrived to decamp with them, and were nowhere to be found this morning—so greatly do the natives dislike being

sent with an officer on service. To-day a fresh lot had to be pressed, and ponies bought for each of the servants; who, notwithstanding the increase in their pay promised to them at Poona, here rebelled again, and demanded ponies, warm clothes, and field *batta*—all which demands an unfortunate officer is perfectly helpless to refuse. We were very busy packing the baggage—hoping to send it, and the servants, off at night; but when evening came on, they begged to delay their departure till the morning, from fear of the Rohillas, a predatory tribe, who are up on the frontier of the Nizám's territory, between this and Aurengabad.

Tuesday, November 23.

After a great deal of annoyance and worry, we heard of a house here, and L—— and I went to see it, and agreed it was best to take it for me—though it is gloomy and dirty enough—and it will be some days before I can get into it. We then drove to see some pieces of furniture belonging to a person leaving the Station, and selected a few trifles for my house. The evening was hot and stifling, and a Dâk bullock-*gary* arrived to convey L—— to Aurengabad: this we packed, with mattrass and

pillows, so as to form a not uncomfortable bed; and at eight o'clock we had again to part—for the *third time this year*—he, to encounter the uncertainties of a lonely journey through an enemy's country, and I, left a stranger among strangers, to set up my solitary home. We hear that Tantia Topee has again eluded our forces; and, passing to the westward, now threatens Dhoolia. His infantry have left him; and his force consists of cavalry and elephants. He has issued a proclamation, calling upon the villagers to rise and destroy the Sahibs, and assuring them of protection, if they afford him supplies.

Wednesday, December 15.

The last three weeks have afforded little worthy of daily record, or of interest, to any one but myself. I moved into my house on the 27th of November; and my daily life was as monotonous and solitary as it is possible to conceive. My only enjoyment consisted in my daily rides—in which I explored most of the country within two or three miles of the cantonment, took many sketches, and found my horse a true and faithful companion. There are many fine ruins of the Muhammedan dynasty in the neighbourhood of Ahmednugger—the

two principal of which are the palace of the Feriabagh, situated on an island in a tank, in the centre of park-like grounds, and the two ruins at the Bheestiebagh—both picturesque—and probably remains of kiosks, or hunting-boxes. I was never able to accomplish an expedition to Salabat Khan's tomb—an extensive ruin, on a fine hill, from whence the view is said to be magnificent; but the distance was too great for me to venture thither unaccompanied. I had few acquaintance in Ahmednugger, and my life was very lonely; and the delays and mismanagement of the postal arrangements were the cause of much anxiety to me: for, though my husband wrote to me constantly, I very rarely received a letter from him; nor did he get those I despatched to him daily—till *months* after date—with one or two exceptions. All I could gather was, that he was still journeying as rapidly as possible in pursuit of his troop, which, like a Will-o'-the-wisp, seemed continually to elude him—the fact being, that Tantia Topee continued to lead our columns such an eccentric dance, it was never known with any certainty where any of them might be to-morrow. There were a good many other *grass widows*, besides myself, in

Ahmednugger; and one very sad case occurred, which threw a gloom over the whole cantonment, and shocked me very much, though I was unacquainted with the parties concerned. A poor lady, Mrs. F——, whose husband was suddenly ordered into the field, accompanied him the first day's march, and then returned to live—like me—with her child, in Ahmednugger, during his absence. Within a day or two she was seized with fever; and, I believe, imprudently refused the proper remedies at first. She soon became delirious, and was nursed, as their own child, by the kind clergyman and his wife. This state of things went on for about ten days; during which there was no means of communicating with the husband, except by post, which was entirely useless—and, at last, the poor sufferer passed away among strangers. The next day the same kind strangers laid her to rest in the pretty English graveyard; and a distant relation, arriving that evening from Bombay, carried off the poor little motherless babe, and the poor lady's personal effects. The bungalow was passed on to some fresh applicant; and all this desolation was brought about, perhaps not 100 miles from where the unfortunate husband was hunting

the rebels, with some flying column, in total unconsciousness of his bereavement.

The native city of Ahmednugger is enclosed within a wall, and boasts many handsome tombs and mosques within its circuit, as well as some of the widest and cleanest streets often seen in Indian towns. The Collector's bungalow is situated just within the gates, and stands in a beautiful garden. There is something very sad in the very numerous monumental remains of the Muhammedan conquerors of the Deccan—grand old tombs, and splendid mosques—the names of those, to whose memory they were erected, being completely swept away—except in two or three instances, such as "The Sisters" —and the tomb of a favourite *horse*, which was pointed out to me the other day.

On first settling in my bungalow, I set myself to work to unpack and tidily re-arrange my own and my husband's things; which latter, packed by his native servant, were miracles of confusion. In *each* drawer, or box, I found a sample of each article of clothing—boots, shirts, coats, socks, and handkerchiefs; boots always uppermost, and unpapered. It took me a good day's work to set things in order. One evening I amused myself by superintending the shoeing of my

bullocks; which operation was conducted in the following manner:—A long piece of rope was made fast to the horns, and the other end past round the animal's *waist*, with a turn round the off hind, and near fore-foot: this was gradually tightened, and the bullock allowed himself to be gently drawn into a *sitting* posture. Slowly his head went down, which was immediately sat upon by an assistant; and three of his legs were tied together in a knot, and then the shoeing-smith proceeded to affix a narrow plate of iron to each portion of the divided hoofs—the poor animal all the time turning up his eyes with an air of helpless resignation, ludicrous to witness.

Whilst looking on at this operation, I was attracted by another curious native work, going on in my Compound. This was the re-tinning of my cooking-pots, which is requisite to be performed every three or four weeks in this country. A man was squatted down before a small charcoal fire; over which he held, with a pair of tongs, the copper vessel requiring to be tinned, till it was red-hot; then, sprinkling it over with a few grains of powdered tin, he rubbed it all over *with his hand*, with a piece of rag dipped in salt. The inside was done by

the rag being held in a pair of pincers. The whole process was very rapid, and the vessels came out looking as bright as silver.

There was a grand fête given by the principal natives at Ahmednugger to celebrate the assumption of the Government of India by Queen Victoria; but, by the accounts we hear, the Proclamation is very erroneously understood by most classes of natives. I have it from the Collector of a large district, that many told him they thought the English meant to ask pardon for their oppressions; whilst others think our judges and magistrates are to be replaced by natives, and the late holders of Enam lands nourish a hope of having them restored: in short, there is no end to the absurd blunders and expectations which the mere fact of a Proclamation, read in a manner they cannot understand, has called forth.

There is a strong fort at Ahmednugger, in good repair, and garrisoned by some of the 18th Royal Irish. On one side may be seen traces of a breach, by which the Duke of Wellington entered it; and outside is a large tree, under which he is said to have breakfasted on the morning of the assault. One morning, I was sitting at my usual employments, and the baby playing on the carpet with his bearer,

close to me, when suddenly the man jumped up, rushed through the open window into the verandah, tore down a piece of the trellis-work, and commenced violently beating on the ground. I could not imagine what was the matter, till, on approaching, I saw him destroying a large snake, which was just outside, within two yards of the baby. It was red on the back, and white underneath, and the man said was very venomous.

The four-footed portion of my establishment did not prosper at Ahmednugger. My horse was for long unwell with a cough; and one day baby's pretty little pony, who had marched in safety all these long miles from Dharwar, incautiously ventured to approach some green meal, which the bullocks were eating; when the smaller of the two, who has always been vicious and spiteful, ran at the poor little *tattoo*, and ripped up his side. It was immediately sewn up and bandaged; and I placed it under the care of a native doctor, who applied poultices of leaves and strange looking salves, and gave hopes of its ultimate recovery. The very day of this accident, a pet sheep we had long had got into the stable, where she was seized and shaken by the horse; and afterwards so badly kicked, that she did

not long survive, and left a little orphan black lamb to the care of the goat.

At last, on this day, December 15th, I heard of my husband's arrival at Mhow, after a tedious and most fatiguing march, going some days as much as forty-five miles. His travels were by no means over, as the troop seemed as far off as ever, but in the mean time he gave me permission to follow him to Mhow as soon as I could, (whence the communication with the field forces is much easier than here,) leaving the route entirely to me. I was delighted at the prospect of getting even so much nearer to him, but much perplexed how to choose the best manner of going. My inclinations rather pointed to the Aurengabad road, principally from the hope of seeing the caves of Ellora and Ajunta; but there was no doubt that the journey through the Rohilla country was rather a risk for a lady alone, and unarmed. However, I applied for escort, and introductions at the different Stations, thinking to start in about a week. In the evening I dined out for the first time since I had been at Ahmednugger, and amongst the company met with Dr. S——, the Inspector-General of hospitals in the Bombay Presidency, who, with his wife and her

brother, (a young officer on sick leave,) was passing through Ahmednugger on his tour of inspections. They heard my story, and compassionating my solitary position, most kindly offered to escort me as far as Dhoolia, if I would consent to going that way, and if I could be ready to start on the next morning but one. The offer was too good to be refused, so I determined to see what energy and a determined will could accomplish, even with native servants, the greatest difficulty being to procure carriage, which generally requires bespeaking for several days before it is wanted.

Thursday, December 16.

I sat up the greater part of the night, writing letters for the English Mail, and making arrangements, (which were all carried out in the course of the day,) for the sale of my few articles of furniture, the purchase of bullocks, and hire of carts and *tattoos*, besides getting rid of my bungalow, hiring and frightening refractory servants, as some of mine were sick, and some refused, as usual, to go; I also had to provide for the tending of the poor little sick pony, and to see to the packing of all my things. By hard work this was all accom-

plished in the course of the day, and in the evening I went down to dine and sleep at the F——s'. After dinner we all walked up to my house, and found the native servants and garywallahs all sitting down talking, and doing nothing, while boxes and parcels strewed the ground in every direction. Thanks to Dr. F——'s energy, they were soon roused, and the packing of the carts and tattoos was finished by ten o'clock P.M. when they were despatched on their first day's march.

Friday, December 17.

I sent off the *gary* with baby and his attendants early, and then mounting my horse I rode to the Post-office, and had the happiness of receiving one English letter, and then, joining my kind friends, Dr. S—— and his brother-in-law, rode with them sixteen miles to Singwa, the first bungalow on the Malligaum-road, which is prettily situated in a grove of fine tamarind trees on the banks of a nullah. The road was ugly enough, over an arid plain, relieved in one part by the descent of a picturesque Ghaut. The rest of the party, consisting of Mrs. S—— and her nice little boy of three years old, the ayah, and a large black Persian

cat, performed the journey in a four-wheeled dog-cart, drawn by a pair of horses, and fitted with a white linen awning to keep off the sun. We overtook them on the top of the hill, something being amiss with one of the wheels, which will necessitate sending back the carriage to Ahmednugger for repairs, and it will have to make a forced journey to overtake us, while in the mean time it is fortunate that there is my bullock-cart for the use of the party. An evening stroll along the river bank, with tea in the moonlight, and some reading and working, occupied the hours pleasantly till bedtime.

Saturday, December 18.

We were up betimes, having a long march to perform. I rode my own horse the first half, and Mrs. S—— kindly lent hers to me, for the last part of the journey; he is a beautiful bay Arab, with showy action. The road took us over a dreary plain, with a few arid hills in the distance, and is crossed at frequent intervals by nullahs, and by two or three rivers, which in the rainy season are probably considerable, but the water in only one of which reached to the horses' knees. We accomplished the distance to Kolar, twenty-two miles, in three hours,

where the bungalow is a large one, standing near some fine trees, outside a once strong but now ruinous village; but the general aspect of the country is a mass of dust, as far as the eye can reach. The party in the bullock-*gary* did not get over their journey so satisfactorily, being six hours accomplishing it, as one of my newly-purchased bullocks proved a bad bargain, refusing to go out of a walk, and sitting down whenever he was beaten. The evenings and mornings are now very cold, and we were glad to take a brisk walk to warm ourselves, and to sit wrapped in shawls for the rest of the evening. Mrs. S—— has a Hindu ayah, who is unhappily married to a drunken worthless husband. She one day told her mistress that she could not believe in the *goodness* of the Supreme Being, as He permitted so many wicked people to live on in the world, adding, that every night she prayed to her god to *take away her husband*, and yet her prayers were still unanswered, and he lived to torment her!

Monday, December 20.

We remained yesterday at Kolar, and leaving it at half-past six this morning, rode thirteen miles and a half to Raharree, over an ugly, bare

country. The made road ceased at Kolar, and the track to-day was in places very rough, frequently running along the bed of a stream. I had a pair of bullocks from one of the carts put into my *gary* to-day, and they answered better than the slow ones I brought from Ahmednugger. Raharree is a considerable town, with a Fort and palace, and is situated in a rather more habitable-looking spot, than most in this part of the country. Near the bungalow, shaded by fine trees, is a large temple, where puss enjoyed great sport among the rats and mice. The clouds of dust along the road were very annoying to-day. During the morning I sallied forth with my sketch-book, and was suddenly obliged to take to my heels, and beat a speedy retreat into a field, for, twirling and whirling in front of me, came, advancing with fearful rapidity—(start not, ladies and gentlemen)—*a devil!* Oh! gentle readers of these truthful pages, I entreat you jump not hastily to the conclusion that the imps of his Satanic Majesty stalk in bodily form through this benighted land, but know that, in Anglo-Indian parlance, a devil, is a whirlwind of dust, which, unless you flee from it in time, will fill your eyes, nose, and mouth with fine sand,

cover every pore of your skin, and every thread of your clothing, and torment you little less than its namesake tortured the good St. Anthony.

Tuesday, December 21.

A ride of twelve miles this morning over an ugly country, chiefly cultivated, but in parts covered with a low jungle of the Babool thorn, brought us to Kopergaum, situated on the banks of the Godavery, now containing very little water in its wide bed. Instead of the Government pattern bungalow, travellers are here accommodated in an old palace of the Peishwa's, situated amongst all the native filth in the outskirts of the village, the interior vying in dirt with the outside! The floors were inches thick in dust, which rose in clouds as we walked about them, and though a large building, it contained only two private rooms, and the one appropriated to my use was so pervaded with dreadful odours, that I had my mattress and baby's spread in the dust of the great common room, where we passed the night in the company of birds and bats, and many smaller and more obnoxious animals. One of the gentlemen made a shooting excursion up the banks of the Godavery, which, a

few miles higher, he averred were very picturesque. His sport only consisted of one wild-duck, but we saw flights of wild geese as we travelled on, and frequently parties of the graceful little antelope or black buck trotting over the plain. At this place died about three months ago, a little child belonging to a lady I had seen at Ahmednugger. The parents were journeying from Mhow, and at that time of year the fever in the Sindwa jungles is most deadly; the poor child caught it and died within a fortnight, at this desolate place. We went in the evening to visit its grave, which is side by side with that of a young officer who died in 1839. They are buried on a little mound in the middle of a field overshadowed by a *babool* bush, and surrounded by a hedge of prickly pear; two ugly Muhammedan-looking whitewashed monuments disfigure the graves of the soldier and the child.

A party of native police were quartered in our palace, one of whom as sentry paced up and down all night in the court. A detachment of a N.I. regiment is also constantly encamped here: the wretched officer at present commanding it, has been for six months the only European in this abode of dirt and squalor! We are now in the

country of the Bheels, those queer little people who carry bows and arrows, and live in holes in the ground, but who are nevertheless so fierce and warlike that military surveillance is necessary to keep them in tolerable order, and even then they periodically break out, and give a great deal of trouble.

Wednesday, December 22.

Right glad were we to leave our dirty palace this morning; and we cantered over sixteen miles and a half of good soft road to Sawurgaun, in two hours. A range of fine hills bounded the horizon; which, becoming more distinct as we approached them, showed curious black lines of volcanic rock running straight across them — the level of the strata exactly corresponding in each hill, with the one next to it. Little conical rocks, resembling tents, surmount several of the summits; and there are four forts, crowning different hills, called Nunky, Tunky, Allock, and Pallock—this sort of alliteration being very common among the Indian names.

We passed through a considerable town today, called Yewla, where a large silk-weaving manufactory is carried on. The silk is not grown in this neighbourhood, but imported from

Bombay; whither, when woven, it is returned for sale. It seems so curious, that, instead of the weavers establishing themselves near a depôt of raw material, the article should be transported all the way to this distant place, (to which there is no road, and, in consequence, during the rainy season the track is frequently impassable,) to be manufactured. The yoke of my *gary* was broken to-day—and the bullocks lost their shoes—which necessitated sending back to Yewla for assistance; as the village, near which the small dirty bungalow is situated, is a very poor place, where we have difficulty even in procuring firewood for cooking, and forage for the horses and cattle.

Thursday, December 23.

I awoke at some small hour in the middle of the night; and, getting up and dressing, called the servants, and started off the baby and his attendants in the *gary*, as we had a very long double march to perform. I then lay down till the rest of the party were stirring; and we started about six. The road—or, rather, track—was execrable, full of holes and rocks; and led between two of the hills, which, crowned by natural walls of black rock, scarped to the

very summits, were surmounted by forts, perfectly impregnable to any assault, except by shelling the interior. It was here that, a few months ago, one of our field forces got entangled in the jungle, and suffered a repulse at the hands of the Bheels; when one officer was killed, and another wounded. The bases of the hills are covered by a very picturesque jungle of the large bushy cactus, covered with interlacing creepers. A few miles along a narrow track, among the masses of rock and bushes, brought us to the bungalow at Munmar, where we found our relay of horses. There are works in progress here for the line of railway intended to connect Bombay with Central India; which, when completed, will, no doubt, tend to civilize this wild tract of country. There are pickets of police and native troops posted in every direction, and a troop of *sowars* was encamped at Munmar.

Mounting our fresh steeds, we rode the next stage to Julgaum; in all, twenty-three miles from our last sleeping-place. The path was through a wild hill-country—uncultivated, and apparently uninhabited—as far as the eye could reach; though, doubtless, containing many a tribe of marauding Bheels, as

wild as the bears and tigers, who share the jungle with them. We ascended one of the rocky ridges, and descending a steep and abominable road on the other side, reached the bungalow of our destination; which, though small and hot, was a trifle cleaner than usual. The village near was a mere cluster of mud huts, of the most wretched description, where we were fortunate in procuring a little milk—no eggs or other articles of food being procurable; but of this we were independent—carrying every thing with us—like all travellers in the wilds of India. On the outside of all the villages may be seen large enclosures, formed by thick, high fences, of dead thorny bushes, into which the cattle are driven at night, to preserve them from the attacks of wild beasts.

Friday, December 24.

We rode twelve miles into the Station of Malligaum this morning over a jungly plain. There are plenty of trees, which make the place look green and pretty, and on all sides a distant view of picturesque hills. A fine old Fort is situated near the native town; in the intricacies of which we found ourselves entangled, when endeavouring to find the Travellers' Bun-

galow. We had a wide river to ford—which is crossed by the Grand Trunk road from Bombay, by two handsome bridges—one consisting of twenty arches. The Dâk Bungalow is very dirty and hot; and one room was occupied by an officer coming down from Mhow, who informed me that the road thither was guarded by outposts of our troops the whole way. I found no letters here from my husband, as I expected, but received much civility from one of his brother officers, who is quartered at this Station; and who, though a perfect stranger to both of us, sent to offer every assistance in his power to help me on my journey.

I had not been feeling quite well for a day or two; and this evening, on our return from a stroll, I was seized with shiverings, and went to bed, feeling thoroughly ill. I had given my Portuguese ayah leave to go to the midnight mass at the Roman Catholic Chapel; and she and the other Portuguese servants set off about eleven o'clock. When baby awoke, he missed his accustomed nurse; and, to pacify him, I had to get up, and walk about for most of the night, which was bitterly cold. The ayah came back for a short time once in the night, saying no priest

had arrived to perform the service; but, towards daybreak, she set forth again, and was again disappointed. The question occurred to me, whether any of us, who think ourselves so enlightened, would in simple faith have taken the trouble these poor half-heathen Portuguese did, to perform what they considered an acceptable act of worship.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEIZED WITH ILLNESS—COMPELLED TO TRAVEL IN A PALKEE—DIFFICULTIES ABOUT BEARERS—SOLITARY JOURNEY—PASSAGE OF THE TAPTEE—UNHEALTHY JUNGLES—OUTPOSTS—KIND RECEPTION—CROSS THE NERBUDDA—ARRIVE AT MHOW.

Saturday—Christmas-day.

THERE is a pretty little church at Malligaum, where we attended the morning service; but it is very small, and the larger portion of the troops had to remain outside in the porch. There was no second service. I felt very unwell all day; and at this season the thoughts of home depressed me much—thus isolated from all I love, in a strange land.

Friday, December 31.

On Sunday, after attending morning service in the church, I was suddenly seized with severe inflammation in my side, and excruciating pain, as of a knife sticking into me, accompanied by great oppression of the breath. Mild remedies having no effect, the next day I was severely leeched and blistered; but the pain was very

little abated, and I could not turn or move without assistance. I was most fortunate to be under the care of Dr. S——, whose ability was equal to his kindness; and he and his excellent wife nursed and tended me, as if I had been their own relation. We had removed on the afternoon of Christmas Day, from the dirty, unhealthy Travellers' Bungalow, to an empty one in the Station, which was lent to Dr. S—— for a few days; but, unfortunately for me, my bedroom was only separated from the sitting-room by a screen—and, in my state of weakness and fever, this was very trying. Dr. S—— kindly arranged to stay as long as I was unfit to be moved; and, as mounting my horse would be out of the question for a long time, he bought a *palkee* for me, which was luckily for sale in the Station. The greatest difficulty is in procuring bearers, as they have been carried off from all parts of the country to be attached to the army, to carry the sick and wounded, and there are none to be had here. I am, however, promised to be lent some by the Commissariat officer, as far as Dhoolia. I had the happiness to-day of at last hearing from my husband; who was still endeavouring to catch his troop, and was then (the 14th)

traversing the country alone, mounted on a camel, having outstripped all his servants and camp equipage. Hearing from him that positively *no* furniture is to be had at Mhow, I determined on buying the absolutely necessary articles here of a gentleman who is selling his, previously to his departure; and accordingly, in my sick-bed, marked a list of the things most wanted, and had an extra cart loaded with them. I was able to sit up a little this evening; but the soreness of my side is very painful—and I dread the journey, which is to be begun again to-morrow.

Saturday, January 1, 1859.

In pain and restlessness I took leave of the old year, hoping that the new one, which begins so unpropitiously, may be more blessed in its continuance. I was glad to receive the news this morning that L——'s long chase was over, and that he had joined Colonel Somerset's division, in the field, not very far from Jowrah, on the 16th, but he had received none of my letters since November 29th, which was a source of great annoyance. Some *dhooly*-bearers arrived to carry my *palkee*, and about eight o'clock I was lifted into it, and bore the

motion better than I expected, though it is a wearying way of travelling, and actually took three hours to perform the short stage of eight miles to Chicalwal. I felt stronger to-day, and was able to sit up a little, and I discovered that the plaister of plantain leaves which had been applied to cool the wound on my side, had had a contrary effect, and drawn a second blister, which occasioned the torture I had been suffering the last few days. I had been unable to sit up and attend to myself, and my ayah had never discovered this. Such is the stupidity of native servants.

Sunday, January 2.

We journeyed twelve miles this morning, to a place called Arvee. The country, during both days' travel, has been entirely desolate and uncultivated; a wide, wide plain of sand, scattered over with low bushes, with here and there low conical hills rising up like gigantic tents to break the monotony. No living thing could be seen for miles and miles, except the almost continuous stream of carts and pack animals along the one broad road, carrying *matériel* to the front, for the use of the army. There are plenty of wild beasts in these wastes, but they keep concealed in their lairs by day, but afford

excellent sport to the adventurous sportsmen who take the trouble of pursuing them. Halfway in our stage to-day a road branched off to Asseerghur, and there was a native halting-place, a well, a mosque, two or three stunted trees, a sort of stable for men or horses, and enclosures, well bushed round, for cattle.

Arvee is situated at the foot of some grand and wild-looking abrupt hills, and there are some splendid banyan trees near the bungalow. The native village is a very wretched-looking one, but strongly walled, and there is a large *durmsala*, or shed, to accommodate native travellers.

Monday, January 3.

On, on again, through the wilderness, winding through the intricacies of the really magnificent hills, and emerging on another plain on the other side, still covered with the never-varying sand and bushes. In places we descended to the banks of small streams, where better vegetation flourished, and the eye was relieved by an occasional palm, and perhaps a few blades of green grass. A little cultivation and some greener trees appeared as we approached the small station of Dhoolia, which, though flat, is well planted, and has rather a pretty appear-

ance. We had a small bungalow lent to us here, for a few days, which was dirty and wretched enough, but the travellers' bungalow was crowded by poor invalid soldiers sent down from the army, and was in a most filthy state. It is very shameful of Government to provide no other accommodation for sick soldiers than the ordinary dâk bungalows, which afford them very insufficient shelter, while the public are deprived of the customary resting-places. Captain W—— arrived on his way to join my husband, and was most kind and indefatigable all day in his exertions to procure me bearers for my onward journey, and also to provision my *palkee* for the wilderness across which I had to travel; and, furthermore, in making arrangements for me all along the road, at my different halting-places; for my kind friends the S——s go no farther than this place, and my subsequent journey will be entirely solitary, through the lonely jungles which separate this Station from Mhow.

Saturday, January 8.

The last five days have been spent in Dhoolia in a state of great weakness and pain, and at times almost of despair of being able to continue my journey. However, thanks to the exertions

of my kind friend Captain W——, last night a set of bearers for my *palkee* were brought in from some distant village; and having despatched my carts, servants, and cattle, some days ago, I prepared for a start, though in truth little fit for such an expedition, but there was no alternative; the S——s were on the eve of their departure for Bombay, and the house we lived in must be given up to its owners, so that literally there was no place for me to lay my head, and the doctor considered that with care, and proper precautions, I *might* get through my solitary journey without danger. Accordingly this morning, at half-past five, after taking a cup of tea, I bade adieu to my kind friends, and entering my *palkee*, which was arranged with mattresses and pillows, and packed with stores of preserved soups, biscuits, &c., set forth, accompanied by a *sowar* of the Poona Irregular Horse, who was changed at each stage. The dress of these men is very handsome, consisting of a green cloth native tunic, bound with yellow lace in a circular form on the breast, and corded at the edge and seams with red; tight trousers of the same colour, thrust into long jack-boots, with brass spurs. The tunic is open at the sides, showing

the white muslin shirt, always worn by natives *over* the trousers. The head is covered by a jaunty little red puggree (or turban) very much on one side, with one end hanging down behind. The sowar is armed with a small rounded sword in a leathern scabbard, and a carbine, slung across the right shoulder; a red *cummerbund* (or sash), and a black leather pouch-belt complete his accoutrements. His horse has a native saddle covered with red cloth, a red and green *shabrac*, a head collar and crupper of plaited red and green cloth, a plain snaffle bridle, and his head is tied down by a native martingale made of a thick red scarf, knotted under his chin.

Baby left Dhoolia shortly after me, but my bearers carried me faster than the bullocks trotted, so that I arrived first at a small bungalow at Songhiera, where, after the arrival of the *gary*, we breakfasted, and spent the hot hours of the day. The road thus far was all through wild jungle, though not thick, but I can well believe the difficulty of pursuing a flying enemy in such a country, where each bush affords covert, and the whole country as far as the eye can reach is dotted with bushes precisely alike, so that marking

down a particular spot is almost impossible. There is a wall to the village at Songhiera, with a few cultivated fields around it, and the bungalow is close to the base of two or three abrupt hills, which here rise out of the plain, and one of which is crowned by a Fort. I started again about three in the afternoon, and descending into another plain of black soil, found the fine made road entirely come to an end, and I arrived just at dark at a clean little bungalow at Nuldana, where I spent the night, my *sowar* and his horse both sleeping at my door. I felt none the worse for the journey; on the contrary, the hope that I was really getting nearer to my husband, or at any rate to a place where we could hear of one another, combined with the fresh air of the jungle, seemed to revive and strengthen me to bear the fatigue.

Sunday, January 9.

I awoke and started some time before daylight. Having no watch, one soon learns to measure time by the sun and moon. My way lay over a cultivated plain to the banks of the Tapti, even at this season a considerable river, and here I waited for the *gary*, not fancying being carried through deep water in my palkee.

On the arrival of my cart and *gary*, I had every thing taken out, and carried across the river on Coolies' heads. It was amusing to see the struggles of the poor goat, alarmed at the novelty of her position. She usually travelled inside my tub, on the top of the cart which accompanied me, with the cook, and provisions. I got into the *gary* myself, tucking my feet up on the seat, a precaution by no means unnecessary, as the water filled the bottom in a manner decidedly unpleasant. A few miles on the other side of the river is situated the town of Seerpore, a large depôt of the bullock-train establishment, and where now there is a detachment of infantry and irregular cavalry.

I found at the bungalow several carts full of poor invalid soldiers, in very miserable plight, having no commissariat with them. I gave them what I could from my small store—broth, soda-water, and a piece of broiled chicken—for which they were very grateful. Several of them were suffering from dysentery and fever, in an apparently sinking state, and there they lay all day in their carts, with no protection from the sun, except a thin mat over the top; whilst, with the usual thoughtless folly of the British soldier, those who were well enough to

walk about, lounged in the sun with unprotected heads, and I have no doubt the advice I gave them was entirely thrown away. I was accosted here by a gentleman travelling up to Indore, who had known my husband, and he told me of the report that an action had been fought with the rebels on the 2nd January, but he knew no particulars.

I left Seerpore at two o'clock, and passing through the town, which is placed on a very steep bank, and must, when its fortifications were complete (if that time ever was), have been a very strong place, emerged on the jungle, which is thick but by no means pretty, composed principally of large bushes, mostly deciduous, so that the general aspect of the country is dust-coloured. Here and there, crossing a stream, the eye is relieved by patches of bright green, and there are groups of fine trees scattered at intervals. I remember one spot of great loveliness, where, from the branches of some giant of the forest, there hung down a splendid copper-coloured creeper, almost touching the water of a deep, still pool, where a white paddy-bird was silently washing himself; but such scenes are quite exceptions to the dull monotony of the greater part

of this jungle. On we went, without a human sight or sound, except meeting occasionally long trains of carts, some coming from the interior, being very large and slung all round with boxes of opium, and drawn by ten bullocks, and now and then a patrol of Poona Horse. We passed the ruins of two Forts, standing quite alone in the wilderness. Truly, even the scanty supplies necessary to natives must always have been difficult to procure in these lonely forests. At nightfall we stopped for a few moments outside a small walled village called Sanglee, and then two dreary hours' march through the darkness, brought us to the little jungle bungalow of Palasneer—very small, very cold, and very dirty, and, in the season for the fever, the most unhealthy spot along the road. Dismal but o'er true tales are told of the deadly fever peculiar to these jungles, and which is so malignant that a general order exists forbidding the passage of troops through them till the month of February, when the damps of the monsoon are supposed to be dried. The comparatively quick transport by bullock-trains, now enables people to pass with tolerable safety at any time of year. One poor officer, before the establishment of the transport-train, set out from Mhow to go to

Bombay, with his wife and child, in the unhealthy season; and sad to relate, not one survived: they *all died*, one after another, in the jungle, and this is one instance out of many of the deadly influence of the jungle fever. The bungalow at Palasneer stands in a clearing, and is perfectly isolated, except from some newly-erected sheds for the transport cattle, round which the *bylewallahs* light numerous fires at night to keep off the wild beasts, and themselves keep up the most unearthly noises, enough to alarm a nervous person.

Monday, January 10.

I had been warned so repeatedly of the exceeding badness of the road I was to expect to-day, that I waited for the daylight to commence my march, but found the difficulties had been much exaggerated—the road being very fair throughout, *for an Indian one*. We soon neared the Sindwa Ghaut—a picturesque line of hills we had been approaching all yesterday. The ascent is very gradual, and commands no fine views. A square Fort on the top commands the road; but its gate has been removed. As usual, there is no descent on the other side of the Ghaut; but the road continues

across an undulating jungle, thick in long dry grass, till one arrives at the large strong Fort of Sindwa, where are now quartered some Bombay artillery, irregular horse, and some of the 30th B. N. I. The bungalow was partly occupied by the officer commanding, who had been led to expect my arrival, and was very kind in providing me with breakfast, my cook's cart having broken down, and consequently being very late in arriving. In return, he was very glad to be presented with a little writing-paper—no supplies being procurable here. He described his life as lonely enough; but the shooting affords excellent sport. Bears and tigers abound quite close to the camp, and may be shot as easily as rabbits in England. There are some palm-trees at Sindwa; and, with the white tents of the encampment, it is rather a pretty place: but I am thoroughly disappointed to find these jungles so entirely ugly and uninteresting; so different from the bright and beautiful scenery of the western jungles, with their graceful bamboos and palms. I left Sindwa at three o'clock, and had a long march to Julwana, another isolated bungalow, where *nothing* but water is procurable. It was late when we arrived; and the cook's cart having again

come to grief, baby and I had long to wait for the simple mess of arrowroot, which constituted our evening meal. The bungalow was very dirty and cold; and had a large fireplace, which, in the absence of fuel, brought much of cold wind down the chimney. I found here waiting my arrival a second set of bearers for my *palkee*, sent from Mhow by Captain W——. I sent them back one stage to be ready to take me on to-morrow afternoon.

Tuesday, January 11.

I left Julwana at dawn; and had a long stage through the same uninteresting jungle to Korampoora, a little bungalow, perched on a rock near the road, where I found a large party of travellers, who, however, gave me up a small dirty room to breakfast and dress in. They were refugees from Saugur; where they had been shut up for seven months during the rebellion, and were travelling under the escort of a large party of horse. My solitary journey seems to fill every one with surprise; but not a day passes without my meeting with kindness from some one. To-day a gentleman, travelling in a *gary*, stopped, saying he had been told to look out for me, and to offer me

any assistance, and I sent a letter by him into Mhow. Within a few miles of Julwana, Tantia Topee crossed the road six weeks ago with his whole army, previous to his demonstration towards Oodeypoor. He carried off all the bullocks belonging to the transport-train, cut the telegraph-wire, and plundered the mail-cart which happened to be passing. It was in vain that I looked for some traces of his route. I could perceive no cross-road; and it seems perfectly marvellous that he should have been able to carry his elephants and guns through the rough jungle, without any beaten path.

I think one of the most wonderful instances of our moral power in this country is the existence, through hundreds of miles of wildest jungle, of that solitary telegraph-wire, which, even during the mutiny, was only cut four or five times. There are small sheds at intervals along the line for the shelter of those (natives) employed to look after it. I left Korampoora at two o'clock P.M., having discharged my first set of *palkee* bearers, and being carried by those belonging to Mhow. The costume of this class of people is curious. They wind yards, and yards, and yards, of cloth round their chests; and, over all, strap a thick blanket on their

backs—leaving the rest of their bodies bare, except their heads—which are tied up, as if they were suffering from toothache. They wear wooden sandals, with a large ring to fit the great toe—to which a strap is attached—which, with another between the little and fourth toe, joins a broad leathern band across the instep, fastened with a brass latchet. These sandals are more often carried in the hand than worn on the feet. My second set of bearers were by no means so good as the first; but then I had only twelve, whereas the first set was composed of sixteen; and whenever we passed through any stream, they invariably set me down, that they might indulge in that great luxury of all natives — cleaning their teeth! The jungle became less thick as we journeyed on—with here and there a village, and patch of cultivation—while, in the distance, a long line of Ghauts, pink and blue, in the rays of the evening sun, enlivened the landscape. It is delightful to think that my journey's end lies only sixteen miles from the top of those Ghauts; for this travelling for ten hours a day, even in a *palkee*, is a great fatigue, especially to one so weak as I am. I *live* entirely in the *palkee*—only just getting out to bathe and dress. I

take no food, except my morning cup of tea, a basin of soup before I start in the afternoon, and a little arrowroot at night, whilst my mattress is being removed from the *palkee* to the cot in the bungalow. This evening I reached Kull soon after dark—a great depôt of the bullock-train on the banks of the Nerbudda, and also an important military post. Here I found a letter informing me that there was no vacant bungalow at Mhow, but that Captain W—— had taken possession for me, of one belonging to our old friend Colonel P——, now in the field.

Wednesday, January 12.

I began my journey by the passage of the Nerbudda—which was a very disagreeable one—and I took baby with me in the *palkee*—thinking, on the whole, we were safer than in the *gary*. First the bearers waded through some shallow water; from which we ascended a fragile temporary bridge, composed of bamboo piles, with sticks and mud laid on them to form a narrow road—underneath which the rapid torrent rushed and roared, and threatened each moment to sweep the whole frail fabric away. This bridge took us to a sand-bank—now dry—in the middle of the stream, connected by

another similar bridge, with a *bund*, or quay, built out in a semicircle from the opposite shore. This was the most alarming part of the transit; for the bund was very narrow, and its edges only defined by low posts at intervals. The water reached above the men's knees, and was exceedingly rapid; so that one false step of man or beast, would have ensured our being instantly washed away by the roaring torrent. I was very thankful to find myself safe on the northern bank, and traversing a cultivated plain, quite agreeable to the eye, after the monotony of the jungle. This plain is bounded by a line of precipitous Ghauts; at whose base lies the clean little bungalow of Goojree, where I stopped to breakfast. The house is a new one; the old bungalow having been burnt by the rebels —who left a further token of their visit, in the shape of a gallows, still standing by the road-side. The little village is quite alive with carpenters and smiths, building and repairing *garies* for the use of the transport-train. In the afternoon my road wound through most picturesque hills, covered with light jungle; and, by a series of zigzags, up the ascent of the Kilna Ghaut—the scenery of which, when *green*, must be very lovely. Arrived at the

top, by some mistake my bearers lost their way, and took me to a wrong bungalow—being one formerly used by a road-surveyor, and consisting solely of bare and dirty floors and walls. Here I overtook my servants, and the rest of my carts, cattle, &c., who had left Dhoolia some days before me; and being much too exhausted to set forth again in quest of the proper travellers' bungalow, I lay down in my *palkee* to spend the night, as best I could; though, from its shortness and narrowness, it by no means makes the most comfortable of beds. I have omitted mentioning a very striking feature of these jungles, that, often in the wildest and most solitary parts, one beheld the white dome of a Muhammedan tomb—producing a feeling of wonder as to who or what the man could have been to have been here buried; and wherever the road passed a group of fine trees, or a mass of rock overhanging a river, so surely was seen the fresh patch of red paint, or the small flag, showing that *there* the Hindu stopped to worship his idol gods.

Thursday, January 13.

I woke and started early, too delighted to think I was on the last stage of my journey.

The hills were very pretty on each side of the road, which was gay with long trains of carts and country people, *all* armed with the primitive matchlocks still in native use. This is Holkar's territory, so we cannot carry out the Disarming Act in it. My attendant *sowar* now carries a lance, in addition to his other weapons, and frequently for my edification, indulges in furious galloping backwards and forwards, and other feats of horsemanship, such as natives delight in. Emerging from the hills, we went over a dusty plain, passed a native village in a picturesque grove of fine trees, crossed a river bordered with palms, and found ourselves in Mhow, opposite its ugly Fort, still built up with fascines and gabions ready for a siege, though I fancy rather an indefensible place. I found that by the kindness of Captain W—— every thing that was possible had been done to prepare for my arrival, though, as many of my things have been much broken on the journey, it will take a long time to get comfortably settled. The Station bears strong traces of the mutiny, in a generally ruinous and neglected look; there are few gardens, no hedges, and the great rambling bungalows are in very bad repair, whilst the blackened ruins of those that were burnt, tell

a sad tale. I received a telegram from my husband, to know if I was arrived and well; and I hope when he gets the answer, I shall be able to hear from him with some degree of regularity, as the depôt of his troop is here, and all communications from the field forces pass through Mhow.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE IN MHOW—HOT SEASON—RETURN OF CENTRAL INDIA FIELD FORCE—DIFFICULTIES ABOUT SERVANTS—FEVER—PREPARE TO RETURN TO ENGLAND—TIGER SHOOTING—LEAVE MHOW—ENGLISH CARRIAGE BREAKS DOWN—MISERIES OF THE JOURNEY—BEAUTIFUL PASS—RAILWAY TO BOMBAY.

For two months and a half I led a monotonous life in Mhow, the only excitement consisting in the arrival of letters from the field; and as these suffered frequent delays, there was much of heartsickening anxiety in my lonely life, aggravated by the continual reports, frequently of a contradictory nature, that floated about the Station, and by private circumstances of severe family affliction. I slowly and gradually recovered my health, and as usual, found among my fellow-sojourners in this strange land, not a little kindness and sympathy, which beguiled in pleasant society many a lonely hour. I found very little to interest me in the locality of the neighbourhood. Were it not for the distant outlines of fine hills, whose roseate tints in the morning and evening

sun are very beautiful, the country about Mhow might be called ugly, though it is an exact embodiment of the popular notion of an Indian landscape—an undulated plain, dotted with palm trees, most of them stunted and shabby: the ground, though covered with grass, was exceedingly bad riding—in some parts a mass of sharp, loose rocks, and in others full of deep holes; but here and there, by the banks of a stream, one came upon very pretty little bits of bright vegetation, where flocks of green parroquets, blue jays, and other birds of gaudy plumage, enlivened the landscape. In the jungle on the hills, there was abundant sport for those fond of tiger and bear-shooting, though from the nature of the ground, it was only to be pursued on foot, which added greatly to the danger and the excitement; but not a week elapsed without some of the officers of the 72nd Highlanders, and others who were keen sportsmen, bringing in trophies of their success in the pursuit of large game, besides those of the blackbuck and other smaller animals.

The weather for some time after my arrival continued cool; indeed the early mornings were exceedingly *cold*, but towards the middle of March we had some dust-storms, and the

temperature gradually increased. Bungalows were carefully shut up from sunrise to sunset, and by means of a *cuscus tattee*, or mat, fastened to the only open door, on the windy side, and kept constantly watered, it was easy to preserve a very agreeable coolness in the atmosphere of the house, and by placing the wine, beer, butter, &c., underneath the *tattee*, the absence of ice was not felt.

Mhow was once a very large Station, but now possesses only a very limited number of bungalows, and being filled for the first time with portions of two Royal Regiments of the Line—the 72nd and 92nd Highlanders —besides Royal Artillery, Cavalry, and parts of two native regiments, and subsequently the 3rd B. Europeans, the impossibility of finding accommodation for the vast influx of officers and their families, caused the Station to be placed under military despotism, which forbade any house-owner to let his bungalow, except to the person to whom it was assigned by the Brigadier; and no person was allowed to occupy any house, unless they belonged of right to the Station. As it was, there were numbers of officers living in tents, no slight hardship, during the prevalence of the hot

winds in Central India. This military rule, though very necessary, occasioned much annoyance to many persons, especially to several poor ladies who had followed their husbands thus far, and, from the state of the country, were obliged temporarily to take up their abode in Mhow; and an instance occurred in which a lady, who, with her sister and two children, persisted, in spite of warnings, in taking possession of an empty bungalow, was actually obliged to be turned out, to make way for the colonel of a regiment and his wife.

The usual resource of building temporary abodes could not be had recourse to, as the native inhabitants of Mhow had deserted the place in great numbers during the mutiny, and no workmen were to be had, the very few existing, being all seized upon as Government labourers in the Arsenal. A good deal of the furniture I brought with me had got broken in traversing the rocky roads, and I found it utterly impossible to get any native carpenter; and I do not know what I should have done, had not accidentally a discharged English soldier, of decidedly scampish habits, who was setting up as an amateur wheeler, happened to pass through the place. Of furniture, even of the

commonest description, it was almost impossible to procure an article, and it was amusing when a regiment moved, to see the avidity with which three-legged chairs and rickety tables were bespoken. Of domestic servants there were *none* to be had, and the consequence was the misconduct of those one brought with one, who soon discovered their value; and upon one occasion the degrading necessity was forced upon me, of requesting my horsekeeper to stay in my service, after I had discharged him in the morning for repeated acts of mis-behaviour, but I found to my dismay that if I suffered him to depart, I should have had to clean and feed my own horse!

Mhow was in one respect very amusing at this season. Being on the high road from the Upper Provinces to Bombay, all the regiments ordered home passed through the Station, and generally remained a few days to rest on their way. In this way, the 78th Highlanders, the 64th, the 14th Dragoons, and several more, paid us passing visits, whilst a continual stream in the contrary direction was kept up by those ordered from Bombay to the front, and many were the unexpected meetings with old acquaintances which varied the mono-

tony of our life in the Station. There were gaieties got up, too, by enterprising spirits: races, such as they were, to view which the ladies were accommodated with chairs placed on a platform composed of barrack tables; and one day the tottering structure gave way, precipitating a lady and her two children to the ground, fortunately without serious injury. One amusing incident was a race between a man and a pony, the former carrying another man on his back for fifty yards, whilst the pony had to go 100 yards. It was won easily by the biped. A racing mania gradually seized the Station, and in the early mornings, quiet gentlemen were to be seen trying the paces of their steeds, whilst steps were taken to set in order the ground of the old racecourse, and rebuild the Stand, now a ghastly ruin of the once palmy days of Mhow. There were also games for the soldiers, and several dances and theatrical performances, the latter by the soldiers, who, in crinoline and white muslin, were droll enough in the feminine parts of the performance.

At last, on the 28th of March, I had the happiness of receiving my dear husband back—he having ridden on fifty miles in advance of his troop, which did not arrive in cantonments till April 1st. Life in Mhow, during the month

of April, presented few points of interest. The weather gradually increased in heat, till, at last, the air became like the breath of a burning fiery furnace after half-past six in the morning, —dreadful for those who, in tents, were unprotected from the scorching blast. The evenings, though still hot, were, to my taste, very delightful; and, the moment we had dined, we retreated to a carpet spread on the gravel in front of the house, where we sat enjoying the lovely moonlight, till driven to our beds by the knowledge of the short time remaining for repose,—for extreme early rising now became a matter of necessity, and I was generally up at half-past three, and, after swallowing a cup of cold coffee and a biscuit, on my horse, long before dawn. These early rides were very pleasant—the air *then* cool and invigorating; but very soon after the first appearance of the sun's disc above the horizon, we were glad to beat a timely retreat. We often stopped at the mess-house on our return, where a feast of water-melons and mango-fool was very refreshing: then, on returning home, I generally lay down on the bed for a couple of hours under the *punkah*, before it was time to bathe and dress for breakfast. Four men were kept, whose business it was to attend to the *punkahs*

—two for the night, and two for the day—and we had great difficulty in procuring these people, owing to the scarcity of natives in Mhow —and some workmen of other kinds had to be *pressed* for our use by the bazaar-master. The *punkah*, at night, suspended only a few inches over your bed, is very charming, and obviates the necessity of mosquito curtains, which are so suffocating, as to be unbearable in really hot weather. By day I never liked the *punkah*, or used it, except at meals, or during illness, finding the cool damp induced by the *tattee* to be quite sufficient; and during the whole hot weather I never experienced any languor or feeling of exhaustion from the heat, though I must own the length of time one was confined to the house in each day, with the difficulty of finding employment, was, at times, tedious.

Two very sad events occurred about this time; one, the suicide of a poor young officer, not long out from England, who, belonging to a regiment of native infantry, was attached to the 72nd Highlanders *pro tem.*; and, for want of bungalow accommodation, was living in a thin tent. The heat, and still more the excessive dulness and *ennui*, of these long, unoccupied days, seem to have affected his head—of which he became himself aware—and sending for the

Adjutant, he told him he "was not right here," tapping his forehead. The Adjutant, desiring his native servant to watch him, left the tent to inform the commanding Officer; but, scarcely was his back turned, when the poor young fellow drew a pistol from under his pillow, and blew his brains out, though he actually survived for two hours after! The other death, which made a great sensation in the Station, was that of a poor officer, who had been bitten by his favourite dog, more than a month before, (the dog soon showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and was destroyed,) and one day the dreadful malady began to show itself in the unhappy man. He retained his consciousness perfect to the last; made every arrangement, and expressed the most beautiful resignation. His life was prolonged for about five days; and, during the paroxysms of madness, his sufferings were dreadful. Every thing that could alleviate them was tried, without effect; and as the sight of liquid invariably brought on the spasms, it was tried to administer tea to him through a pipe, connected with a vessel behind him, but all in vain; he gradually got weaker between each attack, and at length sank quite quietly to rest.

My ayah left me to return to her friends—

which was a great annoyance, as it was impossible to get any one to replace her in Mhow; and though baby did very well under the care of his bearer, yet, whenever we went into society, the finishing touches of my toilette devolved upon L——, who, being unused to handle a lace or a pin, got into inextricable difficulties. It was still worse, when we were all seized with an attack of fever; L—— first, —then baby,—and, lastly, myself. The former was delirious, and baby too ill to take notice of any thing; whilst with me, the fever, though short, prostrated me so utterly, that I could scarcely do any thing for myself.

On the 2nd of May, just as we were beginning to recover our strength, we received the welcome news from England of an exchange having been effected for my husband,—who had in the mean time obtained leave of absence,—so that we had to begin making arrangements for our journey down to Bombay. My darling horse was to be left for L——'s successor; and it was a great pang to me to part from him: our *gary* and bullocks, together with sundry *tattoos*, and our saddlery, &c., were soon snapped up; and, as for our furniture, our friends were so eager to become possessors of it, that some

of them appeared to prefer our chairs to our company. Every thing, of all kinds, that we proposed taking home with us, had to be packed by my hands; and this was no slight fatigue, reduced by fever as I then was. We were delayed in our departure from day to day, waiting the arrival of a long-expected box from England; and when, at last, it came, we could not immediately get carriage by the bullock-train, which was the way we intended travelling to Bombay.

We purchased an old English britska, in which a gentleman and lady had recently travelled up the country, and had it fitted up like a bed, strengthened, and furnished with yokes for two pairs of bullocks; hoping, in this conveyance, to avoid some of the fatigue of the journey;—the few servants we required with our luggage and provisions for the road, were to accompany us in transport carts. The bullocks are changed every six miles, and you are *supposed* to trot along merrily. You are allowed to stop where you like, and to occupy as many days as you please on the journey.

One evening, just before we left Mhow, we met an officer of the 72nd, with whom we were acquainted, riding out in hot haste, with his gun

in his hand, having received news that one of the men employed as a beater in the jungle, had been eaten by a tiger, and that a second man was missing. On reaching the spot, he found the mangled remains of the first poor wretch; but was unable to find any traces of the other. Being satisfied that the tiger had fully gorged himself on his horrid repast, Mr. B—— lay down under a tree to sleep, and next day resumed his search, during the course of which he was pursued by a bear, who kept circling round him whilst he was endeavouring to load his gun. This, at last, he succeeded in doing; and first blinded, and then, by a second shot, killed the bear. One of the tigers, who is supposed to have killed these men, is what is called a man-eater. Having once got the taste for human food, they are always intent on gratifying it; and this year he has taken nine men out of one village; the inhabitants of which are obliged to shut their gates, and light fires outside the walls every night.

Monday, May 16, 1859.

I took my last ride on my dear old horse, and cut a lock of silken hair from his mane and tail. The morning was spent in sending off the

last remaining articles of furniture which we had kept to use until the end, and in packing and arranging our carriage, and the five carts which were to accompany us, with our servants and baggage; and after an early dinner with our friends at the mess, we started about six in the evening, heading the procession in our carriage-and-four (*bullocks*); and winding slowly through the Station, past the band stand, from whence many friendly hands were waved to us, we went on tediously into the jungle, amid the darkness of night. Our bed in the carriage by no means turned out so comfortable as it had promised to be, the heat and dust also were very great, and it was impossible to sleep for more than a few minutes at a time. The road was very rough, and once the driver took us down a steep bank, and nearly upset us, whilst two of our carts broke down during the night, and we had to wait a couple of hours, till others were procured from the nearest Station, so that, by half-past six A.M. we found ourselves only twenty-four miles on our road, at Goojree. The scenery was just as parched and brown as during my former journey, but I felt too tired to raise my head to admire any beauties of nature.

Tuesday, May 17.

Right glad were we to get a bath and breakfast this morning, but the heat of the little bungalow where we passed the day is not to be described: no *punkah*, and no means of putting up the *tattee* we had brought with us, in the vain hope of using it on the road, a little room ten feet square, very low, and a burning wind blowing in, which made the very plates and glasses burning to the touch. Baby's servant had been obliged to be left behind, and having no ayah, he was now wholly on my hands, and after washing and dressing him, and attending to his food, I had to play with him all day, or walk up and down to hush him to sleep, leaving no leisure for my own repose. He was naturally much oppressed at the transition from our cool house to this fiery atmosphere, and scarcely left my arms all day. Our little prison-house was tolerably clean, though swarming with ants; the whole furniture consisted of one table and three chairs, one of which was without legs, another minus a back, and the third bottomless! There was no place of shelter for our carriage, which therefore was exposed all day to the burning sun, and we saw with anxiety that one of the tires of the wheels had got loose from the contraction of the wood.

Wednesday, May 18.

We left Goojree at half-past five P.M. yesterday, and after passing through a bad *nullah*, where one of our carts upset, and bottles of wine, &c., were broken, we trotted on merrily, and were in hopes of accomplishing a long distance during the night; but, alas! such hopes proved vain. We had proceeded for about nine miles, when suddenly off came the tire of one of the wheels of our carriage, reducing us to a stand-still. All that could be done was to send on to Kull, on the other side of the Nerbudda for assistance, and to endeavour meantime to get a little sleep. About one A.M. some workmen arrived to see about repairing the carriage, (as, fortunately, Kull is a large depôt belonging to the transport-train,) and brought with them a country cart to convey us to the bungalow. The smallness of these vehicles can scarcely be conceived, and it was difficult to wedge us, and the baby, and all our parcels in, and I shall long remember the jolting of that drive, during which my head shook off the mattress, and finally hung out behind, till I had a lively compassion for poor little calves, whom I have seen in a similar position going to market at home! Two hours of this misery brought us to the

banks of the Nerbudda, now containing very little water; and on arriving at the bungalow, we threw ourselves on the cot, and tried to rest. In the course of the morning the carriage arrived, all the wheels being shrunk by the heat, but the traffic manager, a very civil Englishman, undertook to make it all secure during the day.

Thursday, May 19.

We left Kull at five last evening, the heat being suffocating, but a heavy thunderstorm rolled over in the distance, and as the moon rose the air became cooler. We travelled on till ten this morning, and during the whole seventeen hours, baby preserved the greatest serenity. The road was execrable, over large unbroken masses of rock, and we noticed several times in the night a strange rumbling noise about the carriage, and just as we drove up to the bungalow at Sindwa, where we intended to pass the day, with a crash our luxurious britska broke to pieces, and upon examination by the traffic manager, another most civil person, proved so utterly smashed, and incapable of being mended, that we shall have to abandon it here, and proceed on in country carts, thankful that the crash occurred at a Station, as in the jungle we

should have been exposed to the fearful rays of the sun without shelter. Our carts had upset in the night, and stayed behind, and had it not been for the kindness of some travellers with whom we were slightly acquainted, and who had preceded us by a few hours, we should have lacked breakfast. The bungalow at Sindwa is the most filthy place I ever was in—mud floors, swarming with vermin, on which we had to spread our carpets and mattresses and lie down, for chairs were an unknown luxury. I never felt, or indeed *was*, so dirty in my life, and oh! the streaming heat! although this house was cooler than our last resting place. To add to my misery, I suffered from prickly heat, and had to keep my head constantly wetted. Our poor goat, who had been such a comfort on all our journeys, was hurt when its cart was upset last night, and is obliged to be left behind.

Friday, May 20.

We left Sindwa at half-past five P.M. yesterday, L—— in one cart, and baby and I in another. They are the common springless carts of the country, partly filled with hay, over which our mattresses were spread, and bags and boxes inserted in every crevice. They are

roofed with matting, over which a thick blanket was bound, as a slight protection from the heat: mine, having matting along the sides and back to keep things from falling out, was considered a superior article, but, *en revanche*, the matting scratched one dreadfully. My cart inclined a good deal towards the rear, besides being always on one side, owing to my outweighing baby. The jolting over the rocky roads full of deep holes is wholly beyond my powers of description; I was frequently obliged to hold on with both hands, and had to wedge in baby between the boxes, and even then he was frequently tossed into the air, and when I dozed for a few moments I had great fears of his jolting out. We were both of us covered with black and blue bruises, and sore places, from rubbing against the sides of the cart. At each changing place the drivers had a trick of letting down the end of the pole with a jerk, and one found oneself at an angle of forty-five degrees, head downwards. My pole was also in a very rickety condition, and broke once on the road.

We arrived, after a most wretched journey, at Seerpoor at six o'clock A.M., and in an evil hour were induced to proceed about eight miles farther to a new bungalow on the banks of the

Taptee, recently erected for the accommodation of troops. It was tolerably clean, though with *dust* floors, and had the unusual luxury of chairs and a table, but it was built of wood, and the doors and windows were very far from fitting, and I never can forget the burning wind that blew in at every crevice, nearly suffocating us. The people of the village were very uncivil, and bribes and threats had to be resorted to, before we could even procure water or firewood. Supplies there were none, except a water-melon, which we greedily devoured, but fortunately our carts were well provided. I was thoroughly knocked up, from the impossibility of getting any rest by day, owing to having to attend upon baby, who, in spite of heat and fatigue, looks better than when we left Mhow, and trots about the dirty floors in a state of great happiness, making dirt-pies to his heart's content. No traveller in civilized countries can form a conception of the state of dreadful dirt we are compelled to exist in, [notwithstanding the daily bath,] owing to the combined influence of dust and heat.

Saturday, May 21.

We started on our journey at six P.M. yester-

day, the fiery wind preventing an earlier departure. After crossing the Taptee the roads improved, so that we proceeded at a trot, and arrived at Dhoolia about one A.M., when thinking it a pity to stop so early, we proceeded on our way, and towards ten A.M. this morning we found ourselves approaching Malligaum. Our servants and carts had all dropped behind, and we could not even procure a drop of water for poor baby, who had been fourteen hours without food, but whose patience throughout this trying journey was exemplary. We were allowed to take possession of the empty bungalow belonging to some friends, who were themselves away, and the unspeakable delight of a cool clean house to rest in, on such a journey must be felt to be appreciated. Breakfast was sent us by a friend, and our carts did not appear till quite late in the day, being delayed by the usual upsets and break-downs, which fractured many of our boxes and spilled nearly all our store of wine, &c. We determined to stay a night here quietly to enjoy the unwonted luxury of a bed.

Monday, May 23.

There was no church service at Malligaum yesterday, owing to the absence of the chaplain.

The day was intensely hot, even in the cool house we inhabited. We dined at four, and got ready for starting; but the superintendent of the traffic department forgot to send our bullocks, and after much delay they sent a pair too few, so that it was past eight before we left the house, and then we had to leave one cart to follow; next our drivers mistook the road; and after much that was extremely trying to the temper and patience, we finally trotted off along the Bombay road, about half-past nine P.M. As day dawned we found ourselves just beginning the descent of the Chandore Ghaut, a very wild rocky gorge, the rocks on each side assuming all kinds of fantastic shapes, like forts, towers, &c., and all the hills were marked with black strata in horizontal lines, exactly corresponding with one another, giving the idea that they had been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature. The valley down which we wound is well-wooded, and very narrow, in one place nearly closed by the small walled village of Chandore, the gateway of which is rather handsome. After descending the mountain pass we emerged upon a wide and most arid and desolate plain, across which we had to plod our weary way for eighteen miles, with the

worst bullocks that had yet fallen to our lot, before arriving at Peepulgaum, a charming clean bungalow, which we did not reach till half-past eleven A.M.

It is very extraordinary, and quite contrary to our expectations, but now we have descended so much nearer to the level of the sea, it is wonderfully cooler: indeed at dawn this morning it was unpleasantly cold to those so lightly clad as we were, and we were not too hot during the subsequent journey, being refreshed by a cool sea-breeze, instead of the *liquid fire* it has been our fate to inhale lately. We found the bungalow delightfully situated in a grove of mangos, and it was cool enough to enable us to sit with the doors and windows open, a luxury not possible since March. We also found a decent messman, who prepared our breakfast, giving our poor servants a little rest.

Tuesday, May 24.

In the middle of the night I awoke from an uneasy slumber, and found we were passing through some pretty hills, having left the small Station of Nassick behind us. As morning dawned a magnificent line of Ghauts appeared in front of us, and our road wound among the

lowest of the range, which were prettily wooded. We travelled on till ten A.M., when we stopped at Edulapoora, having only accomplished forty-eight miles in fifteen hours. The early morning was so cold as to keep me awake, and the general atmosphere is much cooler than in Central India. The railway is making great progress here, and before long will be opened to Nassick. They are building bungalows, and establishing a Station at this place, which is very prettily situated at the foot of the hills. We sold off all the remainder of our travelling kit to a Parsee here, as we shall have no further use for it. The road to-day was encumbered with thousands of pack-bullocks, accompanied by their owners, the wild-looking Brinjarries, whose women cover their arms with large bone rings, and wear high conical head-dresses; some of the droves were going to Bombay, laden with huge packs of cotton, but the greater part were returning northwards, lean, travel-worn, and back-galled. We left Edulapoora soon after three P.M., and as the heat was not excessive, I was very glad we had daylight to traverse one of the prettiest roads I have seen for some time, carried over a succession of Ghauts; or rather I should explain

that the road is throughout a gallery, cut along the almost perpendicular sides of the hill, and winding round innumerable points, discloses very extensive and beautiful views of various ranges of hills, from the rocky summits cut into the most fantastic shapes, down to the lower range which we were traversing, the red soil of which, contrasts admirably with the bright green of the young trees clothing the hill sides. The railway tunnel through this vast range will be a wonderful work, and already the engineers have erected numerous bungalows, perched in the most picturesque situations, and forming an entirely novel feature in Indian scenery—I mean that of detached country-houses. Night closing in left us still among the Ghauts.

Wednesday, May 25.

The earliest dawn found us still jolting on through the same succession of wooded hills, and soon we stopped in a great yard belonging to the railway station at Wassind, where we slept in our carts for an hour, and then began a scene of confusion, noise, and struggling, not to be equalled in any country but India. We had to push our way through a crowd of pack-bullocks, and then run across the line

in front of the engine, as the passenger Station is *conveniently* placed on the opposite side to the road; and when at last we had succeeded in collecting our baggage and servants from the surrounding mass of confusion, the railway officials forced us to leave the former behind to follow by a later train. No waiting-room or accommodation of any kind is provided for poor toil-worn travellers like ourselves; but under any circumstances we were too thankful to feel that our journey by bullock-dâk had come to an end, bruised, sore, and aching in every limb, as we were, and in a state of dirt and misery past description. At length the whistle sounded, and we started: the train was nominally an express, but loitered on the way at every little Station, where the same clatter, and jabbering, and confusion was enacted, to the trial of our patience. The country through which the line is carried is very beautiful, abounding with lovely views of the hills, and the upper part of the harbour of Bombay. We arrived at the Byculla Station at ten A.M., and went straight to our hospitable friends on Malabar Hill, who had provided in every way for our comfort and refreshment, even to *borrowing* an experienced English maid, who

undertook the care of baby for some hours, whilst I endeavoured to obtain a little rest. The well-ordered breakfast table was by no means to be despised, as we had tasted nothing since two P.M. yesterday, save a cup of coffee and some champagne and water at five this morning. This champagne in all our dirt and misery, always made me laugh by its incongruity, but I really believe it has been the means of enabling us to bear the excessive fatigue of the journey. It was surprising to feel the delicious cool sea-breeze, and find all the doors and windows open, the degrees of heat being thirty or forty degrees lower than in Mhow, and the damp so pleasant after the liquid fire we had breathed for so long; and yet all the inhabitants of Bombay are gasping and complaining of the extraordinary heat of this season, which is in consequence more unhealthy than usual. I kept quiet all day, and engaged a temporary ayah, but L—— was obliged to go down to the Railway Station to see after servants and luggage, which, after all, had not arrived.

CHAPTER XV.

EMBARK ON BOARD THE "BOMBAY"—THE MONSOON SETS IN—CROWDED SHIP—SUFFOCATING ATMOSPHERE—PASSENGERS—SICK PEOPLE—BAD FOOD—ADEN—HOSPITABLE FRIENDS—RIDE TO THE FORT—THE "ALMA" PASSENGERS—CROWDED DECKS—RED SEA—WRECK OF THE "ALMA"—MISERABLE VOYAGE.

Friday, June 8.

THESE last ten days have been spent by us pleasantly among the sea-breezes of Malabar Hill, and enlivened by almost daily drives into Bombay, which I still think the most amusing of cities, from the variety of costumes and vehicles, and the tall picturesque houses with their latticed verandahs. One evening we took a sail in the harbour, in the "Augusta." The coming monsoon now lowers over the distant hills, especially towards sunset, and we are scarcely hoping to escape its violence during our homeward voyage. The unusually protracted hot season is very unhealthy this year. Cholera is in the native town, and in Poona and other places several Europeans have fallen victims to it. Dysentery is also very common, and my baby has suffered much from

it since we arrived,—a reaction, no doubt, after the fatigue of his journey. Passing through the bazaar to-day we saw two corpses—one, that of a Parsee, followed by large numbers of that community, on its way to the "Tower of Silence," which is near the Point of Malabar Hill, where the worshippers of the sun give over their dead to the vultures and the kites; the other body was that of a Hindu, going to the funeral pile. Both were laid on stretchers, and wrapped in a cloth thin enough to show the shape, and were carried along by four bearers at a rapid trot. The pall, or cloth, which covered the Hindu, was smeared with patches of coloured powders.

Saturday, June 4.

L—— went to breakfast with the Governor, who with his suite came down last evening from the Hills, and were overtaken crossing the bay by a violent thunderstorm, which causing the sea to be rough, produced effects wholly subversive of etiquette and Vice-Regal state. His Excellency most kindly wished us to stay and dine with him previous to our embarkation, which was fixed for this evening, but we declined, feeling the necessity of being early on

board, to get things comfortable in our cabin. So after an early dinner and taking leave of our kind hosts, we drove to the Apollo *bunder*, from whence the Commodore's boat put us and our luggage on board the P. and O. Company's mail steamer "Bombay," and thus, with but few regrets, we bade adieu to the "Glorious East," and set our faces homewards. Our cabin was a wee, hot place, with three tiny berths for baby and us; and the Eurasian woman I had engaged as nurse had no place allotted to her, but was obliged to lie down any where. There appeared a great crowd on board, and what with comings and goings, leave-takings, and the usual amount of eating and drinking, inseparable from the departure of a vessel, confusion reigned supreme, and we were glad to retire early to the privacy of our *cupboard*. The wind had moderated to-day, and though the horizon was dark and lowering, our friends on shore prognosticated a fine voyage, and that we should just escape the monsoon.

Friday, June 17.

We left Bombay harbour with the earliest dawn of Sunday June 5, and the beginning of our sorrows, was the order to close the port-holes,

which remained battened down till this morning. Of the misery endured during the past twelve days, my pen can convey but a very inadequate idea.

The monsoon in all its violence set in as we left the harbour, and the ship's officers say we have experienced the worst passage known for twenty years. At first, there was not much rain, but a violent wind dead against us, accompanied by a heavy rolling sea, which quickly prostrated nearly every soul on board. I must do the good ship "Bombay" the justice of saying, that her seaworthy qualities are good; but often, when caught by one of the frequent squalls, she shivered as she dived under the crest of some tremendous wave, and rose again with the buoyancy of a duck, every timber strained and groaned, forming a chorus with the voices of the frightened women and children, who screamed in terror, and shrieked in hysterics, with little intermission day or night. Formerly, during the monsoon a stray man or two were the only passengers, but this year the rush to England, on the cessation of the war, made people heedless of the season, and our vessel, built to contain sixty-five passengers, was

crowded with seventy-eight, besides native servants. Each day the violence of the gale increased, though with a view of avoiding some of its fury we made a semi-circular course, running down the coast far to the south, and then returning along the African shore. Of course, I was ill, that is to say, very faint and miserable for several days, but I always contrived with the earliest dawn to scramble on deck, where I remained generally lashed in my chair to the mast, till "lights out" forced me below. The necessity of going down into the foul air nearly killed me, with a sort of choking sensation. The heat, and smell of seventy or eighty people battened down in tiny cabins, all opening on one common saloon, where eating went on nearly incessantly; in addition to the fumes from the engine-room, galley, and slaughter-house, both of which latter were on the lower deck: all this in the hottest month of a tropical climate, produced an atmosphere difficult to imagine, far more to describe. I never was able to sleep *in* my cabin during the whole time: the want of air turned me so deadly faint during the few minutes required for my limited toilet, that I used to spread a mattress on the floor *outside* my door, on which baby

and I obtained such repose as was consistent with the circumstances, and occasionally inhaled a breath of air from a skylight opened during a momentary cessation of rain. Oh! the horrors of that dreadful saloon—with people of all kinds, gentlemen and ladies, stewards, native servants, and children, all huddled together, on the floor, on the table, on the benches, amid the reeking odours of brandy and water, and stale fruit, and meat! It gives some idea of the atmosphere of the little cabins, to know that even this saloon was preferable to them. The two first nights L—— and I slept on deck, but afterwards were prevented by the rain and sea, which swept clean over every part of the ship. One day, after having stood the brunt of four seas, I was forced for a time to go below. The rain was not continuous, but for many days we had constant heavy squalls, which invariably tormented us just as we were preparing for our meals. All the ladies and many of the gentlemen (who were visible at all) used to make the stewards bring their food on deck, and it was amusing enough to watch the erratic progress of a plate of soup, or a cup of tea, during the lively motions of the ship. The food was horrid, dirty, and ill-cooked; and of the interior

economy of the ship, and of the crossness and incivility of the stewardess, it is impossible to speak in terms of praise. The children were insufficiently, as well as badly fed, and it was not allowed for one's own servants to prepare their food; and there being no second saloon, during meal times the poor little things were turned out to sit in the doorways, or on the stairs, or in any odd corner. We had a store of sheep and cows on board, but they daily died from the violence of the weather, or were killed *to save their lives*, and the carcases used to hang at the doors of the cabins in the fore part of the ship, the possessors whereof had to make their way through the hay and straw and dirt of all descriptions to reach their doors. In this part of the ship, there was also always a great deal of water, and every thing was wet.

Our fellow-passengers, a motley group, may be considered as fair specimens of the "Overland Mail." The military were represented by a General and a Colonel, besides crowds of sick subalterns, and a few going home on furlough. Numerous ladies, sick themselves and bringing home children still more ill, crowds of native ayahs and servants, an officer of the Royal Navy, and two spare Captains of the P. and O. Com-

pany, besides the officers belonging to the ship, completed the number, with the addition of three or four second-class passengers, who lived no one knew where, in the recesses of the unwholesome dens below. One poor sick officer of the Bengal army was thrust on board by his man of business at Bombay, without any servant to attend upon him, in a perfectly helpless and apparently dying state from dysentery. He had a bag containing 300 sovereigns put under his pillow, which was rapidly lightened by the numerous extra charges made professedly for his comfort. L——, who did not even know his name, was asked by a bystander to look after him, and he was his daily charge from that time.

There was a poor lady in the last stage of consumption, having a child, and a poor old father and mother with her, themselves too ill to attend upon their dying daughter, who was half carried on deck by a steward each day with diminished strength; and all the passengers were very kind to her, and propped her up with cushions, &c., but it is not probable that she will reach England. A young lady of most objectionable manners, and unwholesome complexion, having failed in *la chasse aux maris* in India, made desperate

efforts to ensnare each guileless subaltern whom she could get to listen to her never-ceasing clatter and discordant laugh, which might be heard at all hours of the day or night, all over the ship. She occupied a berth in the ladies' cabin, and must have led the other occupiers a terrible time of it, one of whom was a miserable old Frenchwoman, who thought it her duty to lie in bed, inhaling chloroform, and praying to the Virgin. The rest of the ladies, with few exceptions, were either given to hysterics, or to dropping their H's or their shoestrings.

The children were what only children brought up by native servants can be—rude, dirty, and disagreeable to the last degree; and most of them (and indeed the great majority of the passengers of all ages) suffering from boils and prickly heat, which gave the company the general appearance of being convalescents from the small-pox hospital. There was one very queer old Mussulmani ayah, who wearing tight red-striped trousers, a white dressing-gown, and a white handkerchief bound round her head, I was long before I could make up my mind whether she was a man or a woman. The genus *Gent* was represented by a most offensive specimen, who having been turned

out of the Indian army for drunkenness, was now about to try his fortune in an Australian bank. This animal drew caricatures, and in his own estimation was a prodigy of cleverness. The first two evenings, warmed by copious potations, he came and sat down near us, swearing eternal friendship, and inviting us, in the name of his father, to reside for a lengthened period at that respectable individual's country house; but finding his overtures were not received with a corresponding gush of enthusiasm, he afterwards confined his attentions to the baby, who, I am sorry to say, evinced a taste for low company, by rather patronizing him. There was one old gentleman who annoyed me greatly one day. He sat down in a chair next to mine, and refused to have it properly secured, though I entreated him to do so, for both our sakes. The end of it was, that after knocking me down once, a lurch of the ship threw him right over me (fortunately baby had just left my lap), and he rolled into the scuppers without a word of apology for thus laying me low.

Our progress was much retarded by the bad quality of the coal with which we were provided, so that when we got into smooth water we could

scarcely steam five miles an hour. The reason given was, that knowing we could by no possibility make a quick passage, it was thought a good opportunity to use up the bad coal, as a few hours' retarding could make no difference.

Saturday, June 18.

I heard the anchor drop at a quarter past one this morning, and knew we were snug in Aden harbour. Shortly after, my slumbers were rudely disturbed by the horrid sensation of a rat running all down me and biting my leg. We were astir early, and found ourselves in a bay surrounded by picturesque volcanic rocks. At six o'clock we went on shore, and with some difficulty effected a bargain with the curly-headed proprietor of two mules, who spoke English enough to be an adept in the art of cheating. We rode first to the bungalow of a brother officer of L——'s, situated on a hill near the shore, of whom, rudely rousing him from his peaceful slumbers, we craved hospitality, and were kindly asked to return to breakfast, when we had completed our tour of the lions. A canter of six miles along a straight road, carried in one place through the rocks by a narrow cutting, brought us to the

camp, situated in the crater of an extinct volcano.

Aden was first fortified by the Turks, and is very strong, every accessible height bristling with batteries, on which are mounted 100 heavy guns, and they might carry many more. It is an irregular rocky peninsula, sticking out from the mainland of Arabia, to which it is joined by a long neck of sand. No one is allowed to pass the barriers and penetrate into the interior. The garrison consists of a regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, two companies of a Royal Infantry Regiment, and two companies of Royal Artillery. There are a few men also belonging to an Indian Regiment of Irregular Cavalry, who were sent here on detachment twenty years ago, and have been dismounted, and apparently forgotten. The roads are excellent, and the pointed volcanic mountains very beautiful in their stern way, softened by a haze of pink and blue mist, peculiar to the tropics. It is reckoned a very hot place, and the reflection from the rocks causes frequent cases of sunstroke. The hills rise abruptly to a great height from the sea, the most striking peculiarity being the total absence of vegetation. The rocks are wholly

composed of scoria, and there is not an atom of soil. A few bushes have been planted near the houses in the camp—the earth in which it is hoped they will grow having been imported from the mainland. Rain falls here only about once in two or three years, and one of these periodical storms has lately occurred, washing away people, roads, and buildings by its violence, and its immediate result has been the springing up in the crevices of the rocks of a few green lichens, which are looked upon as a great wonder.

Remains of magnificent old tanks have been lately discovered, capable of holding three years' consumption of water; hitherto all drinking water, as well as firing, has been brought from the interior; for washing purposes, a condensing machine purifies the sea water for the use of the community. In the camp there are plenty of "Europe Shops," kept by Parsees, and a handsome native bazaar; but vegetables, and many other luxuries, are very scarce. The inhabitants are Arabs and Africans, a mongrel, but yet much finer race than the Indians. They have frizzly black hair, which they dye red. Though picturesque, the Station must be a very dull one, as besides its limited extent, the houses are much

scattered, so that there is little society. A few days ago, the French Consul, transgressing the rule forbidding Europeans to go beyond the fortifications on the side of Arabia, attempted to penetrate into the interior, and was murdered by some hostile tribes. After riding through the camp, on our return we ascended to the ramparts on the heights, from whence there is a fine view of both land and sea—the general aspect of Arabia being an unvarying flat; then descending to the gates of the Isthmus, we followed a road along the shore to "Steamer Point," and by nine o'clock were glad to take shelter from the burning sun, under our friends' hospitable roof, where we spent the day, and, among other luxuries, the never-to-be-forgotten delight of a bath was provided for us. After an early dinner we mounted some *tattoos*, rode down to the shore, and returned to the "Bombay."

And now, before describing the new miseries that awaited us on board, I must go back to say, that directly we had anchored, came the report of the wreck of the Calcutta mail steamer "Alma" in the Red Sea, and that the whole of her passengers had returned to Aden, and were to be put on board our already-crowded vessel.

It appears that the accident, which occurred five days ago, was entirely the result of carelessness. She was ten miles out of her course, and on a bright moonlight night struck on a rock evident to the most casual observer; then heeling over, the water rushed into the open ports, and just giving time to save the mails and passengers, she went down by the stern. Those whose cabins were on the lower side scarcely saved any thing but their lives, and they all landed on a rock, where with such shelter as a few tents made of sails could afford, these poor people—men, women, and children—had to remain for three days with only a little biscuit and beer for their support: *no water*, except what could be got from a few lumps of ice. A boat was sent for assistance, which fortunately fell in with H.M.S. "Cyclops," which embarked the poor shipwrecked people, and brought them to Aden.

On arriving there their first object was to procure clothes, for which purpose they were furnished with a small sum each by the P. and O. agent, who further promised that if they would wait for the Australian Mail (which was due in two days), they would have every chance of good accommodation on their voyage to Suez.

However, persuasion and entreaty were alike in vain, and our ship's officers had no means of protecting their vessel, which was literally *boarded* by these people to the number of 101, some fifty more having the good sense to wait for the next opportunity. And now *our* grievances began. It was not that we were wanting in compassion to these poor shipwrecked people, whom to have rescued, we would gladly have suffered any inconvenience; but that had been done before our arrival, and they were safe, if not comfortable, at Aden, where no power could persuade them to remain for a few days longer, instead of forcibly taking possession of our ship, where they took up an injured tone, abused the servants and the provisions, smoked in the ladies' faces, &c., till, in short, our vessel closely resembled a Thames boat *en route* to Greenwich Fair. As evening wore on, matters grew worse, and truly there were some curious people among the "Almas."

There was a Dutch officer with a Malay wife and five brown children, who occupied a large space in the centre of the deck, and by nine o'clock the whole was thickly covered with mattresses and *sheets*, in which persons of all ages and sexes enveloped themselves for the night, so

that to go below, one had to pick one's way over a confused mass of arms and legs, at the immediate risk of treading on somebody's nose; while in the saloons, even before the lights were put out, the table was converted into a great bed of Ware for more ladies and children.

Trinity Sunday, June 19.

We weighed anchor at nine P.M. last evening, and at the same hour A.M. this morning passed through the Straits of Bab el Mandeb into the Red Sea. On one side there is a peninsula of picturesque volcanic rocks, and on the other the small island of Perim, where a wretched English officer with a detachment of Indian Artillery is stationed. He is relieved every three months, during which period he has no communication with the mainland, never sees a white face, and has only the food and water that was brought with him. Just before dark this evening we lay to, for a few minutes, off the wreck of the "Alma," which was stuck fast on a reef, with her bows high in air. It was a melancholy sight, when one reflected what her unfortunate passengers have lost, and how narrowly they escaped with their lives. Many were much hurt in their exertions

to save others. We saw the wretched tents on the island, where they remained for three days. H.M.S. "Furious" is now lying here, endeavouring to save a few of the things. The Lascar sailors are supposed to have plundered a great deal, upwards of 600*l.* in money having been found in their possession. Amongst those most to be pitied, I thought, were a poor old couple, indigo planters, from Bengal, who had not been home for fifty years. The old man was eighty-five, and his wife seventy-three, and they had been saved most gallantly, and with great difficulty, from the wreck, and wonderful to relate, did not appear to suffer much from all they had gone through. The children also surprised me by the little harm their privations seem to have done them; few of them had any shoes or stockings, and they ran about our decks in one loose garment.

Monday, June 20.

The weather continues tolerably cool, with strong head winds, luckily for our crowded vessel, but owing to our weight we get on but slowly. All of us ladies, have formed ourselves into a sort of *working* club, plying our needles most industriously in behalf of the "Almas,"

who had mostly furnished themselves with pieces of coloured prints, &c., at Aden, from which we turn out gowns and garments for the children, with the rapidity of a sewing machine. They have no reason to complain of the want of benevolence of the "Bombays," as I believe contributions from the wardrobes of almost every one on board have been liberally given to those in need. The eating and drinking is now, of course, worse than ever. *Thirteen* meals a day succeed each other with wonderful rapidity. We are fed like hounds, and with food so coarse, it would not be given to well-nurtured dogs at home.

Thursday, June 23.

The last three days have been spent in the same weary monotony of crowded decks, slow progress, and disgusting meals. In all this wretchedness, our sick patient (who has been for some time established on deck), has steadily progressed towards recovery—a wonderful instance of the tenacity of human life; but the poor consumptive lady is growing weaker daily, and is evidently sinking. A protest against the treatment we have received at the hands of the P. and O. Company is being drawn up, and

will be signed by nearly all the gentlemen. The three doctors on board all say that the mercy of Providence alone has, by giving us head winds, which have kept up a certain degree of ventilation, saved us from the calamity of an epidemic, consequent on the over-crowding and heat. We are actually more in number in comparison with the size of the ship than there were on board the steamer last year which conveyed soldiers' wives up the Indus, when nearly *all* the passengers died of foul air; but thanks be to God, who has sent us such cool weather as is seldom experienced at this season in the Red Sea! We all look sodden and ill (no wonder), and the children have whooping-cough, and are covered with boils, and to-day the quantity as well as quality of our food is rapidly diminishing. There was much excitement to-day by people making up their parties for the railway carriages across the Desert, and the objectionable young lady expressed strong opinions on the conduct of several officers and gentlemen, who contrived to elude the traps she had baited for them.

Friday, June 24.

Soon after breakfast we passed close to a large barren rocky island on our western side,

which lies at the entrance to the Bay of Suez. The shores on both sides were visible all day, generally high picturesque hills, but totally denuded of vegetation. The exact spot where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea does not appear to be correctly known, but it was in the narrow part of the Sea. To-day our provisions are reduced to the lowest possible ebb, and what little there is, is so badly dressed as to be almost uneatable. The only palateable drink is lemonade, made from limes bought by some provident passengers at Aden; but this was not agreeable to breakfast upon. We went to bed rejoicing in the hope of its being our last night in the "Bombay."

CHAPTER XVI.

LAND AT SUEZ—THE DESERT RAILWAY—LOST LUGGAGE —CAIRO—NATIVE DRESS—EGYPTIAN BATH—DONKEY RIDING—JUMMA SHERIFF MOSQUE—BAZAARS—INSECTS —EXPEDITION TO THE PYRAMIDS—THE VIRGIN'S CAVE —TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS—ALEXANDRIA—EMBARK ON BOARD THE "INDUS"—MALTA—CAPUCHIN MONASTERY —GIBRALTAR—OLD ENGLAND AGAIN.

Saturday, June 25.

We anchored off Suez at half-past three this morning, and before long all were astir to pack up, hoping to get early on shore, but alas! such a hope proved most delusive; we waited till ten, and then were fain to breakfast off any thing we could get, and, after another weary hour, the little steamer, which had conveyed the baggage on shore, returned for the passengers. We were huddled *en masse* on her scorching deck, but bade adieu to the "Bombay," with feelings of intense satisfaction and gratitude, heightened by hearing that her boilers were out of repair, so that it was a peculiar mercy that we accomplished our voyage without breaking down, though the time we have been on the

sea, (twenty-one days from Bombay,) is ordinarily sufficient to carry the mail from thence to England! Suez is a small dirty native town, situated on a spit of sand projecting into the sea at the foot of fine sandstone mountains, said to be those which prevented the Israelites from going across the Isthmus of Suez on their departure from Egypt. There is a large hotel at Suez, belonging to the P. and O. Company, close to the landing place, and a great deal was said of a tiffin, which was to be here *given* to us, to make amends for our late paucity of supplies; but as the food consisted of a very limited allowance of cold mutton and chicken, and we had to pay three shillings for a pint bottle of beer and soda water, the entertainment could not be considered a very liberal one. The hotel, though large, was kept private, in expectation of a visit from the Pasha, and having no place to sit down in, we took what repose we could, sitting on our boxes in the hot courtyard for a couple of hours, whilst the train was being got ready. At last, about three o'clock, we were bundled into vans, six ladies in each, drawn by a pair of mules, and jolted through the dusty streets to the railway station, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, which was

sufficient to make us thankful we had no further to go in such conveyances. The gentlemen and the luggage were conveyed on open trucks, through heat that even *we* thought tremendous; and after a scramble incredible, we at length collected our party, and established ourselves in the carriage appropriated to us, being assured by the officials that our heavy baggage, which had been brought on shore in the morning, would all be forthcoming on our arrival at Cairo, where we purposed remaining for some days, to shake off the mass of our fellow-passengers, and to refresh ourselves with the sights of Egypt. Puff, scream, puff, puff, puff! and now we pass through the straggling village and emerge on the desert—an undulating plain of sand, intersected by a few small ravines, and occasionally large stones scattered on the smooth surface of the sand. Now and then a string of camels might be seen in the distance, or an Arab in his blue gown, treading his solitary way; and twice a miserable scrubby bush, about thirty inches high, reminded us of the existence of the vegetable kingdom.

Of course there are no Stations for passengers in the desert, but the engine stops for water every hour, when the sand has to be cleaned

out of it. The general effect of the desert to my mind, was that of a country buried under a mantle of *yellow* snow, (and the glare was nearly as great as that of *white* snow,) particularly when we passed a range of high hills, the soft outline of which bore the closest resemblance to a snow-drift. A few miles from Cairo tufts of coarse grass began to show themselves in the sand, and then a distant view of a belt of palms, and other trees, indicating the valley of the Nile, (the same yellow sand still at the foot of the trees;) gradually a few patches of cultivation irrigated and green, then some tall minarets and domes, and three great pyramids standing out in the background against the setting sun; and passing a large white palace of the Pasha's, we ran into the large station at Cairo, the time taken in crossing the desert being five hours. There are, of course, no habitations to be seen on the wayside, except an occasional tent, or one of the old caravansaries, enclosed in loop-holed walls. Collecting our small parcels, I proceeded with baby and some friends to take possession of some rooms that had been secured for us at Williams's Indian Family Hotel, which, prepared and furnished like a French house, is

very clean and quiet, and only professes to accommodate those who come to remain a few days. L——, who had stayed behind at the Station to get the heavy baggage, soon followed me to say, it was utterly impossible to get at our luggage, which was *locked up* in the vans going to Alexandria, so L—— made up his mind to go on there himself in the luggage train at night, and return as early as possible to-morrow with the recovered things.

Sunday, June 26.

I got up early this morning and thought the view from my window the most amusing I ever saw. It looked upon the grand square, or garden, which is bordered by *cafés* like those in the Champs Elysées, and crowds were passing to and fro, clad in the costumes of every nation under the sun, mixed with smart little donkeys with gay carpet saddles, with enormous humps of red leather in front. The Syrian and Egyptian ladies wear silk gowns of bright rose or straw colour, a white thick veil hanging down like a long pointed beard, and fastened by an ornament down the middle of the forehead, showing only their splendid eyes, whose effect is artificially heightened by a dark circle

painted round them. Over all they wear a black silk cloak, which, often inflated by the wind, extends to larger dimensions than European crinolines. The full trousers tied in round the ancles are scarcely perceptible, except as impeding the motion of the legs, and causing the walk to become an ungraceful shuffle, which effect is aided by the yellow slippers which complete the costume. The common women wear black veils, and are generally clad in blue.

We strolled about the town in the morning, which, in its modern part, very much resembles a French one; and then went to the Service at the English church, situated in the old Coptic quarter, which is very curious, from its narrow cool streets, the carved latticed balconies of the houses nearly meeting overhead. In each of these lattices small doors are contrived for the amusement of the ladies inside. The carvings on the arched doorways of these old houses are very beautiful, both in design and execution. The English church is fitted up in a large room of the clergyman's house; he is a German, but reads and preaches well in English once on Sundays; the Evening Service is in German. There were very few people present, it being the empty season in Cairo. After church I

went to take a Turkish bath—a process, on the whole, more curious than agreeable. Giving my rings and money into the care of my dragoman at the door, I was ushered into a large hall, with raised seats all round, where a number of women and children were disembarrassing themselves of their garments, or splashing, in a state of *brown* nature, in a large basin in the centre. I was handed up into a kind of stall, and told to take off my clothes, which were hung on a string, and by their fashion excited a good deal of curiosity and amusement among the native women. I was then given a long white cloth to wrap myself in, and my feet were thrust into wooden pattens, and then my conductress, (whose sole covering consisted of a handkerchief bound round her head, and a necklace of gold beads,) led me through several rooms with wet marble floors, into a small apartment at the end, which was to be for my sole use. All classes meet in these baths, the *ladies* only having rooms to themselves. The air was very hot and damp like a vapour bath: streams of hot water flowed into small basins at the sides of the room, and large cockroaches, who squeaked like rats, gambolled in every direction. Here I was seated on a stone seat,

and the scrubbing process was begun on my hair, which was rubbed with a bunch of well-soaped fibres. This took a long time, and was rather pleasant, till the disentangling began, by dragging forcibly at it as if it had been a horse's mane. It was in vain I remonstrated; I felt sure I should emerge bald from the bath, and, literally, when I was released, a bunch of hair sufficient to stuff a cushion was thrown down by my tormentor! This torture ended, the scrubbing was continued all over my body, which was at the same time sluiced with warm water. After a time I was again rolled in my now wet cloth, and conducted back to the outer hall through a perfect Babel of brown nudities, who were talking, laughing, scrubbing, and playing with the most perfect unconcern and amusement. Arrived at my stall I had to dress in public, my arrangements and attire provoking much good-humoured merriment. Finally, I was served with a minute cup of coffee in a little stand, and then delivered over to my dragoman, who was waiting to escort me home.

At four o'clock my friends and I sallied forth again, mounted on the jolliest little donkeys that it is possible to imagine: they are trained to *run* in the easiest manner about six miles

an hour, and for riding in the narrow streets of an Eastern town, are much more convenient than horses. We went first to the Railway Station, hoping to find L—— arrive by a train just due; but he did not appear, and we learnt that there was another later in the evening.

We then rode through the native bazaars of Cairo, which are very entertaining and gay with their variety of goods—a separate bazaar being devoted to the productions of each nation;—they are interspersed with numerous mosques, decorated with elaborate carving. We ascended a steep winding hill to the citadel, which is approached through ruinous fortifications. The top is crowned by the Jumma Sheriff Mosque, whose beautiful minarets and dome form striking objects in all views of Cairo. On entering the outer court, canvas slippers are drawn over one's shoes to prevent scratching the pavement of polished white marble. In the centre is a fountain with a dome and niches most elaborately and delicately carved, and round three sides of the court are arcades, the whole built of oriental alabaster. The fourth side is occupied by the mosque, built of the same beautiful material. The windows in the arcades, and those in the

mosque are filled with bronze gratings of the most elegant designs. The interior of the mosque, exquisitely carved and polished, with a ceiling gorgeously painted, corresponds in richness with the exterior. On one side is the tomb of Muhammed Ali, the founder, rich in bronze and green and gold. Three circles of brass lamps are hung round the dome to light it at night. The interior is an open space with carpets on one side, near a green and gold pulpit. The effect of the walls and pavement of polished and carved alabaster is beautiful beyond expression. I think I never saw a church I thought so gorgeous and at the same time in such good taste, not even excepting St. Peter's at Rome. It is built on the spot where the Mamelukes were massacred by Muhammed Ali, who, doubtless, considered the erection of this gorgeous temple a kind of atonement. The view from the terraces outside is very extensive and fine, the Nile winding like a silver thread in the distance; at your feet Cairo with its thousand minarets and domes, nearly all beautifully carved; beyond, the great Pyramids, the aqueduct, the hill of a hundred windmills, and far away, in the haze of evening, the Pyramids of Memphis. We stood on the rock

where the Mamelukes were butchered, and from whence the last of them jumped his horse over the precipice, and so escaped himself, though the horse was killed. A small palace of the Pasha's stands near, in a pretty little garden. We were shown a number of fine rooms with European curtains and carpets, and handsome damask divans. The walls of one room were painted to resemble windows, with different prospects. The Pasha's great bed, a mass of soft quilts, looked comfortable enough; but the only thing I really admired was his suite of bathing rooms, all of polished oriental alabaster. The outer room had a couch on which to repose and take coffee after the fatigues of the bath.

We rode back through another set of bazaars equally amusing, thronged with pedestrians in every variety of dress, donkey riders, camels, carriages gay with gilding, large bullocks drawing carts, long *palkees* made for camels, put on drays and drawn by mules, men hawking water, sherbet, and various other things. The natives are fond of sitting on wicker baskets like birdcages at their doors, or else reclining on carpets just inside the shops.

L—— did not arrive till nine P.M., having

had nothing to eat for thirty hours. He was for ten hours last night shut up with Egyptians in a second class carriage, and on arriving at Alexandria had a great deal of difficulty in recovering our luggage, and only succeeded just in time to catch the return train here.

Monday, June 27.

The morning was devoted to the Turkish bazaars, where we purchased a few pretty things. At four o'clock we started on donkeys to ride to the Pasha's garden of Shubra. The road is shaded by an avenue of sycamores and acacias of three miles in length, terminating on the banks of the Nile, at a large and yet unfinished palace. Dismounting at a gate, we walked through a garden laid out in straight walks, with hedges of clipped myrtle; flowers were scarce, but in this bare country the place looked green and pretty. In one corner stood a very trumpery summer-house, of painted glass, but farther on there was a handsome kind of cloister, or gallery, built round a piece of water: the pillars and floor were of polished white marble, and the ceiling beautifully painted. At the centre of each side, couches were arranged to rest upon, and at the four

corners were furnished rooms, one with a billiard table, and another whose decorations struck us as most beautiful and uncommon. The floors and walls were of inlaid woods, the chandeliers of many-coloured glass with silver mountings, the curtains of pink and gold damask, and the couches and chairs very rich in gilding and satin. The ceiling was white, and blue, and gold, and the only tables were two of pure white marble. The immediate environs of Cairo are all highly cultivated, in perfectly flat gardens, interspersed with pretty villas of two storeys high, with green jalousies, like French houses. One of these, a kind of summer-house, in a large court bordering the Shubra road, belongs to the Pasha, and there he was spending this afternoon. His guard, of about fifty horse soldiers, clad in handsome white jackets and loose trousers, with a small silver button on their fez caps, were lounging at the gates.

Tuesday, June 28.

There are still plagues in Egypt. Not to mention the flies, which are innumerable and loathsome, from their propensity to settle on the weak eyes of the Egyptians, the fleas and

mosquitoes are more ravenous and importunate than any I have met with. Cairo is charming by day, but the nights are one long torment.

We started at five this morning on an expedition to the Pyramids of Cheops, driving through Old Cairo about three miles to the banks of the Nile, the road raised between deep ditches, being generally bordered by trees, or hedges of bamboo, a much smaller species of cane than the Indian plant of the same name. At the river bank we found our donkeys, and embarking with them in a ferry-boat, crossed the river, here divided into two branches by an island.

The Nile is now just beginning to rise, and in about twenty days will have attained its maximum height—twenty feet more. Arrived on the opposite shore we mounted our jolly little donkeys, and proceeded along shady lanes and through groves of dates (a very stiff, formal looking palm), and then over a large tract of irrigated fields, now brown and bare, towards the Pyramids, which with the lights and shadows of early morning gleaming on them, looked very grand and wonderful. The sandy desert begins about half a mile from the base of the nearest Pyra-

mid, and they are raised on a high bank or mound perforated in every direction with old tombs cut in the sandstone rock, and covered with *débris* of small, or baby Pyramids. The group is composed of three large ones, the farthest much smaller than the other two. We dismounted at the base of the nearest, and were immediately surrounded by vociferous Arabs, who almost tore us to pieces in their anxiety to secure attending us to the top. Our dragoman had previously warned us not to take money or any valuable with us, as these wild tribes are very independent, and have no wholesome awe of Europeans; indeed they were very disagreeable and half threatening in their manner to me, when during the ascent I got a little separated from the gentlemen of the party, and they all speak enough English to be impertinent. The ascent was much more easily accomplished than I expected. One Arab held me by each hand, and a third assisted in the rear, and in this way I found no difficulty in climbing the steps, which are huge blocks of stone, very much broken, and varying in height from two feet to four. My dress was naturally rather an encumbrance, and one of my Arabs, taking hold of my gown, asked me why I did

not take it off. The view of Cairo and the flat garden-like valley of the Nile is, of course, very fine and extensive, though not beautiful. Whilst we were resting on the top, an Arab boy ran down our Pyramid and up to the summit of the next, which is higher, in the space of ten minutes. The descent is very easy, by leaning on your guides and jumping from step to step, and I was surprised at not experiencing any feeling of giddiness. Our breakfast awaited us at the bottom, under the shadow of a projecting ledge. Only one of the party, Mr. W——, went into the interior, and his account was, that passing for some distance down an incline, you grope your way through several chambers lined with polished granite, in one of which is a sarcophagus of the same material, called the Tomb of Cheops, but there was little to be seen, and that little but dimly seen by the light of a solitary dip. The Arabs beset us again with redoubled violence when we rose to depart, and nearly drove us wild with their noisy vociferations, greatly taking off from the pleasure of the excursion. Returning, we passed close to the Sphinx, whose huge head projects out of the sand between the two largest Pyramids. She has lost her nose, and

never could have been exactly a pretty girl. A man standing by her enabled me to see that it is about six feet from the point of her chin to her mouth.

The sun's heat was very great as we rode back over the plain, though very different in effect from the poisonous rays he emits in India. Re-crossing the ferry, we entered the carriage and drove through the narrow and ruinous streets of Old Cairo; and getting out to thread still narrower alleys, we arrived at a very ancient Coptic Church, supposed to be built over the residence of the Virgin Mary, during her sojourn in Egypt. It contains several finely carved wooden screens, panelled in places with inlaid ivory. Curious old pictures on gold grounds adorn the walls, and underneath is a small crypt, supported by polished granite pillars, and containing a tiny cave, said to have been the abode of the Virgin: though why she was supposed to have lived in such a hole, I cannot imagine.

We got home about one P.M. Passing a village to-day, we observed the people making bricks *with straw*, like the Israelites, and baking them in the sun. We also saw a mirage on the desert—a view apparently of a lake with

islands, where in reality there was nothing but sand. In the afternoon we went up to the citadel, for L—— to see the magnificent mosque, which lost none of its beauty on a second visit; and afterwards drove towards Bulac, the port of Cairo on the Nile, but the dust was so disagreeable that we returned home, and contented ourselves with strolling in the gardens of the great square till dinner time. In the evening we generally sit under the trees in front of one of the *cafés*, which supplies us with ices, pipes for the gentlemen, and coffee for those who like the thick infusion full of grounds, served up without milk, in tiny cups in stands. Bands, both native and European, play every evening, and the *beau monde* of Cairo promenade in the shady walks. The bread in Egypt is excellent, and with water melons appears to be the chief food of the common people. The people employed on public works receive no money, but a loaf of bread daily, in lieu of wages. The Pasha is very arbitrary in his exactions, and not a little eccentric in his conduct. He returned yesterday from Alexandria, and delayed the Overland Mail two hours, because he had lost two pipes, which were eventually found on board his yacht.

His passion is *engine driving*, and there being only one line of rails, he frequently endangers many lives by his recklessness. He is a remarkable instance of an Eastern wholly without personal fear, but like most despots his amusements are of the most puerile description. At Shubra we saw several velocipedes, on which he delights to ride round the marble cloisters, and two or three tiny canoes, in which he paddles on the water of the Fountain. It is very noticeable that almost all the men in Cairo are either blind of one eye, or are suffering from ophthalmia in both, and the European children seem all victims to the complaint. It used to be common here for men to destroy one of their eyes to save themselves from the conscription, but the Pasha was too sharp for them, and has organized a regiment of one-eyed soldiers.

Wednesday, June 29.

We started at nine this morning on donkeys, and jogged through the bazaars to the Egyptian burial-ground, a large space filled with curious-looking little white tombs, those of the men having a turban carved at one end, whilst a sort of representation of a veil marks those of the women. We alighted before a large

mosque with three domes, containing within the tombs of the Pashas. They are large sarcophagi of plaister, painted in gay colours, and with sentences from the Koran written around. There were several men within, reciting, in a nasal tone, verses from their holy book. Outside the mosque containing these Royal tombs are some handsome carved monuments, erected by Muhammed Ali over the bodies of the Mamelukes he had murdered, a poor compensation, one should think, for their lives.

On our return into Cairo we went, by appointment, to call on the Chaplain's wife, Mrs. Lieder, who had kindly offered to show us her collection of Egyptian curiosities. We found her drawing-room quite a miniature museum, the most conspicuous object in which was the perfect mummy of a princess, possibly, as early as Moses. This mummy is said to be an unique specimen of that era. There were many small mummies of a calf, of ibises, hawks, crocodiles, and one of an ox, which were considered symbolical deities. Our hostess herself could read the hieroglyphic signs, and gave us much interesting and curious information on different subjects connected with the antiquities of this

country. She told us that the portion of Old Cairo in which is situated the Coptic church we visited yesterday, is the site of the Roman camp in which Antony and Cleopatra lived. Mrs. Lieder disbelieves the story of the Virgin's Cave, but gave good reasons for the supposition that the church was built over a spot made sacred by being the scene of the imprisonment and martyrdom of Christians during one of the persecutions under the Emperor Diocletian.

Near the church was a small monastery, from which St. Peter is supposed to have written his Epistle dated *Babylon*. The old Babylon, in Assyria, had before then ceased to be a place of importance, and Babylon was a name by which Old Cairo was known to the ancients. She suggested to us that the plain watered by the Nile in which Cairo stands, may have been formerly the land of Goshen, which was given to the Israelites; and the Egyptian city of No lay on a sandy plateau between the Pyramid of Cheops and those of Memphis. It is written in the prophecies respecting No, that "No man should henceforth walk *through* it," and this has been literally fulfilled by the constantly accumulating *débris* from the yearly inundations of the Nile, forming such a mass

of soil on the top of the ruins, that though men daily walk *over* it, no one can accurately be said to walk *through* it. Succoth, where the Israelites assembled previous to the Exodus, lay on the plain we traversed going to the Pyramids, and the banks of the river, a little to the south of where we crossed it, may have been the scene of the miracles of Moses. A small island near Cairo is said to have been the spot where Moses was found; but as Pharaoh's daughter probably lived in the Royal city of Memphis, some thirty miles distant, it is not likely to be a truthful legend.

Mrs. Lieder's museum contained several sculptured heads and arms, some coins and crosiers, and a beautiful altar vase, brought from the ruins of the church at Thebes. In the early days of Christianity the Coptic quarter was a walled village, and the modern town of Cairo had no existence. Our kind hostess was a perfect miracle of learning, and had all the history of the Egyptian kings, as well as that of the early Christians, at her fingers' ends. We regretted much that our stay here drawing to a close, we should not be able to avail ourselves of her kind offer of guiding our steps to some of the interesting antiquities of the neighbourhood.

After returning, as usual, to our hotel in the middle of the day, for some light refreshment in the way of fruit, &c., and an hour's rest, we sallied forth again in the afternoon, and threading the tortuous lanes of the bazaars, went out of the town on the northern side by a noble gateway (to which, from the outside, there is no regular approach), and winding through narrow paths with walls on each side (reminding me of the one Balaam rode along, when the ass crushed his foot against the wall), we passed through another large cemetery, and approached a number of handsome tombs and mosques, the burial-places of the Caliphs, or of the heads and founders of the Mameluke dynasty. We entered one of them, which though now in a state of decay, shows the remains of former splendour, in a Mosaic pavement of many-coloured marbles, and arabesque paintings on the ceiling. This mosque has in the centre a circular opening to the air.

Here are shown three separate impressions of Muhammed's foot, on a piece of dark-coloured marble, the impress of five toes being very clear. We did not enter the other mosques, and only just got home before dark. The way in which the donkeys thread their way through the crowded

bazaars, without relaxing in their hurried pace, is quite marvellous. Each moment you fancy must bring you into collision with some of the many two or four-legged passengers who throng the streets, but if you leave all to the donkeys you rapidly find yourself shuffled safely through them all. The bazaars are very cool in the middle of the day, as mattings or awnings are stretched across them to keep out the sun. The Early-Closing Movement obtains here, and by five o'clock most of the shops are shut, and their owners transferred to the numerous cafés and sherbet shops, where they play unceasingly at dominoes.

Thursday, June 30.

The train to Alexandria professed to start at 8.30 this morning, but the Turks never consider it worth while to hurry about any thing, and on this occasion it was delayed by the ever-restless Pasha, who never seems to remain more than one night in any place. Yesterday he drove his engine to Suez in one hour and twenty minutes, being ten miles an hour faster than it is guaranteed to go in safety, and he remarked to his English engineers, that though *they* might be afraid, *he* was not; to-day, the small army constituting his

escort blocked up the line before us, causing several hours' detention. The Delta of the Nile, between Cairo and Alexandria, is the very ugliest country I ever traversed—a dead flat, without trees, except a few stiff date palms, or here and there a garden. The fields are still bare, except where water has been turned on the rice crops, which then form a vast swamp. The flat-roofed villages resemble those in India in dirt and squalor. The railway crosses the Nile and its branches in several places; the principal bridge has only lately been finished, and was last year the scene of a dreadful calamity, when the train ran into the river, and a brother of the Pasha's was among the drowned. On that occasion the Pasha drove his engine to the edge of the causeway the next morning, and remained there for two days, to see, as he said, if *they dared to push him in!*

The city of Alexandria is situated at the extremity of a long neck of land stretching out into the sea, and approached through dismal lagoons and swamps. On arriving, we were nearly torn to pieces by the touters from the rival hotels, and eventually were carried off to the wrong one, where we had to compromise matters by partaking of a bad dinner, after which our

things were removed to Abbott's, where rooms had been already engaged for us. We strolled through the fine square, which is said to be exactly the size of Noah's Ark, and were struck by the preponderance of coats and hats over oriental costume, and also by the variety of languages written over the shops, all of which had a decidedly European appearance.

Friday, July 1.

The practice which obtains in Egypt of having *no* private sitting-rooms in the hotels is productive of much discomfort, driving one for refuge after breakfast from a dirty Salle à Manger, reeking with the odours of many meals, to the fusty bedroom, whose turn of being *done* has not yet arrived. In the afternoon we drove to the so-called Pompey's Pillar, a solitary column standing on a high bank outside the town, and chiefly remarkable for the shaft consisting of one block of pink granite. It is supposed by some persons that this is impossible, and that the ancients were acquainted with some method of *fusing* the granite, so as to hide the joints between the different pieces of which the pillar was composed. This column is considered by antiquarians to be centuries older

than Pompey, and to have no connexion whatever with him. The Arab cemetery near the base of the pillar is curious: each little grave has an aloe planted by it. About a mile farther from the city we went to see a curious old church, excavated in the sandstone rock by the primitive Christians, the walls of which were painted in frescoes, now much decayed; one represented the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and there were many portraits of the Apostles. From the centre of the Church branched off a long catacomb, and we saw many excavated graves, leading apparently to subterranean passages of great extent. The guide, wishing to impress us with the idea of the great antiquity of this church, assured us that it was 4,000 years old!

Returning from our drive, we passed through long alleys of trees, and streets of villas, which, with their gardens, would have been very pretty, but for the excessive dust, which seems to pervade and cover every thing in or near Alexandria. We stopped at a spot near the seashore, where Cleopatra's Needle now stands. It is a fine obelisk of pink granite, the hieroglyphics on three sides of which are as perfect and sharp as when they were cut; those on the fourth side have suffered a little from the

weather. It used to lie half buried in the sand, but a few years ago it was raised to its present erect position, though, as it is only supported on a few stones, it seems miraculous that the first sea-breeze does not lay it low.

Saturday, July 2.

We were up early to see the bazaars, which however are shabby and poor, after those of Cairo; and on our return found that a cabin had been secured for us on board the P. and O. packet "Indus," which was to leave for Southampton in a few hours. Then commenced a never-to-be-forgotten struggle to get our luggage and ourselves down to the wharf, where crowds of Arabs vociferating for "*backsheesh*" nearly tore us to pieces. At last, we were fairly embarked in a dangerous little wherry, the owner of which positively refused to row, and recklessly made fast his large sail. It was with feelings of sincere pleasure that we took possession of our airy poop cabin on the "Indus," which had the further advantage of being apart from the rest of the passengers. She is a fine roomy vessel, and though very full we were not at all crowded. We steamed out of the harbour of Alexandria at six P.M.,

and the heavy dew and cold wind sent me to bed with a European cold.

Tuesday, July 5.

On Sunday, a dignitary of the Church, who chanced to be on board, read the Service on deck, and preached a sermon which had evidently been intended for use on a transport going to the Crimea, for he found himself suddenly growing eloquent on the subject of "tender and devoted women," who had dedicated themselves to the service of the wounded and sick; and feeling that his present congregation were of a different cast, he stopped, began again, and vainly endeavoured to adapt the remainder of the discourse to those around him. We steam moderately fast, through a calm blue sea; the days are nice and warm, but the evenings chilly. There is a piano on board, and a band which plays every evening, and tempts some of those who have been fellow-travellers from China or India, to dance. We have a good many dark Malays on board, and several Chinese nurses, curious-looking creatures, who carry the babies supported on broad scarfs passed over their shoulders.

Wednesday, July 6.

A charming morning, the pleasure of which was enhanced by the hope of reaching Malta early. About noon we first sighted the island, and by two P.M. had safely anchored in the quarantine harbour of Valetta. The first impression of the island is one of wonder at its immense strength, every available morsel of ground being converted into some kind of field-works. The numerous towers of the churches, and the many-storied *jalousied* houses crowning the steep rocks, are very picturesque, though one longs for a few green trees to contrast with the glare of the white stone. Pretty little boats, gaudily painted, soon swarmed around our steamer, in one of which L—— and I proceeded to the shore, and climbed a steep narrow street to the Strada Reale, where the principal shops display their stores of lace and coral to tempt the unwary. The day being hot, and being unaware of the close proximity of the places we wanted to go to, we engaged a carriage, the driver of which, for transporting us a few hundred yards, claimed the exorbitant sum of fifteen shillings, which, there being no redress to be obtained, we were obliged to pay.

After paying a visit to our friends the

W——s, we proceeded to the monastery of the Capuchin monks, remarkable for a *morgue*, a crypt under the church, where the bodies of the dead monks, clothed in their life-attire, are arranged in niches against the walls. They are preserved from decay by exposure to great heat (being *roasted* in fact) and by the extreme dryness of the soil; some are quite skeletons, whilst others retain large portions of skin and flesh. One had a horrid swollen tongue protruding from his ghastly mouth, and almost all had assumed some grotesque or comical attitude, shockingly at variance with a scene of death and decay. The youngest corpse had only been three years dead, whilst many were several centuries old. The walls of the crypt were ornamented with cornices and devices formed of human bones, and the whole atmosphere was dank and earthy.

Glad to escape from this shocking spectacle, we next visited the Cathedral of St. John, a magnificent church, the interior walls of which are richly decorated with gilded scrolls in relief on a blue ground. The side chapels are dedicated each to a particular nation, and contain the monuments of the Grand Masters of the Knights Templars according to their nationality,

whilst the floors, of inlaid marbles, consist of tablets to the memory of humbler personages. The choir, containing the knights' stalls, is very rich in carving and gilding, and there are many pictures, but none of any remarkable beauty. A fine chair of state is placed on one side of the centre aisle, for "Victoria Queen," as our guide informed us. Our excursion on leaving the Cathedral extended to some of the shops, the owners of which drive a very thriving trade by the custom of the steamboat passengers; and after hearing a few tunes from a military band, in a kind of public promenade, we partook of a very bad dinner at the Hôtel Imperiale, and returned at nine P.M. to the good ship "Indus," which shortly after weighed anchor, and steamed off *en route* to Gibraltar.

Monday, July 11.

Five days of perfect weather—the sea as blue as a sapphire, and as smooth as glass—brought us to Gibraltar, the last day within sight of the lovely mountains on the southern coast of Spain—the only incident being the appearance, one day, of a long black line in the waters, which one of the sailors jokingly remarked might be the sea-serpent. On ap-

proaching, it proved to be a large pack of seals, evidently on a journey. They swam close together, and kept exactly in line, with their black heads out of the water, like so many dogs; and were swimming steadily forward in the same direction for as long as we could watch them. On emerging from my cabin at six this morning, I beheld the great white rock of Gibraltar rearing its head immediately in front of us; and, rounding Europa Point, we anchored alongside a coaling hulk by eight A.M. Before us lay the town, with its gardens and terraces; the great rock towering over it, pierced by innumerable galleries, and covered with zigzag paths; joining this to the mainland, lay the flat strip of neutral ground; now covered by the white tents of an English and a Spanish camp—the village of San Roque perched on a rock, and surrounded by fields and gardens; and, further round the bay, the town of Algesiras reposing on a background of beautiful mountains and green valleys, dotted with country houses;—all this, with the blue Mediterranean for a foreground, covered with vessels of all shapes and sizes—from the stately English three-decker, to the little country boats—formed a panorama of beauty, far surpassing any thing I had imagined.

We were to remain five hours; and the disembarkation of passengers was remarkably well managed, a certain number of boats being provided by the Peninsular and Oriental Company—tickets for which were obtained on board—thus avoiding the usual scenes of extortion and squabbling. We landed; and, walking up the High Street, might have fancied ourselves in England, had it not been for a few foreign names, and green jalousies. After breakfasting with some friends, we mounted donkeys, with curious saddles (mine was a pad placed between two pairs of cross-trees, and covered with gay-flowered chintz), and, ascending the steep lanes of the town, passed through the gate of the old Moorish castle, and entered a range of the celebrated galleries, with which the rock is perforated in every direction, and which contain embrasures, bristling with heavy guns.

We paused on many of the open spaces to admire the lovely views; but were obliged, from lack of time, to limit our excursion to St. George's Hall—a chamber excavated in a large and semi-detached piece of rock. All the galleries we saw look towards Spain, but there are many others on the different sides of the mountain; and the Prince of Wales has lately laid the foundation of a new battery of ninety guns,

on the only side which appeared ill-defended. Returning towards the town, we were delighted with the numerous wild flowers growing in the crevices of the rock. The monkeys are rarely seen, except in the early morning; but partridges, and some other game, are abundant. The "Indus" weighed anchor at one P.M., and we steamed close to the beautiful shores of Spain, having the African mountains in hazy outline on the other side. Towards evening we passed Cape Trafalgar, where the enemy's fleet lay previously to that great battle.

Our progress up the Coast was very interesting; we passed close to the mouth of the Tagus, and within view of the heights of Cintra, crowned on its sharpest pinnacle with what was once a Moorish castle, then a convent, and is now the favourite palace of the King of Portugal. We crossed the Bay of Biscay with scarcely a ripple on the water; though the cold wind was trying to us, coming from the East. On Saturday, July 16th, we found ourselves steaming up Channel along the Dorsetshire Coast—which had a cold, green aspect, strikingly different from the scenery among which the last two years of our lives

had been passed—and, passing through the Needles, under a broiling sun, we found ourselves entering the docks at Southampton at half-past one o'clock P.M.; where all looked so familiar, we asked each other, could it, indeed, be, that two years of such varied scenes had passed since we last set foot in dear Old England?

APPENDIX.

"HOW I HELPED IN THE PURSUIT OF TANTIA TOPEE."

By MAJOR LEOPOLD PAGET, R.H.A.

On 1st October, 1858, I got letters informing me that I had been appointed by H.R.H. the General Commanding-in-Chief, to the command of the D troop, Royal Horse Artillery, which had lately marched from Poona to Central India, to be employed with the Field Force under the command of General Michel, in the pursuit of Tantia Topee. Having to wait for orders before I could leave the Field Battery then under my command, it was not until the 27th of that month, that my wife and child and myself turned our backs on Dharwar, and on the agreeable and kind friends we had made there, to enter on a journey of about 900 miles, to the region of Central India, where we supposed my troop to be. I shall omit the

details of our journey to Poona, and thence to Ahmednugger, as that has been noticed in the foregoing pages, and I take up my story from the day I left my wife at the latter Station, in a strange place, among strange people, to shift for herself as best she could. But "duty is duty, and must be done," so accordingly, having laid a bullock-dâk, I started at 8 P.M. on 23rd November, on my pilgrimage in search of my new troop, of the whereabouts of which none of the authorities at Poona or Ahmednugger had the smallest conception, no advices having been received from it for weeks past. I had, however, hopes of gaining intelligence if I could make my way as far as Mhow, in Central India. Travelling through the night, I arrived at Aurengabad on 24th, and became the guest of Captain S——, the Commandant, who received me with the kindness so universal in India from one Sahib to another.

I remained at Aurengabad till 27th, laying in further stores for my solitary ramble, and among other things I bought a useful pony for Domine, my body-servant, justly concluding he was more likely to attend to my cuisine and other comforts, if I made things pleasant to him, than if I obliged him, native fashion, to

perform his journey on foot, or jolt in a bullock-*hackery!* On the 27th November I arrived at Poolmarey, a distance of 16 miles, and found a dâk-bungalow in which to put up. Having to make 28 miles to Sailoor the next day, I started at half-past 2 A.M. on Sunday; my grey Persian horse, possibly having conscientious scruples against Sunday travelling, was good enough to commence the day's work by pitching upon his head, and throwing me, which, as I happen to be a heavy man, and the ground in India rocky and hard, was more or less unpleasant.

The journey of the 29th brought me to Ajunta, and I became as usual the guest of a perfect stranger, Major Gill, late of the Madras army, a solitary European living at that place, for the purpose of photographing the wonderful Cave Temples of Ajunta and Ellora. He had a charming bungalow, and a most excellent cook and cellar, and I left him with much regret, coupled with a feeling of disappointment, that I could not take advantage of his kind offer to be my *cicerone* over these wonderful remains of a former age; but I felt I was bound to join my troop at the earliest possible moment, and that I had no right to

indulge in a pleasure excursion on my own account.

At Tulligaum, where I arrived on December 1st, there was no travellers' bungalow, so I had to put up for the day in the native *serai*, a hot, stinking place enough, which I was rejoiced to leave, at 5 next morning, for Bodir, where, to my surprise, I saw in a tower of the small native town, an undoubted English clock, which struck the hours, and behaved in all respects as a clock ought to do. Here I found 300 baggage animals for General Michel's Field Force, on their way up country. Journeying on my solitary path through the jungle, just as day was breaking on the morning of December 3rd, an enormous tiger crept stealthily across the road, just in front of my horse; but I conclude he had partaken of an early breakfast, or I should not now be writing these lines. I had a long ride that day of 45 miles, and on reaching Borehampur late, I found an outpost of the 23rd Bengal Native Infantry, and made merry with the officers in the evening. I arrived at the strong Fort of Asseerghur on December 4th. The jungle at the foot of the fortress was dotted with white tents, and sure enough, here I found one of the many columns in search of the rebels.

It proved to be that under the command of Colonel Beecher, of the Bengal army, and what was interesting to me, attached to it, I found two guns of my own troop, under Lieutenant Peter Hill.

Among the non-commissioned officers I found an old acquaintance, one Bombardier B——, originally a gunner in the troop in which I served as subaltern eleven years before. He was an example of what are the sad effects of drink in the British army, and how it ruins the prospects of all over whom it holds sway. This man, from his good education and address, had been made an officer in the Turkish Contingent, during the Crimean war, but for drunkenness, had been remanded as a gunner to his troop, Royal Horse Artillery. He then rose again to be a non-commissioned officer, and on the arrival of the troop in India in 1857, he had another trial given him and was appointed a Quarter-Master in a regiment of Native Cavalry: but his besetting sin once more overcame him; he was tried by a court-martial, and sent back to the Horse Artillery, in which I found him risen again to the rank of Bombardier. He died at Mhow, very shortly after, from the effects of a broken constitution.

As Colonel Beecher's column happened to be going in the direction in which I wished to proceed, I gladly accompanied it on the 5th of December, and passed a most agreeable day in the society of the officers of the column—hearing all sorts of professional chit-chat, from which I had been debarred for a long period. On the 6th I remained with the column, as rebels were supposed to be in the neighbourhood, and travelling quite alone had become ticklish work. On December 7th, Colonel Beecher, having received tidings of the enemy, moved off his column in quite a contrary direction to that in which I was going, so I went on by myself to Diesgaum, twenty-two miles.

Here my servants picked up all sorts of disagreeable stories about the proximity of rebels; averring they had just burnt a village about five miles off—through which lay my onward route. I could only hope they might have finished their depredations before my arrival, and decamped without leaving stragglers. Next morning, leaving Diesgaum at daybreak, I endeavoured to canter, with an airy unconcern, through the looted village: undoubted traces of recent outrage were visible all about it; and I confess to a feeling of satisfaction, when I

found myself with a whole skin at the next Station, in company with a Civil Engineer, whom I found in possession of the travellers' bungalow.

I arrived at Mhow at six P.M., December 9th, after twelve hours' jolting in a bullock-*hackery*, and found some officers of the 8th Hussars occupying the travellers' bungalow. The next day I passed an agreeable evening, dining with General Michel, who commanded this division of the army, and all the various columns then engaged in hunting rebels in the field. Here I got authentic information, for the first time, of the place where my troop was likely to be found, viz., at or about Rutlaum, and heard that it formed part of a cavalry column under the command of Brigadier Somerset, C.B., son of the Commander-in-chief at Bombay. I also heard that General Michel, hearing I was travelling up country alone, had sent an escort of *sowars* to meet me; but I had never fallen in with them. I may here remark, *en passant*, a peculiarity I afterwards observed about these detached columns, who were engaged in hunting the rebels. They were all commanded by officers of zeal and experience; and they all wanted to be the one to catch Tantia Topee;

and as each wanted his own column to do it without interference from another, in addition to chasing the rebels, the columns were often running away from one another; so that when the uninitiated thought they were in hot pursuit of the mutineers, it frequently transpired that it was only a rapid countermarch to get out of the neighbourhood of Brigadier Somebody else, who had been heard of within a few miles of the last halting-ground.

On December 12th, having procured five camels from the Commissariat department for my baggage, I started by Dâk *gary*, *viâ* Indore, for Rutlaum. At Indore, Sir Robert Hamilton, the Resident at the Court of the Maharajah, kindly ordered an escort to accompany me to Rutlaum, as the rebels were known to be certainly about these parts, and a solitary European would stand but a very poor chance. After travelling all day, I arrived at eleven P.M. at Rutlaum on December 13th, and found two guns of the Royal Artillery, under Major Grant, who thought, but was not certain, that the column I was in search of was in, or near, Selaneh. Here was I in a pretty pickle. I had sent on my horses and baggage animals from Mhow, by advice of the General, to join

this wandering army at Rutlaum; but the column had not been there, and nothing certain was known about them. My bullock-dâk had come to an end, and I had no authority to lay another, even if I had known in which direction to send relays of beasts; so, here I found myself, without a change of clothes—minus horses and baggage—attended only by the faithful Domine—whom I had kept with me to do my cooking at the halting-places. While pondering over this dilemma, I was informed that a detachment of the camel corps, under a Soubadhar of native infantry, had just arrived, *en route* to join the very column I was in search of; so I joyfully perched myself on the leading camel, and away we went about two P.M., December 14th: but, on reaching Selaneh a few hours later, we found no traces of our wandering host; so we journeyed further to a place called Peeplode, and there bivouacked under a tope of trees for the night.

I endeavoured to make myself as agreeable to the native officer, as my total ignorance of the language would permit—by constant hand-shaking, and smoking innumerable pipes of peace and good-fellowship. I ascertained, somehow or other, that he was a Jew, and we re-

mained great friends all the time we were in the field together—a day seldom passing without the ceremony of the "hand-shake." This first evening, after Domine had procured me a light repast of tea and *chupatties*, the native officer appeared, escorting a large *charpoi*, or native bedstead, he had procured for my use, and on which he tucked me up with cloaks and blankets, with the care of an old nurse.

At daybreak, on the 15th of December, we left Peeplode; and suddenly, about noon, came, quite unexpectedly—to myself, at all events—in sight of an English encampment at a place called Moera; and, to my great joy, it proved to be that of the very column I was in search of: and I soon had the pleasure of greeting my old friend Colonel Gardiner, whom I had come to relieve, and who only waited my arrival to start for Bombay, *en route* to England. I was rejoiced to find that my baggage and horses had found their way to the column, and I was soon comfortably ensconced in my own tent; and next morning, on taking formal command of my new troop, found the horses in good condition, and every thing in the fine order it was sure to have been kept, under my predecessor. The column I had joined was a cavalry one, under Brigadier

Somerset, consisting of head-quarters of 17th Lancers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Benson—four guns of my Troop (D) Royal Horse Artillery, and two companies of the 92nd Highlanders, mounted on camels—and our object was to try, by sheer hard marching, if we could not overtake and bring to action the mutineers under Tantia Topee, who kept up a perpetual dance all round the country.

On December 17th the column left Moera in two divisions: a portion of 17th Lancers and two of my guns, under the Serjeant-Major (for I had no officers) being detached, with orders to make a rapid march after the rebels in one direction, whilst I went on with my two remaining guns, the Highlanders, and a squadron of 17th Lancers, under the Brigadier, to Jowra, to try and cut them off in another. The next day we were entertained at dinner by the Nawab of Jowra, who seated himself by the Brigadier during the repast, smoking his chibouque. He is an enlightened native, speaking English, and affecting European manners. He keeps up a little army of his own, consisting of two or three regiments of infantry and a few guns. He was very desirous that we should prolong our stay in his territory, and either pretended, or really believed, that he had

reliable information of the enemy's intention to pass through this neighbourhood in a day or two. After dinner he entertained us with a parade of his hunting chetahs and two or three giraffes; and for a frolic, our Staff Officer, Wood, of the 17th, bent upon riding a lively young giraffe, before any one could interpose, slipped over the balcony on to the astonished beast's back, who, of course, immediately began a violent course of plunging and buck-jumping, so that the gallant officer, though he clung manfully to the animal's neck for some seconds, was shortly prostrate on the bosom of mother earth, a good deal shaken by his fall.

We arrived at the ruins of the Station of Mehidpore (lately destroyed by the Mutineers) on 23rd December, after four days' march from Jowra, without incident of any kind. It was saddening to ride about the deserted cantonment, and see the ruin and desolation of what a short time since had been a very pretty Station: the burnt and ruined bungalows, the gardens all laid waste, and the utter silence, and absence of all life around, made a very depressing scene[1].

[1] Mrs. Timmins, wife of Colonel Timmins, the Commandant of the Mehidpore Contingent, had a miraculous escape. She mounted her horse to fly with her husband,

Christmas-Day was duly observed by a halt, and prayers read in the camp, whilst in the evening the officers of the column all dined together, and had a real good Christmas dinner,

when the mutinous Sepoys commenced firing on their officers, and her horse was shot under her. She refused to mount another, but preferred trusting herself to the fidelity of her dirzee (or tailor), who offered to conceal her in his house, whilst Colonel Timmins galloped nearly one hundred miles before he joined the column advancing to his relief, under the command of Colonel Orr, Madras Artillery. As soon as possible, the troops pushed on to Mehidpore, which they found burnt and deserted; but on inquiring, Colonel Orr was told of a house where it was supposed Mrs. Timmins was concealed. He called out in English, and at last effected an entrance and beheld crouched in a corner, half dead with terror, a being in the dress of a native woman, who proved to be poor Mrs. Timmins alive and unhurt, but having been hunted from room to room, and from one place of concealment to another, during five days and nights, till every hope of rescue had almost died within her. I need scarcely add the faithful dirzee was retained as a pensioner. Mrs. Timmins's favourite dog was also saved and concealed by its attendant, and restored to her when the country again became quiet. Severe vengeance was taken by our victorious troops on the inhabitants of the native village of Mehidpore, who were supposed to have been concerned in the mutiny, for the whole place was so completely swept away and destroyed, that not even a stone remains to mark the site of their former habitations.

my man Domine actually producing an enormous plum-pudding! The hours passed quickly with song and story, and curiously enough, ghost stories being on the tapis—all of them true! —an officer, a perfect stranger to me, told, as a well-authenticated anecdote of its kind, a somewhat singular supernatural incident that had happened years before to myself! Leaving Mehidpore on the 27th, we marched to a place called Indark, and I was much amused at overhearing the following colloquy between Bethune, who commanded the Highlanders, and one of his men. I was just leaving my camping-ground, when I came upon Bethune, a kneeling camel, and a Highlander, standing at "attention" beside the beast but at rather a respectful distance.

Bethune said, "Now, Donald mon, you must really mount, or you'll be left behind: the Brigadier will never halt the column for your whimsies."

Highlander: "Begging your honour's pardon, I would rather walk; the beastie is dangerous."

Bethune: "Nonsense, mon, jump up."

Highlander: "Begging your honour's pardon again, na! I enlisted for a *fut* soldier, and I will na ride."

At this point of the dispute I had to pass on,

but Bethune afterwards told me that the man had to be carried in a *dhooly*, the fact being that, unaccustomed to camel exercise, and wearing only a kilt, he had suffered severely from the uneasy jolting of the animal.

Next morning I was awoke by "Boot and Saddle" shortly after midnight, so there evidently was something up, as the Brigadier had last evening named 5 A.M. as the hour for the march; away we went till daylight, when a halt was sounded for breakfast, after which we pushed on all day, and reached a place called Sooseneer, a distance of 32 miles, at 8.30 P.M., having marched unceasingly, except the hour for breakfast, since 1 A.M.

December 29th, we left all our kit and baggage under a guard at Sooseneer, and started with merely the clothes on our backs. During the night we bivouacked for a few hours at the Kalasind river, our dinner consisting of a few native sweetmeats, and some water to drink. After a short halt we came up on the morning of the 30th with Colonel Benson's column, that had parted from us at Moera. The Colonel had engaged and defeated the rebels on the previous day, and taken a good deal of booty, with several elephants. This

column, like us, had left all their baggage behind them, and were generally in a very dilapidated, dirty, and hungry condition. The troops had just killed a small Brahmin cow, which they had found in the native village, and which they proceeded to cut up and devour the best way they could. The fact is, pursuing rebels under the burning sun of India, without Commissariat or camp equipage, rest or shelter, is very rough work, approaching to the very verge of hardship. Fortunately our Division had brought some food, conveyed in my hospital-cart, which, having broken down early in the campaign, and being unfit to carry sick or disabled men, was turned into a mess-cart, to carry articles of *cuisine*, and proved very useful. We halted an hour or two with Colonel Benson, who, with his officers, gladly partook of some of the food we were enabled to prepare, for the first time since leaving Sooseneer, for though carrying the appliances wherewith to satisfy our hunger, we had had no time to attend to our bodily wants.

After a hasty meal, we parted from Colonel Benson's column, taking with us the two guns of my troop that had formed part of it, and, taking up the running after the rebels, pro-

ceeded 21 miles to Kelchiepoor, where we bivouacked for a few hours, then marched 22 miles to Chunella, where we snatched a mouthful of food, and then on 15 more miles to Saltool, where we bivouacked under a *tope* of trees, on the night of December 31st.

There were evident signs of the proximity of the rebels during this march, and that they could not be very far off, as the fires were still smouldering, at which they had cooked their food. On our march to-day I was attracted by the sight of an elephant standing near a village about a quarter of a mile on our left: my men also saw it; as did also a native servant, who was walking by my side. I immediately reported the circumstance to the Brigadier, who sent a troop of 17th Lancers to capture the animal, but nowhere could he be found; and though, from his size, an elephant is not easily hidden, it appeared, in this instance, as if he had vanished into thin air. While on the subject of elephants, I may mention that three were attached to my troop as baggage animals —and, if properly managed, they are most useful in that capacity, from their strength and endurance—but one of these was a highty-tighty, self-willed sort of a gentleman, who

latterly declined carrying any thing but one tent—which, for an elephant, was a ridiculously small burthen. He used to carry, in addition to the tent, a huge troop-chest, containing all the records, books, stationery, &c.; but one day, in the middle of a march, he suddenly stopped, untied the cords with his trunk, and, deliberately depositing the obnoxious box on the ground, refused, from that day forward, to suffer himself to be again loaded with it. This same elephant was the cause of much delay in our passage of the Taptee, by declining to swim across. No persuasion could induce him to approach the bank of the river; so, at last, the head *mahout* was sent for; and he immediately went up to two steady old elephants, with whom he conversed for some seconds in Hindustani, evidently explaining the difficulty to them. They appeared immediately to comprehend what was required of them; for they straightway proceeded to place themselves, one on either side of their refractory companion, and shoved him, by main force, into the river. When they had got him well out of his depth, they belaboured him soundly with their trunks, and then drove him out on the further bank.

After a few hours' rest at Saltool, we started again at midnight, just as the new year was breaking; and, after four hours' march, were ordered to halt, in strict silence, and prohibited from smoking. We were, at last, on the heels of the mutineers—a spy informing us that they were encamped about two miles in our front. At daylight, on January 1st, 1859, we mounted again, and Brigadier Somerset made his dispositions for attacking the enemy. The horse artillery were in the centre, following a track—it could hardly be called a road—the 17th Lancers on either flank; whilst the 92nd brought up the rear on their camels, ready to dismount and form at a moment's notice, if required. We proceeded in this order for two miles; when, all at once, we came upon two large bodies of the enemy's cavalry—each about 2,000 strong. They were about 800 yards in our front; one body rather to the left, posted near a village; whilst the other body was a good deal more to the right, in the open country, among paddy fields. I wheeled my guns off the road, into the open ground on my right, brought them into action, and opened fire with shell, which I had the satisfaction of seeing burst beautifully among both bodies of the ene-

my, causing those on the left to waver immediately. The enemy on the right, however, stood their ground well; and were being led and encouraged by a native, conspicuously dressed in white, and mounted on a handsome white horse. He waved his sword, and was evidently encouraging them to charge the guns; when, suddenly, a round shot knocked him and his horse over, and several followers rushed out and carried him into their midst. It was Tantia Topee himself! Somerset now ordered me to limber up; and away we went to within 400 yards of the enemy, who opened a brisk fire upon us with musketry. I now loaded with canister, but the courage of the mutineers failed; and as the guns were being rammed home, they wheeled and fled. "Front limber up!" Again, "Gallop!" and away went Somerset, Wood, Trumpeter Golding, and myself: but, alas! alas! I heard an ominous cracking of whips behind me, and felt what had happened; and, on looking round, I saw my guns, instead of following me in a beautiful line, were in a most irregular *échelon*, with the drivers plying whips and spurs in vain. The poor gun-horses were done to a turn: the last little gallop in the paddy field had finished them, and I could hardly be sur-

prised; for, during the last five days we had marched 165 miles—marching, literally, night and day. The last eighty miles, followed by the action, had been *without a halt;* and when the force bivouacked later in the day, the men had been on horseback for forty-two hours out of the previous forty-eight. Four of my gun-horses died of fatigue.

The 17th Lancers now started in pursuit; and Somerset directed me to take my troop into the track, go on quietly at a walk, and open fire if I had a chance; but I never got the opportunity. I saw no more of the rebels, but once, when a large body of them were seen on the brow of a hill, at some distance, but disappeared on catching sight of the guns. The road was strewed with loot in all directions, and the Lancers were scampering all over the country pursuing detached parties. Whilst I was halting in the road, I espied a rebel Sepoy mounted on a *tattoo;* and he came so near my troop, that, unable to resist the temptation, I started in pursuit. He threw himself off, and hid behind some bushes; and, when I came up, I saw my dusky friend, crouched down, with his carbine pointed at my head. I desired a couple of my men, who had

followed me, to take him prisoner; but, on turning away, I heard a heavy *thud*, which told he had received scant mercy.

On rejoining my troop, the Brigade Major was good enough to take me roundly to task for my undignified conduct, in galloping about after individual rebels; but as the Brigadier made no remark, and Wood happened to be a good deal my junior, I patted him on the head, and forgave him his cheek. He was not far wrong, however, as my bad example had set my mounted detachments wild: they all wanted to leave their guns, and go rebel-hunting on their own account; and I had some difficulty in restraining them.

An alarming report reached us here, that the invaluable Domine had been killed; which, fortunately for our bodily wants, turned out to be incorrect—as, on our return towards Burode to bivouac for the night, we found him sitting on a door-step in a village—having managed, however, to ride one of my horses to death. We were all right glad to reach our camping-ground, and to get a little food for man and horse.

A report reached us that Tantia Topee *was* killed; but we scarcely believed such luck was

in store for us: the shot had undoubtedly killed his horse—a very handsome white Arab—but the rider, whether killed or wounded, was quickly carried out of sight. It turned out afterwards that he lived to give us plenty more trouble, as I shall presently show; but, in point of fact, this was the last *stand*—if stand it could be called—made by any considerable body of rebels in that part of India.

We halted three days at Burode, and heavy rain setting in, added greatly to our discomfort, being without tents or shelter of any kind. On January 4th we changed our ground to a place called Chubra, about ten miles off, where we remained till the 9th, when our tents and baggage arrived, and having been twelve days without shelter, and with only the clothes we stood in, this event was welcomed by all. Colonel Beecher's column, with my remaining two guns under Hill, joined us on the 10th, and Hill brought the sad news of the death of poor Tillard, one of my subalterns, who had been left ill at Mhow. He had distinguished himself greatly in the Crimea, and had the Legion of Honour, besides other war medals. On January 11th General Michel and Head-Quarter Staff arrived, and when the next day

Colonel Price, commanding the artillery in this division of the army, with his adjutant Stirling, followed, we wondered what was up. They all believed the report of Tantia Topee's death to be correct. On 12th I got letters telling me of my wife's dangerous illness, and I evidently looked so anxious that Barras, commanding the Camel Corps, asked me if any thing was wrong, and on my telling him he immediately dispatched a *sowar* on a *sawnee* (or fast-riding) camel, forty-five miles to the nearest telegraph office, with a message from me, the answer to which would, I trusted, relieve my anxiety. Good, kind, gallant Barras!

We left Chubra on 15th January, and reached Kajoorie on 20th. I had just turned in that evening when the sergeant-major came to me to say, that two of my guns were to be sent away again, with a squadron of 17th. "All right, warn Lieutenant Hill." It was always poor Hill's turn, there being nobody else; he was a very good subaltern, gave me no trouble, and, what was worth a great deal in this country, never made a muddle of the accounts of his detachment. The detachment was to be sent towards Nagahar, the authorities of which place were known to be disaffected,

and had lately refused supplies to one of our columns.

We marched into the fine old city of Kotah, on 22nd January, the General amusing himself on the line of march by shooting black buck, and invariably making himself agreeable and kind to us all. Kotah is a handsome city, though still partly in ruins, from the effects of the siege it sustained nine months ago. We were encamped in the Compound of the Residency, and I visited the upper room, the floor and ceiling of which were stained with the blood of Major Burton and his two brave sons, who were cut down after defending themselves from room to room for five hours in October 1857. Major Burton, our Resident at the Court of the King of Kotah, had left the place on the breaking out of the Mutiny, and remained for some time at Neemuch, where he received a warning from the king not to return, as his Majesty felt powerless to afford him protection. In the face of this warning he returned to Kotah, and in two days his house was attacked by the mutineers, and he and his two gallant sons brutally murdered. The king does not seem to have made any effort to save them, but *now* the old hypocrite pretended to be our most loyal ally,

and gave a splendid durbar in honour of General Michel, who appeared at it attended by all the officers of the column, and himself entertained the king at a similar fête the following day. The king also invited us to witness an elephant fight, which was a very tame affair, the poor beasts only butting at one another. On the 23rd, dining with the General, we were regaled with land-turtle soup, but the reflection of the sort of food the reptiles were likely to have shared with the vultures and native pigs rather took away the gusto with which one enjoyed the dainty dish. Next day I was excessively unwell, which I, of course, attributed to the turtle soup, but our chief was brisk as usual; nothing ever seemed to hurt him. Kotah is famous for turquoise, which may be had for the trouble of picking up by those who are enough of lapidaries to know a precious stone when they see it.

On January 25th the horse artillery and Highlanders crossed the Chumbul at the Gum-match ford. Getting the guns over was rather a delicate operation, as the bed of the river was entirely composed of huge boulders of rock, with deep holes between, into which, horses, guns, and all, occasionally disappeared. In

consequence of these difficulties the rest of the force remained another day at Kotah, and joined us at Batwareh. On 26th Hill returned with his two guns, and the squadron of lancers, Nagahar having been settled by Colonel Napier and his division.

The next day we marched twenty-four miles to Noorgaum. On this occasion, I had neglected to inform myself of the name of the place to which we were bound. It struck me that our course during the night had been rather erratic, and on morning breaking, I could discover no traces of the 17th Lancers, who were leading the column. This gallant corps had a habit of marching at night by files, and whenever they came to a wet place, or broken ground, of crossing it in single file, and then closing up at a trot, and thus they were easily lost in the darkness. Finding himself left to his own resources, my guide suddenly squatted on the ground, and when I desired him to "Jeldie jow," he only shook his head. I asked him loudly, slowly, and in my very best English, what was the meaning of such conduct, but could get no reply beyond a shake of the head. Presently a camp-follower, who understood a little English, came up, and I told him to ask

the man why he did not proceed; the reply was, "To what place does the Sahib want to go?" This was puzzling; however, I was relieved from the difficulty by the commanding officer of 2nd Bombay Cavalry, who rode up from my rear, and who knew the name of the place to which we were bound. The guide still remained immoveable, declaring he did not know the way; but after volumes of talk, and I believe threats of flogging and hanging, he started off again, and eventually piloted us safe to Noorgaum. There were often difficulties with the guides. The country people did not like the employment. It took them a long way from their homes, and they were very badly paid for their trouble. The mode of proceeding was, to catch by force as many men as were wanted, from the native village nearest to the place where our troops were encamped; they were then marched to the quarter-guards of the respective corps, where they were kept till wanted.

From this place we continued marching for a week, without any incident worthy of record, and having no satisfactory tidings of the rebels it became apparent that they had slipped away from us, a disagreeable report prevailing that

they had made for the Bikaneer desert, and in anticipation of following them thither, Somerset talked to me about carrying water in skins! The General ordered us to fall back two marches to a place called Sharpoora, where we arrived February 5th. We were evidently at fault, and were to halt till more certain information of the enemy's movements could be procured.

On the 2nd February my second Captain, Williams, joined us without bag or baggage, after a long stern chase, and having had some narrow escapes from detached parties of rebels. The country was by no means safe for a solitary Sahib to travel about in alone. The General went off the same day with the Political Agent, thinking to get news of the rebels. Shortly after Captain Williams's arrival I discovered that he talked Hindustani like a native; I consequently felt that if my gallant friends of 17th slipped away from me another time in the dark it would not signify; but alas! I no sooner got my Hindustani scholar than I lost him again, for I was called at 3.30 A.M. on the morning of the 10th, with orders to send two guns under Williams after General Michel. They marched at six, with head-quarter camp, and a troop of lancers, to join the General.

The remainder of the column arrived on the 12th at a place called Sattaneh, and left it next morning early, our Brigadier having some information of the enemy's whereabouts.

We halted about mid-day, in fervent heat, at Roopanalile, but instead of pitching our camp, and getting under cover, we got orders on the contrary to leave our tents and baggage behind us, and to start again on another *dour*, literally in hot pursuit after a body of the enemy, said to be commanded by the famous Rao Sahib. We took the refractory elephant with us, thinking the one tent he condescended to carry, might be a great comfort to creep under, when the pursuit was over. As soon as the few necessary arrangements were made, we started off again, and made at once thirty-nine miles off the reel, before the halt sounded. On, on we went, day and night, day and night, only halting just to feed the horses now and then, and to swallow a mouthful of food ourselves. On dismounting from my horse at noon, on the 19th February, I staggered against a tree, —a touch of the sun, no doubt, which was not surprising,—the wonder was, we all bore the exposure and fatigue so well. We came across some of the enemy's camping places,

recently used, which gave us hope of soon overtaking them; and on the 21st we halted at a place called Booghra, having marched 194 miles during the last six days, of which ninety-four had been performed in the last forty-eight hours. This would be good travelling for a column of troops in a temperate climate, but in India, it must be remembered, on account of the deadly influence of the sun, troops in ordinary times only march at night, and then only from ten to twelve miles at a time, with comfortable tents, in which to repose during the day. We, on the contrary, had had no shelter from the sun, (an enemy at all times more to be dreaded by British soldiers than any number of rebels,) since the 13th inst., when we left our equipage behind us. Fortunately, at Booghra, there were fine *topes* of trees, which afforded shelter to the men, while the officers made use of the mess tent, carried by the poor elephant, whose feet were literally in holes, and covered with open sores, so that he could not have kept up another day.

On February 22nd, the General and his aide-de-camp, Colonel Elkington, came in from Neemuch. They brought us a leg of mutton, expecting us to be half starved, and were

agreeably surprised to find us sitting round a plentiful board, to which they immediately sat down. Our broken hospital cart was a grand institution, and made us capable of great things. The General brought word that we had driven the enemy to a standstill, not far off, and that they were inclined to negotiate, if not too hardly pressed. This was the reason of our halt.

On 27th, our tents and baggage arrived, and oh, what a hurrying and scurrying of native servants there was! what splashing of water, and upsetting of tubs! and great was the luxury of a thorough change of garments. There was a great parade of the whole force on the morning of 1st March, to receive the submission of 300 rebels, who had agreed to surrender and lay down their arms, on condition of their lives being spared. The troops were drawn up in line, with the Horse Artillery in the centre. The rebels formed line facing us, and a ragged, travel-worn set of ruffians they looked. Each man stepped from the ranks in turns, salaamed low, and laid his arms down at the General's feet. They were then marched under a guard a short distance, to a camp of their own. Immediately after the parade, the 17th Lancers,

with two of my guns under Hill, marched off under the command of Colonel Benson, to have another general "look round;" more, I believe, for purposes of police, than for any more serious work.

The following morning I started with the remaining two guns of my troop and some Bombay Cavalry, *en route* for Neemuch, in charge of the rebels who had surrendered; and thus the cavalry column under poor Somerset was broken up. Poor fellow! He died about three years after in England, his death hastened, indeed, I may say, entirely caused, by exposure during this short campaign. I had only been four months under his command, but I learned to feel a great personal regard for him. He had previously seen much service at the Cape, and had now been well selected to command what was called *par excellence* "the Cavalry Column" for the pursuit of the rebels. How he performed this duty, I have endeavoured, though I fear in a very imperfect and inadequate manner, to show. The campaign was now virtually at an end, the rebels had all fled, laid down their arms, and dispersed; and how, some weeks later, their great leader, Tantia Topee (alas! for us, alive and well) was given

up by his friend Maun Singh, tried by a Military Commission, and hanged, has become matter of history.

I arrived with my convoy at Neemuch on 3rd of March, and delivered them over to the proper authorities. I believe they were each given a small sum of money, and sent to their homes. At Neemuch I found Captain Williams and two of my guns, and here we remained till the 17th, when my troop marched with a portion of the 72nd Highlanders, *en route* for Mhow, there to be quartered.

On 22nd we arrived at Jowra, and dined with our old friend the Nawab, who came out to meet us, glittering in a rich Oriental dress, finished off with *top boots* and *breeches*. On March 28th, we arrived early at Assowtah, and having refreshed myself with breakfast, and learned the native language from Williams to the extent of "Yeh Mhow che rusta hai?"—is this the way to Mhow?—I rode forward by myself forty-five miles into that Station, and had the happiness of again joining my wife and child.

On 1st April, Williams, with my troop and the Highlanders, arrived at Mhow, and on 2nd, Colonel Price and his Adjutant started for

Meerut, which was to be his future station, and where, in the repose of cantonment life, I trust my old friend would recover somewhat of that comfortable rotundity of form of which the hardships of the campaign had sadly shorn him, and that we may live to ride together over the grassy sward of Woolwich Common—a pleasing exchange from the burning, arid plains of Central India. No sooner had we settled down to the monotony of life in a Station, than all, officers and men, incontinently fell sick, and as soon as my wife and myself had partially recovered from a severe attack of fever, I applied for, and obtained, leave of absence to proceed to England, the voyage to which has been already detailed in the former portion of this little work.

THE END.

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